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THE TAMBOURINE

From the Painting by Mabel May
Exhibited by the
Canadian National Academy of Art



THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LVI.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1920

No. 1

ADAM AND EVE AND THE WORLD GOD MADE

BY MARJORY MacMURCHY

THERE are those who believe that in the world God is making Adam and Eve must help each other if either is to achieve a respectable and comfortable life. In many formal activities, such as employment, education, religion, organization and politics, the share of women has been greatly enlarged. A question may be asked whether there is some increasing purpose common to such changes. To what desire are we marching, consciously or unconsciously? What was sometimes known before the War as the woman question is now one of the problems of higher statesmanship.

Probably all over the world, and certainly in English-speaking countries, the numbers of women who earn a living in a paid occupation of some kind are increasing. This development has not been fitful and it began long before the War. Nor has the social and political position of women suffered on account of the greater

numbers of wage and salary earning sisters. But rather the contrary is true. In the United States of America, one out of every four girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one was at work in 1910. In the next group of women workers, from twenty-one to forty-four, the census of that year gave the same proportion. After forty-five one woman in seven was a paid worker. The eighteen per cent. of American women over ten years of age engaged in gainful occupations in 1900 had grown to twenty-three per cent. in 1910, an increase of 2,756,375. Progress in the employment of women and girls in Canada before the War was comparatively slow but noticeably steady. In 1891, there were one hundred and eleven women workers in each one thousand of the female population of ten years of age and over; in 1901, the number had grown to one hundred and twenty; in 1911, the proportion was one hundred and forty-three. But the great American and Canadian increase be-

gan after the last census in either country. It is too soon to be able to judge with accuracy what stable effect will remain in women's employment from the War. The greatest addition to war-time industrial production by women in English-speaking countries was in Great Britain. Board of Trade figures, July, 1919, showed that the total number of occupied women in Great Britain had increased, as compared with 1914, twenty-two and one-half per cent., from 5,966,000 to 7,311,000. The latter figure included a reduction in the numbers of domestic employees of four hundred thousand. In each of these countries, the period of readjustment for men and women workers has not yet ended. But as far as women workers are concerned, they have common problems, and their problems are of the same character as before 1914.

The rate of payment for work, and freedom of choice in entering an occupation, are so closely joined in the minds of many leaders among working women that they are regarded as almost the same question. The formula "Equal Pay for Equal Work" has been endorsed by individuals and organizations. It is looked upon with doubt, however, by such leaders as Miss Mary McArthur and Mrs. Sidney Webb, who consider that it may be used to restrict the employment of women. The principle has been accepted by American and Canadian women apparently without the same reservations. It is evident, however, that the phrase "Equal Pay for Equal Work" does not always have the same meaning for men workers as for women. Many of its advocates are not wage-earners, and to them as well as to many working women the fundamental appeal of the expression is for justice. To repeat the formula is simple enough, but to arrange for its fair and useful application to everyday life is a different matter.

One of the most moderate statements of the case for women workers has been made by Sir Lynden Macas-

sey, a member of the British War Cabinet Committee on Women in Industry, who during the War worked in adjusting employment difficulties. In an article which appeared in *The Quarterly Review* for July, 1919, on "The Economic Future of Women in Industry" he points out in the first place that the woman worker is essential to the re-establishment of the prosperity of civilization and proceeds to ask a question as to the place of women in reformed industry. In his opinion there are three principles which should regulate the future status of women workers. They should be entitled to the employment for which they are economically and industrially equipped. The work at which they are employed and its conditions should be suited physiologically and psychologically for women. They must not be allowed to undercut and displace men. Generally speaking, those who have had most to do with the employment of women especially during the War have come to these or similar conclusions. It is agreed on the whole that women workers should have freedom of opportunity when that is possible, that all work is not suited to women and that it would be disastrous to bring down the rate of payment through a supply of cheap women workers. Concerning their ability as workers and rate of payment, it is interesting to quote Sir Lynden Macassey's own words: "Without any doubt, as things are to-day, a woman of efficiency equal to a man, if obtainable—as she is in many cases—can always be secured, especially in unorganized trades, for substantially less remuneration than the man. It is imperative that this should not take place."

A great deal might be written of the employment of women, their character as workers and the advance in woman as comrade which seems to come through well-conditioned employment. But the present effort is not so much to prove the justice of the claim of women workers as it is to

discover whether there are tendencies of a certain character common to the activities of women in different departments of life. In the department of employment, they are seeking freedom of choice in occupation and a readjustment of payment. They are asking, not so much possibly for wages equal to men's wages, as for a recognition in terms of payment of the value of their work and of themselves as human beings. These statements are generally true of the aspirations of women workers in the United States, Great Britain and Canada.

Many women of the younger generation recognize that employment of the best kind increases their opportunities for suitable marriage, and since suitable therefore happy marriage. A publication of the American Statistical Association contains an article by Mr. Donald M. Marvin on "Occupational Propinquity as a Factor in Marriage Selection." He finds as a result of his investigations that "men are now marrying women whom they meet in their work". Of a thousand cases, taken from the Marriage License Bureau at Philadelphia, five hundred and forty-five women worked, and of these, two hundred and seventy-five, or more than half, married men in the same occupation. Of the thousand men, more than twenty-five per cent. married into the same occupation. An examination of the statistics of the graduates of Bryn Mawr College showed that "about ninety per cent. of the married alumnae had married college graduates. More than sixty per cent. married men in professions. Out of ten doctors who graduated from Bryn Mawr and later married, seven married doctors". Mr. Marvin gives instances of marriage between men and women explorers, photo-play managers, college secretaries, an art student and a landscape engineer, a newspaper writer and a reporter, a secretary of a children's bureau and an assistant superintendent of a children's bureau. It is a legitimate consequence that evidence

such as this will tend to increase the numbers of women who enter employments from choice.

A crusade which began in grandmother's time, or thereabouts, called itself "higher education for women". It may be described in reality as a movement for equal opportunity in education. This development has varied somewhat in the different English-speaking countries. Women's colleges exist within the influence of the old universities in Great Britain. But Oxford and Cambridge did not grant degrees to women until 1920. Men and women students are together in a number of the newer British universities. The women's colleges of America are famous. In many of the American universities men and women students are on an equality. Where this condition does not exist, it is conceded that the university has a right to retain its individual practice. Canadian universities, generally speaking, admit women on the same terms as men. There is no longer keen feeling about closed universities in English-speaking countries, and it is held that equal opportunity has been granted generously on the whole to the woman student. In passing it may be noted that the keenest contest for opportunity occurred in medical training, and that the contest had a direct relation to occupation as well as education.

A development of a slightly different character has shown itself on this side of the Atlantic. Feeling with regard to the principle involved appears to be shared about equally by American and Canadian women. In universities where men and women are admitted on an equality, it is held that a qualified woman should have a responsible position on the staff. This opinion is not asking precisely for equal opportunity. The theory is explained in Miss Lois Kimball Mathews's book, "The Dean of Women". Women students, it is believed, in order to develop successfully into the finest type of woman should not

receive their highest intellectual and character training solely from professors who are men.

The teaching profession in the lower schools of republics and commonwealths is often said to be passing or to have passed into the hands of women. But this circumstance as far as it is true is not satisfactory to women. They would rather that men remained in the teaching profession. When a reasonable proportion of men teach in the lower schools, which are the only schools attended by a majority of children, conditions will be more normal and healthy. Women will be better satisfied with the teaching profession. Pay will be higher in all probability for teachers. The schools will be of more benefit to the children. Had school masters been organized, teaching might not have been entered so largely by women. Must we regard the schools as an example of what the community allows to happen to an occupation when the workers are unorganized? Summing up the meaning of these various tendencies in education, it would seem that the effort of women has been to develop as fully as men. To enter into truth by exactly the same door may not have been their ambition, although so it has been judged. The old legend of the apple ought to have some meaning.

The church may be expected to move more slowly than education, and far more slowly than matters of employment which on the whole are governed urgently by the Biblical injunction, "If any would not work neither should he (she) eat". No special development had been apparent in the religious standing of women for centuries at least on the surface of church affairs. But some influence must have been moving underneath. Within a few years changes have been manifest which could not have taken place without a stirring of the multitude. Possibly a date should be set for the beginning of this development in the work of Mrs. Booth. Women of

the Salvation Army sometimes say that the progress of their church was built on the equal part of men and women in the teaching ministry. The extraordinary story of missionary effort by women reached a climax in the life of Mary Slessor, a woman of moral strength so great that already she stands apart from her contemporaries in the imagination of the world like one of the ancient prophets. A woman is sometimes spoken of as being the most noted preacher in the communion of the Church of England. Miss Maude Royden was for some time an assistant minister of the City Temple, London. The Report of the Archbishops' First Committee of Inquiry on "The Teaching Office of the Church", published in 1919, printed the following resolution as having been passed by a majority of the Committee, fourteen in favour, five against, and two abstaining from voting: "We recommend that, subject to further light to be expected from the Committee now investigating this question, this Committee is prepared to agree that what is recommended with regard to the teaching office of laymen applies also to women." Each of the Committees appointed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York as an outcome of the National Mission in 1918 included women in its membership. Little comment has followed this remarkable development in the religious life of Great Britain.

In the United States and Canada, members of the great women's missionary societies are members of church committees with men. At the General Conference of the Episcopal Church, held in Detroit, October, 1919, women delegates from the sixty-eight dioceses of the country were present in conferences on missions. A special committee of the Presbyterian Church of the United States on "Official Relations of Women in the Church" has been appointed to consider three questions brought before the General Assembly by three presbyteries. (1) Whether women shall be ordained to

the eldership. (2) Whether women shall be ordained to the ministry of the church. (3) Whether women shall have the same rights as men in the sessions, presbyteries, synods and assemblies of the church. In what is known as the "Forward Movement", women delegates in the States and Canada are associated with men. They speak to congregations at the regular morning and evening services from platforms and pulpits, and have appeared before presbyteries and other church courts, addressing the "brethren" at meetings which have been convened with no apparent sense of consternation.

For a better understanding of this religious change, it is necessary to turn to the development of organization among women. The explanation must be looked for mainly in the growth of women's missionary societies. What is it that women desire in the church? Very few indeed wish to be ministers or preachers in the ordinary sense of the words. A number of them have unusual gifts as speakers and would employ these gifts. Others with teaching ability want instruction such as fits the individual to be a teacher and expositor of religious truth. The majority, who have built up organizations in their churches by means of which they raise great yearly contributions of money, train missionaries, support and manage hospitals, publish magazines and direct other activities, desire to retain the control of this church work which they naturally regard as belonging to themselves. On the whole, they would welcome a change which would bring about an amalgamation of men's and women's committees on equal terms. But they have had great missionary responsibility in the past and do not mean to devote themselves in the future to carrying out plans made for them by men's committees. Why, if we are members of a committee with men, they ask, do the men make the plans first, and then call us in and tell us what we are to do?

The powers of the human race in organization are amazing. Men, practically without the organizing assistance of women, as Eve should remember, have built up systems of business, commerce, finance, transportation and politics which bring the contemplative mind to a pause of astonishment as before what is superhuman. The War developed organization to such a degree that it may be said with truth no previous war had been organized. It would be a strange circumstance if women as part of the human race did not begin at some time to organize themselves. This development was long delayed and did not arrive on a large scale until the latter part of last century. The first form of women's organization was probably religious. Social clubs, literary societies and self-improvement associations began about the same time. The trade union and the professional or occupational club have been slow in growth, but by this time they are well rooted and show strength, greater possibly than that belonging to other forms of organization promoted by women. The need for social reform and social assistance have brought into being a number of associations of national and international character. International associations of women have been somewhat vague and as far as they exist are not to be compared with organized trade, commerce or labour. They resemble rather a graceful gesture. But for the purposes of work during the War, women organized practically overnight. The advance might be regarded as incredible if it had not been for the incredible nature of the cause. They know now what can be brought about by organization. Whether this knowledge will be retained, or used, no one can judge yet. The organized work of women in the War was probably the chief factor in persuading governments to extend the franchise to approximately one hundred and twenty-five million women voters since 1914, according to statistics compiled by the

National American Woman Suffrage Association.

The political situation of enfranchised women is fairly well known. They are coming out to vote creditably. But voting by women is still in its very beginning. Few women are being elected in the United States, Great Britain or Canada compared with the strength of the vote polled by women. Yet an occasional candidate is successful, not by the help of women specially, but with the support of both men and women. Governments sometimes appoint women to act on commissions and as delegates at conferences. What, however, of the underlying tendencies which can be perceived in politics for women? What is their political desire? Whatever it is, its nature is difficult to discover, just as their desire in the church conceals itself at least to some extent. Women evidently do not mean to use their votes to elect women as their representatives above all other considerations. Any woman candidate will not do; she must be of a special character. What is required apparently is a woman who will really represent the average, a high average possibly, but of a character and inclination that her supporters may deeply trust. Women voters do not mean to be committed beyond their instinctive knowledge of what is wise and workable. This attitude towards women as candidates is surely one of the most interesting manifestations so far of the woman elector. Another political conviction has been plainly shown. Women do desire greatly that women of ability and training should work with men when action, political or otherwise, is being taken which will affect the life of the country, on such matters, for instance, as education and social legislation. They do not think that laws should be framed which will change their lives and the lives of those for whom they are responsible without a woman's intelligence and point of view being brought to bear

on the problem which is to be solved. About such representation as this, they are seriously in earnest; and oddly enough, they would rather have elected women representatives than women chosen by favour of governments. Their political position is reasonable if examined without bias. The woman candidate must have qualifications other than just being a woman or having contended for woman suffrage.

The purpose of this article has been to arrive at tendencies of to-day which belong to women in general. No matter how able or conspicuous members of a minority may be, their actions do not tell, or rarely tell, the direction of general progress as well as the attitude of a great majority. Both consciously and unconsciously, it is contended, women are endeavouring to remove restrictions which may obstruct their development into the perfect Eve. They do not want to be perfect men, but perfect women. If they are hindered by artificial boundaries, women will endeavour to escape from them. Someone at once will ask the question, what boundaries are artificial? Certainly there are natural boundaries, both for men and women. Part of the problem of the race is to discover what its natural boundaries are. It should, however, be admitted in fairness that women have had more trouble with temporarily imposed limitations than men have had. If the race may be described in a figure as a single human soul, borne onward by wings (since we are at liberty to venture on the methods of Ezekiel), then the one wing nobly outspread is man and the other woman. Should the woman wing fail in its development, the progress of the soul, the race, is not only retarded but suffers unnecessary dangers.

Let us pass in brief review the tendencies which seem to belong to the departments considered, and examine the result. Many women undoubtedly work because they must for a living. Employment is often craved because

it is a natural outlet for energies and gifts. Women are not found pressing into an occupation which isolates them from life, men, or indeed other women. For purposes of self-development, a woman must work. Well-chosen employment increases the probability of happy marriage, see "Occupational Propinquity". But paid work for women is not an end in itself. It is rather a necessity and experience. Women do not enter employment to escape marriage and home life. In most cases they go to work so that it may be possible for them to marry and return to home life. Consider the instances of women who have been geniuses in creative work, such individuals as Christina Rossetti, George Sand and George Eliot. The genius increased the womanliness and the power to be a companion which is connected in some way with the quality of womanhood. In education the result of the inquiry is the same.

Religion, organization and politics present an aspect of the woman question which is somewhat surprising. In religion and organization, women have been compelled so far to progress if possible mainly by themselves. This statement perhaps should be modified a little, but not very much. As a consequence, less interchange and comity of interest are indicated in these developments than in others. Adam in religion and organization has not been so wise perhaps, considering the well-being of the race. If the conclusion is doubted, go back over the facts. Politically, there is the women's party, under various names in different countries, the trade union movement in which women have some part, and the farm movement of men and women which has recently developed in strength in Canada and the United States of America. When political parties do not invite women into their organizations, the women's party is formed. The farm movement and the labour movement have proved that women when organized

politically with men, have weight in elections. But the majority of women in English-speaking countries, as far as appearances indicate to-day, do not want a women's party and do not believe in political segregation. Nevertheless, when enfranchised they are voting. If they did not believe that a more charming and responsible type of woman would come through enfranchisement, that this is indeed inevitable, they would fail for one unexplained reason or another to exercise the franchise.

Three general observations seem to detach themselves from this inquiry. The first indicates on the whole a sane and patient development on the part of Eve. The second conclusion is that women do not appear to be interested in individual ambitions as much as they are in their own loyalties. What these loyalties are would take too long to tell. The third observation suggests that it would seem the proper course for the established orders to assist in an approaching change when it is evident that there is a well-defined tendency towards development on the part of great numbers of women. To allow these developments to go on unassisted and not understood surely would be unwise.

Yet how very limited anyone's knowledge must be of the tendencies of growth in men and women towards perfection? Sometimes the actions of a finer soul in both men and women seem to be at work here and there in daily affairs. But on the whole the increasing personality hides itself. The observer is left, however, with the conviction that the endeavour of Eve to fulfil herself is not contentious. Those who say that she ought not to go to work but should remain quiescent except for loving and and being lovely may recognize presently that her aim is to be far more lovely and good to live with than in the past or present. The world is becoming more dependent on human relations and human relations are women's vocation.

THE CLOSED SHELL

BY CONSTANCE SMEDLEY ARMFIELD



WHEN Mrs. Darrell opened the telegram and cried, "Oh, aren't we honoured! The Blythes are motoring over and want to know if we can put them up to-night," I had a premonition which was confirmed by Lydia Siddon's gasp and Susie's excited, "Oh, but mother, we've nothing in the house and the butcher doesn't call to-day."

"I can bike over to Hamilton," said Roy, obviously sharing in the general elation.

"Though she's so wonderful you feel you could ask her to sit down to anything," gushed Lydia.

"Still, we must give them something," said Mrs. Darrell in a flutter, and turned to me and said, "She really is the most amazing person. I am so glad she's coming while you're here."

Abnormally inflated personalities are to me as uninteresting as prize vegetables. I rebel against the claim their egotism makes on popular attention. It merely amounts to a colossal imposition of one person's tastes and ideas on the community.

When Mrs. Darrell proceeded to explain that she had been to school with Aurelia, and she had never dropped her though she had married a wealthy man and become a social star of the first order, I rebelled still

more. Lydia, the school-teacher niece, was sensitive of my unresponsiveness and interpolated a description of the idol's lonely childhood. She had been brought up by an invalid aunt, and had met Calvert Blythe at some foreign health resort.

"Just like the fairy prince one reads about," said Lydia, who has a strong vein of childishness in spite of her thirty years. "He is like a Greek statue, and so cultured. They married almost at once and he lifted her out of a dreary, dragging-round existence into ideal happiness."

And yet it's wonderful how she remembers everyone," said Mrs. Darrell. She's so big-hearted, all her success hasn't spoiled her. You'll see how she'll be one of us."

"I'd better start," said Roy, fidgeting about with fifteen-year-old awkwardness.

I listened with about as pleasant anticipation as that with which I should await an earthquake. We had been a comfortably humdrum party, the Darrells and their gawky healthy youngsters, Lydia Siddons, who was possessed of nice intelligence, and myself. The cottage sheltered us adequately, and Darrell and I fished steadily through the long, drowsy days. We had music in the evenings and read to ourselves or strolled through the woods. I like vacations to be uneventful.

When Darrell and I came up from the water in the afternoon we heard a flutter and chatter from afar, and as we stepped on to the lawn, I met a flashing gaze challenging attention, as though by divine right.

The Blythes had come.

Mrs. Blythe was a large and youngish woman, who would have been heavy if it had not been for her unusual lissomness. She was not particularly beautiful; one really did not see her "points", one was only conscious of her inexhaustible vitality.

She bent forward in her chair, levying tribute as naturally as she breathed in the air. Immensely interested in everything and everyone, like a child, Darrell's stereotyped salutation was greeted with a wholesale illumination and her eyes explored my elderly visage as if rejoicing in a prospect of undreamed-of revelation.

The sensation was akin to receiving a full charge of spring water in one's face when one raised one's glass for a mild sip.

The curious thing was that everyone was elustered round with an air of delighted expectation. She was not the ordinary siren who says, "Look at me!" She was a far more dangerous variety, the one who says "Let me look at you".

I recognized the influence at once as mesmerism, no less potent for the fact that it had become second nature to her. If a dog looked another way, she'd know it and send out a thought-wave in its direction. Consequently, all the humdrum little house-party was sitting tranced, thinking of nothing but Aurelia Blythe, and hungering for her attention. She dispensed personal questions and remarks to each and all, like sweetmeats, and they almost had the appearance of yapping as they gulped them down.

I cannot describe the mental strain of such an atmosphere. It was like living in the suction of a vacuum cleaner. Not a bad analogy; what she

drew from people was not of much use to them or her.

Some minutes after the shock of new adjustment, when I was eating cake and drinking in Aurelia Blythe, I caught sight of the husband, sitting in the shade trying to talk to Lydia—a difficult process, as her eyes were constantly straying to the one pole.

He was good looking, but you know the squeezed look husbands of stars usually have? He had that, only he seemed to have been squeezed hard, not pulpy. I encountered the blankest eyes I had ever met; and as I looked again, I saw they were cold and dead, behind their weariness. For all his good looks and distinction, he had not the look of life.

Then I saw his wife glance across at him, in a comprehensive ardent way, and I saw she still insisted on the right of way in, plumb in and through, her husband's soul. And I saw, too, that his return smile was polite and thin; and that he did not let her in.

I went on studying Mrs. Blythe from under the cover of my insignificance, and I saw she was drugging herself with all of us and bluffing herself into a belief that she was reigning. There was just the one corner of the universe that was denied her—the one ewe lamb—the one green field—the one shell that would not open.

That the shell had once opened and let her in, and then closed up and ejected her because no single shell could stand the drain of so devouring an intruder, I was inclined to believe. There is no condition of mind so unresponsive as the mind that lives in the shadow of an overpowering personality. A quarter of an hour on the outside edge of a tea party graced by Mrs. Blythe had wearied me. Imagine living with her! Imagine oneself the recipient of her concentrated, undivided interest! And her husband had it even now. As I sipped my tea and crumbed my cake, a sort of sixth sense told me

that however Mrs. Blythe might tunnel into those around her, back of her thoughts was one big overmastering desire—the right of entry to her husband's soul. I suppose she called her feeling love.

And yet I did not dislike her.

She did not worry one with false gestures or forced notes; her dramatic instinct was that of an artist. The performance of a child could not be improved upon; one forgot her mature years and matronly proportions, and smiled in spite of oneself when one met the infectious twinkle of those hazel eyes. She was intuitive, too; she said what you wanted her to say, and she knew just what pleased.

Some egotists keep the footlights between them and their audience, but Mrs. Blythe was with us, close among us; at any minute, her keen bright eyes might be searching our soul secrets.

As we went up to the house to dress for dinner, the curtain pulled aside for a moment and I caught sight of the ugly, dreary "behind scenes". I had gone back to collect my fishing tackle and came upon the Blythes at the entrance to the apple walk. As I did so, I heard that fretful, angry intonation which sounds *baffled*; heard also the stubborn ring which a woman's strong will wakes in most men. There was no child note in Mrs. Blythe's demand; she was asking him in a hurt, bad-tempered, powerless sort of way, why he wanted to go down to that telegraph office before dinner, and he was inflexibly refusing information.

I judged it best to come on quickly. As she saw me, she slipped into the childlike manner with miraculous adroitness.

"Oh, here's a minister of light!" said she. "Now you can tell Calvert the best way to the village. I am so afraid he'll be late for dinner. Jennie is so strict."

There could not be a less punetillious woman than Mrs. Darrell. Mrs. Blythe was resorting to one of

those quick little lies clever people use to screen an awkward turn.

While I spoke, Calvert Blythe moved off and we were forced to walk up to the house together. Her ripple of talk was rather feverish.

And yet while I raged at her, I pitied her. She was facing a proposition that I fancied would break even her indomitable spirit.

You can destroy yourself if you spend your life in trying to master vacuity. She could not anger her husband, nor please him. He had detached himself, become demagnetized. You cannot close your hand about a vacuum.

She came down to dinner in a snow-drift of a gown, and played the child to a spellbound audience wherein sat one deadhead. I joined Mr. Blythe after dinner and found him a gentleman well-read and well-travelled, though he spoke with the restlessness that most travellers have. I remembered having been told he had a good deal of money and felt inclined to ask him if Aurelia was a satisfying substitute for a life-purpose.

When I got up to my room, I saw Aurelia's appealing eyes, insisting on affection from everyone in her vicinity, and I wondered if Sisyphus had had a worse time rolling up his stone than she mustering up her force before a closed-up shell.

The curious thing was that the rest of the house party accepted the Blythes as an ideally happy couple. She imposed such an impression of her charm upon her circle that no one dreamed of her husband not appreciating her. And she adopted the pose of a successful wife. She exacted publicly just what he would give—politeness. Politeness was ingrained in him and she traded it off as devotion.

I do not know why I sensed the hollow ring. Perhaps because I was not mesmerized. I saw those two among the unhappiest souls I had ever known, and I was sorry. Very sorry.

When they left us, it was not only

the emptiness that followed that made me depressed, though it was exactly as if the sun had dropped out of the sky. Positively, the very leaves looked gray.

It was five years after when we met again.

The Blythes had flown down from an utterly different stratum of society into the Darrells' halfway hospitality. I had not forgotten them. I do not see enough people to forget the few striking ones I have met. So when I encountered Mrs. Blythe in a boarding-house at Florence, I knew her in spite of her great change.

The child had gone, and behind that mask of childhood there turned out to have been a middle-aged woman with pouches under her eyes and a mouth that drooped into heavy muscles at the corners. Her cheeks sagged, too. She looked as if her whole face had loosed suddenly from the unnatural tension which had screwed it up firm and young and sparkling.

Yet Mrs. Blythe's eyes looked out of that worn face, though their appeal was gone—that is, the appeal to the outsiders. The drug had lost its taste; only the hunger inside stayed and that was lively now. I have seen hurt people, but I have never seen a woman ravened on by a consuming fire; and that is what I saw.

She did not know me. The look that met mine was as blank as that her husband used to show to her. I did not introduce myself at first. Then I noticed that she sat alone at table and that she was dressed in black, unbecomingly dressed, as if she did not care.

I watched her quietly for the next day or so, wondering how she had been driven to this boarding-house, for I found she had still her maid, and costly rings glittered on her fingers. I wondered, because the people who frequented the Pension Smythe did not bring maids. We came because it was English, and cheap,

though run with the usual *pension* pretensions of long-course dinners and coffee essence after. Everything was essence, or pretense. The owner lived at a fear-stricken pace, striving to keep up with what she felt the guests might be accustomed to; consequently we never sat down to an honest dish. She had become inured to the complaints. She knew she gave the most that could be given for the money; and when clients are reduced to the twenty-five-francs weekly pension level, the most well-merited complaints have no authoritative ring. I have spent my life in boarding-houses, and take little notice of anything as long as the bill stays within my means. But Mrs. Blythe, with her silk stockings and French shoes and diamonds, seemed more cryingly anomalous here than in the Darrells' modest cottage.

I did not bestow my presence on the company that assembled nightly in the stuffy, over-ornamented parlour, and even curiosity could not keep me in to see if she did. I left the table for my evening stroll before the company dispersed. I am a man of habits.

But a higher power than habit had arranged our meeting. I was leaning on the low stone wall at San Miniato, gazing down on the olives and the bewildering array of spires and towers and lights, a shimmer of silver in the moonlight, when I perceived a veiled figure hurrying through the inky gateway. Then the sound of men's voices caused me to look round, and I saw Mrs. Blythe. I stepped up, therefore, from no volition of my own, and raised my hat, using the Darrell name as introduction. The flash of relief was mixed with recognition. We turned and walked at a dignified pace along the terrace, leaving the young officers to retreat as best they could.

It seemed obvious to remark her husband was not with her; she hesitated before she disclosed the news that he was in the Rockies. I knew

by her voice that I had cut her on the raw. But she had not gained reticence. An hour after, we were still leaning on the wall.

She could not stay anywhere; she was travelling from place to place, choosing the quietest *pensions* in big cities because there was less chance of meeting people who knew them both.

I apologized for my presence, unnecessarily. She said she did not mean people like me—I did not talk! Dear, dear, how she had been hit! Yet I felt it was healthier for her to be writhing with her vanity east down in a sort of flood, than keeping the fountain playing, knowing there was no real current feeding it. She was ravaged now, but she was honest in her wretchedness.

Of course she saw herself as one of the world's martyrs. There she had given her great woman's love, all of it, to some one who did not care. He did not seem able to care. He could not love. There was no one else she had to fear, because he was incapable of feeling anything for anyone. What little he did feel, had been given to her. But he was a classic image and so the hunger and the longing to help him and mother him and love him had to turn within herself, to devour—

She was undeniably suffering. I do not think I have ever met anybody so wholly sorry for herself. And all the time she spoke, I thought of Calvert Blythe, and I wondered that he considered the Rockies sufficiently remote. I should not have felt comfortable myself at the extreme tip of the North Pole. The whole force of woman seemed to reach out from her and clutch at that unfortunate man.

Then I found she was crying to me to help her; because if something did not happen soon—soon—she could not live.

I trust I have quoted enough of what had passed to show we had left the conventional trammels of a casual conversation far behind. The fright

she had received before I came up, added to the dissolving influence of Italian moonlight, had burst the never very substantial bonds of her first silence. After three months' wanderings with no one but her maid to talk to, she was, so to speak, pent up.

I think I have said before that through all my accurate diagnosis of the quality of her trouble I had kept a distinct liking for Mrs. Blythe. As she trembled and panted and let herself go to the full limit of superlative emotionalism, I could not help feeling there was a faint spark of something real in what she called her LOVE.

She *would* have gone to the stake for him; she would have done anything, if it had been sufficiently colossal and dramatic. What she could not do for anyone was to leave him alone. She had made a mistake common to many large-hearted, wide-sympathied women—she confused her province with the Deity's.

A man wants a human being beside him, who is there when he wants some one, but who will let him alone when he wants to be alone. Aurelia wanted to be omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent. Hence her impositions and pretensions had come toppling down with a proportionate exposure of their impotence.

It seemed a plain if hateful duty to give Mrs. Blythe an unbiased point of view. Squirm as she might, she had not really let go one shred of all the vanity. She had only changed its colour of success into self-pity.

"My dear," said I (I am a gray-haired old professor), "you smothered him."

"Mothered him," said Mrs. Blythe, wide-eyed. "Oh, perhaps I did! Yes, I do feel like a mother to him. I feel every possible sort of love that can be——"

"Smothered," said I, very clearly. "It's not unlike the other feeling, pushed to a conclusion. Every man has to have a little corner of his soul which he can possess alone; he has an hourly reckoning which he alone can

make to his Creator; he has an inward light or voice which guides him, which he alone can see and hear. You could not get in between your husband and his Maker, Mrs. Blythe, and you never will."

"Don't you believe in love, then?" gasped Mrs. Blythe.

"Yes, I do," said I, for though I do not go in for creeds, I have some sort of a faith tucked behind the knowledge of this world. "But where do you think love comes from?"

"Mine comes from me!" said Aurelia Blythe, with the fountain spurt-
ing up miles high.

"And where do you come from?" said I.

"Calvert," said Mrs. Blythe in a sort of gasp. "And I want to get back to him."

All very well in supreme moments to rise to a supreme consciousness of unity; all very well to live in the happy quiet knowledge of being of one mind in most things, all the important ones, at all events; but when Mrs. Blythe threw out her arms and cried, it was as if some overmastering parasite exclaimed, "Mine! Mine!"

It is one person's work to live his life. Calvert had not the responsibility of supplying life for her. She had been in the world for some twenty odd years before she had known of him. How, then, could she claim him as her reason for existence?

The more one studied the claim she was making, the more clearly one saw she was asserting her right of feeding on a stubbornly resisting victim. She complained of his lack of mental sympathy as if she received her ideas from him, instead of from the source of her existence.

If Calvert would not let her into all his ideas, apparently she had to starve. She had no thoughts of her own. She was cut off from her rightful supply of thoughts. She was cruelly denied the right of thinking.

She drew an ideal picture of a sort

of tap root, plunged deep into Calvert's heart and mind and soul, forever gormandizing spiritually, intellectually; and then talked of her attitude as one of sublime self-effacement. She said she only wanted to live for him, but she confused the preposition "for" with "on"—a trivial mistake but a profound one.

I laid my view of the proposition before Aurelia. At first she fought, refusing to admit initial premise or deductions. But I stuck to it. She had come up against a stronger force than magnetism, that of truth. She wriggled and cried but, in the end, she saw. Then I looked on a poor battered thing from which no glittering rush of anything proceeded; and oddly enough, the child looked up at me, a real child this time, who held on to the wall, and asked what it was to do. She was scared, looking as if her world had toppled into fragments and she did not know what to hold to lest it should give way.

"Oh, poor Calvert!" said she. "I didn't know. Oh, am I like that to everyone?"

The wonderful herself had gone, and her world was void and she had lost her bearings.

I talked the usual moralities. She quoted, rather unexpectedly, a verse which showed she understood what I was driving at.

"'Every wise woman buildeth her own house; but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands,'" said she. "That's what I've done. Plucked it down."

She could not get away from "I".

I gave her some more plain speaking, rather desperately. How could one hope to change a nature which had been turned inward from babyhood, worshipping itself.

From fragments she let drop, I visualized the lonely childhood, starved of natural activity and fed with dreams in which she (of course) played heroine, then the romantic marriage and unlimited audiences and materials for romances.

I was sorry for the child that stood there asking what it was to do. How should I know? One does not learn how to heal lives in universities.

The particular one I caught at could not defer the opening of its classes until I had settled Mrs. Blythe's affairs; I had to go on the morrow.

We had not exchanged addresses. At breakfast we both sat stiff in our respective places, and were mutually relieved, I fancy, not to say good-bye. She was out when I drove off. Funny enough, she went out of my mind from this time; it was as if a problem that had bothered had been solved. Anyhow, my part in the solution had been done.

When, two or three years later, I returned again to Italy, this time on a brief Easter trip, I approached the Pension Smythe without a thought of her.

I noticed the place was painted up; the hall was white and cool; the stairs fresh laid with matting. I glanced into the stuffy English-seaside parlour and beheld a restful room with big hospitable chairs, and new reviews, and pleasant decorations which included flowers and barred the usual ornaments.

When Miss Smythe trotted down the passage, I saw she was spring-cleaned, too. She received me with the repose of one who is successful. I commented upon the changes, which she dismissed. I thought, a little cursorily, merely saying she had now a partner but the business was still hers. It seemed to me she was slightly insistent on the latter fact.

The meals were up to the new standard; even a different type of boarder seemed to have appeared. The atmosphere was not congenial to genteel grasping. The people were more homely; perhaps the surroundings brought out their pleasant qualities.

I diagnosed the partner to be the shrewd-faced woman who sat opposite Miss Smythe and said good morning with extra geniality. Two days after,

the early sun awoke me so persistently that I had to leave my bed and sally forth. Florence was awake and full of flowers. I found myself close to the market square. As I paused to feast my eye upon the blaze of colour set jewelwise midst the houses still in shadow, I ran against someone with a basket, and found I was apologizing to Mrs. Blythe.

Was it sunshine, or the unexpected nature of our meeting that had sent the light into her eyes and rounded out her cheeks again? I looked once more and found Mrs. Blythe was smiling in a friendly way and knew me. Dear me! How that third picture stays! A pleasant picture of a woman in a simple gown, short-skirted and white collared, and yet oddly graceful.

I held the basket while she marketed, in proficient Italian and with a knowledge of values that suppressed miscalculations. When we turned up the narrow street I had realized that the surging force had turned into a deep channel and was being utilized. Inquiries followed.

Mrs. Blythe's eyes opened rather wide. Did I not remember this had been my plan?

As I stared, mute with astonishment, she reminded me of that far-off evening at San Miniato.

"You said, 'Do something for somebody else,'" said she. "And when I said who, you said, 'Begin where you are. Think of the wretched little woman who runs your boarding-house. She's got far bigger worries than you!' I saw her the first thing the next morning and found she was on the verge of bankruptcy. Some angel must have guided us. I stayed on from day to day. There was so much to do when one began. And there was no reason why I should go. Besides, in a little while, when I'd wakened up a little more, I saw more things that needed setting right. By that time, she was glad to take me into partnership. I'm the working member of the firm and do not appear."

Mrs. Blythe glanced for a second at her sunbrowned hands—bereft of rings.

"And Mr. Blythe?" said I irresistibly.

"I haven't heard from him for a long time," said Mrs. Blythe in a steady voice. And I saw her eyes sought a passing fruiterer's with no ulterior motive than to scan a mound of lemons.

"You see, I'm self-supporting now," she added. "It's a sensation that is still fresh enough to be consciously enjoyable. How long are you staying?"

"Longer than I intended. An epidemic kept the college closed, and extended my leave in convenient fashion. Thus I was still at the Pension Smythe when Aurelia heard. She accosted me in the hall one morning after breakfast, looking a little like her old self: that is, her eyes shone humidly and her lip trembled.

"Calvert's coming, to-night," said she. "I saw his writing on Miss Smythe's desk. She does not know: nor does he. I mean, he doesn't know I'm here. Funny that he should come here—he is the last person to meet at a *pension* of this kind."

"Now, I should have said he was a man of refined taste," said I. I had discovered she liked me to say things about him.

"Exactly," said she. "He used to be foolishly exclusive."

"And the fame of the *pension* has reached him," said I. "Don't you realize what you've done?"

"It's simple and clean . . . and cheap, that's all," said she, with a faint shrug of her shoulders. "I can't see Calvert sitting down to dinner with them all; still, I shan't have to."

She smiled faintly as she went upstairs.

I went off for the day. I seemed to need big spaces, and the hills around Florence give one that. Sullen clouds were hanging on the mountains; when I returned the town was gray and the Arno, swollen muddy yellow, foamed

and churned beneath the many bridges.

I was glad to get inside the *pension* even though its quiet atmosphere was troubled by the prescience of something coming. We were all seated when the new arrival came. He sat some way down the table, opposite, just as blank as ever. His vacation did not seem to have rested him. I did not want to speak, but he recognized me, and after dinner contact was inevitable.

He was passing through for one night only.

His eyes travelled round the harmony of gray and white and fawn which comprised the background of the bowls and pots of flowers, and he added that he rather wished he had known of this *pension* sooner.

"I feel I could almost live here," he volunteered.

His gray eyes were set deep beneath level brows; I realized a face was evidence of certain qualities. It occurred to me that a very simple, straightforward, honest soul would feel blank beside the old Aurelia. If truth was a matter of course in daily living and thinking, one would not understand perpetual drama.

To this day I cannot explain why I persuaded him to visit the market in the early morning. I heard myself as in a dream singing the praises of the flower stalls and market women and the exquisite surroundings. He seemed surprised at my enthusiasm. Eventually I felt a spark was awakened. I went to bed early, but could not sleep. I knew I was a fool. Mrs. Blythe had not looked unhappy—I should have known if she had been. And yet here I was lying awake like a green girl, nervous, fevered, even while I told myself their fate was not in my hands.

There was something unusually wistful about him, though. I had always liked him, I remembered.

How it was I overslept I cannot say; just before I had intended getting up I must have fallen into a

sound sleep for I woke to hear a muffled sound which resolved itself into the gong. Brilliant sun; the scent of coffee; breakfast!

When I got down, the room was empty save for—the Blythes, both of them, sitting at the end of the long table with an indescribable air of intimacy. I was just edging out when Calvert saw me. Then they turned. It seemed they had met at market.

I ate my roll as quickly as possible.

Later, Mrs. Blythe met me on the landing, her arms round a big pile of clean sheets.

"Has your husband gone," said I.

She shook her head with a faint blush.

"I thought he was going this morning," said I purposely, grim as ever.

"We're both going, when we go," said Aurelia, rather incoherently as far as words went. I asked no explanation, so she had to give it.

"He's tired of travelling. He used to be a sculptor before his uncle left him all his money. It's gone, most of it; been mishandled. Fortunately, he's paid in my allowance to my bankers all this time and that's been accumulating. We're going back to buy a home with it." She paused a minute.

"He said, directly he came in, he felt this was like a home," she murmured.

Oh, dear me! She was as much in love as ever.

"Well," said I. "You may have learned your lesson."

She took a deep breath and smiled.

"I think—Oh, I do think—the *pension* has taught me how to let people go away from me," said she, and then turned to me with the smile that was steady now, no flashlight imitation.

"I couldn't bear to let the people go at first," she said. "I talked to everyone and got interested and wanted to help and advise, and then—oh, the wrench, as one after another moved on. Then, of course, they didn't write. And I saw I couldn't keep up with all the people's problems. So I made myself content with giving them what they'd come here for, food and shelter, just a resting-place."

"And that's what he wants, is it?" said I.

She looked over the banister. He came up, two steps at a time, not seeing me.

"I've got a carriage," said he, and his voice was that of a man who has full charge of his responsibilities. "You must take a holiday to-day. Put on your hat and bring a wrap."

I caught the faintest gleam of light along her face, as if for a fraction of a second the heavens had opened.

Then she put down the sheets upon the chest.

"Very well. I'll go tell Miss Smythe," said she, and moved away, with her composed swift tread, the keys at her side jingling slightly.

It was his turn to stand still, looking after her, as if he, too, saw a rift where he had only known a gray expanse of mystery.



PEELING ONIONS

From the Photograph by
Edith S. Watson



A TWENTIETH CENTURY UNIVERSITY

BY THOMAS FISHER

SHORTLY after the migration of the United Empire Loyalists to British territory, it was said that there were more graduates of Harvard in Canada than remained in the United States. The scholarly traditions of many of the U.E.L. families have had a marked effect on Canadian education, but these immigrants on their first arrival had to wrest a living by manual toil from their forest clearings, and their intellectual influence did not come till later.

The oldest university in Canada was founded on a legacy by a Montreal merchant, James McGill, who came from Glasgow to engage in the fur trade, and out of his profits in the famous North-West Company provided the means for establishing the college which blazed the trail for other universities in this country.

The first American universities such as Harvard and Yale had their origin in religious zeal. Harvard

was started as a theological seminary dedicated to "the advancement of all good literature, arts and sciences and the education of English and Indian youth in knowledge and godliness". Yale was founded by the churches of the New England colonies "to educate ministers in our own way".

McGill on the other hand from its very inception was connected with scientific research and application. The Faculty of Medicine is the oldest Faculty in the University, and the first degree conferred was a medical one. In this respect McGill repeats the history of the oldest university in Europe, that of Salerno in Italy, which became known as a school of medicine as early as the ninth century. At Bologna also when the various student guilds were co-ordinated into a university in the thirteenth century, the Faculty of Medicine preceded that of Philosophy or the Arts. The university ideal of Salerno and Bologna differed from that of Paris, where it was sought "to provide a general mental train-



The Redpath Museum

ing and to attract the learner to studies which were speculative rather than practical". The Italian conception of learning was more professional, "designed that is to say to prepare for a definite and practical course in after life". Oxford has fallen in with the Paris tradition, McGill has followed the Italian way and thereby filled Canada in needs more readily.

The enrollment of students at McGill for 1919-20 was as follows:—

Applied Science	613
Medicine	642
Arts	516
Agriculture	157
School for Teachers	146
Law	136
Music	111
School of Commerce	99
Dentistry	93
Household Science	80
Pharmacy	33

giving a total of only one-fifth for arts. The McGill Faculty of Arts includes professors of such subjects as modern languages, mathematics, geology, political economy, chemistry, botany and business organization,

while other officers of instruction in the same department include associate professors of histology and embryology, of physics, of biological and physiological chemistry, of mineralogy, and lectures in accountancy and commercial law. Of the 110 professors and associate professors at McGill only six are concerned with the dead languages (Latin, Greek and Hebrew) and with philosophy, while the additional army of assistant professors, lecturers and demonstrators are almost without exception concerned with practical subjects.

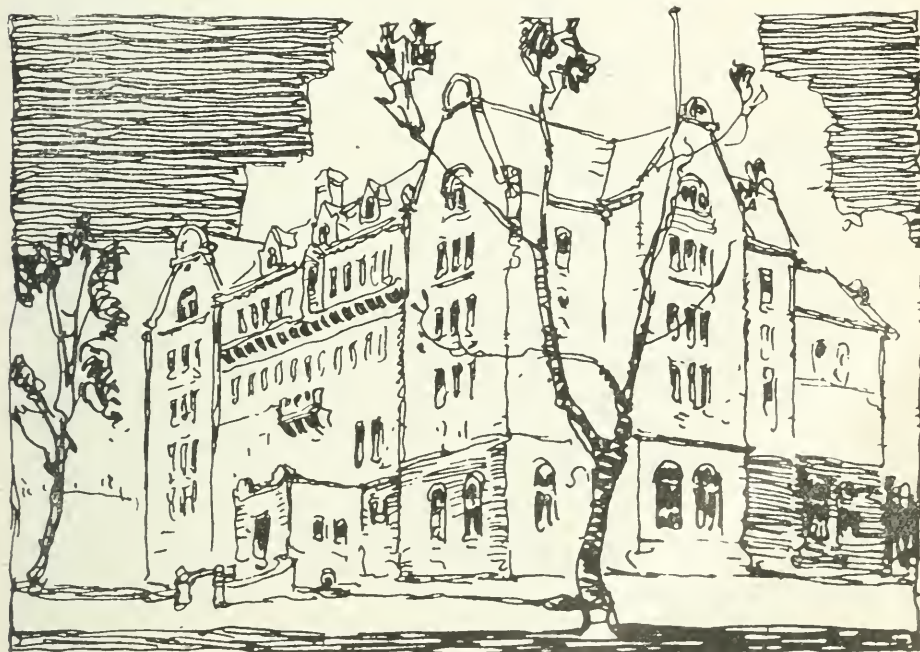
The practical trend of the education offered by McGill University is accounted for by its history and the record of its benefactors. After the initial foundation on the legacy of Mr. James McGill, it was built up by endowments from practical men such as Peter Redpath, Sir William Macdonald, Lord Stratheona, various members of the Molson and Drummond families, Robert Reford, R. B. Angus, D. J. Greenshields, Henry Birks, Dr. James Douglas, and Mr. J. K. L. Ross, while its Board of

Governors includes a railway president (Mr. E. W. Beatty), a newspaper proprietor (Lord Atholstan), two bankers (Sir Vincent Meredith and Mr. C. E. Neill) a stockbroker (Mr. P. P. Cowans), and representatives of brewing, electrical, sugar, textile and silverware industries. Its Board of Governors recently emphasized its practical spirit by appointing Sir Arthur Currie, the brilliant General of the Canadian Army Corps, as Principal and Vice-Chancellor, in spite of the fact that Sir Arthur had few academic qualifications. He had, however, a fine record as organizer and administrator, and had all the practical qualifications of governing a great popular university in the commercial metropolis of a democratic nation.

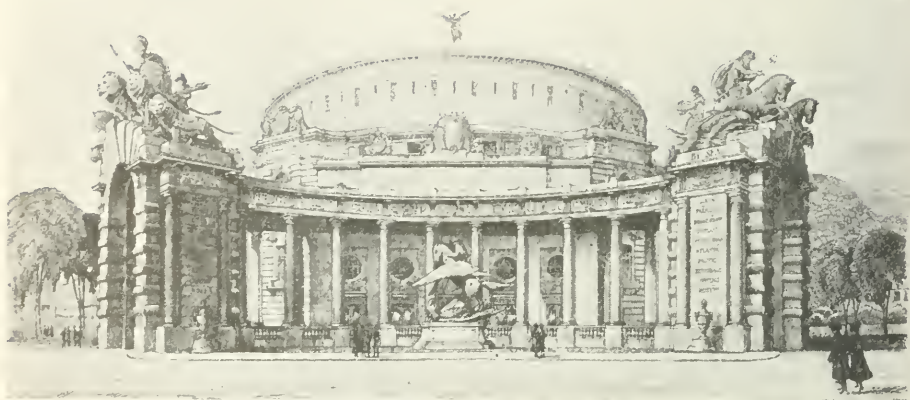
There is no university on this continent where the medical degree ranks higher in general estimation than that of McGill. Hospitals serving a city of seven hundred thousand people provide the clinical experi-

ence, while McGill has also always been strong in scientific research. Sir William Osler, who reorganized the medical schools at Johns Hopkins and at Oxford, is perhaps the graduate with most international fame, while other notable names on McGill's medical record are Sir James Grant, Dr. Wyatt Johnson, prominent on the history of bacteriology and preventive medicine, Dr. Adami, now Vice-Chancellor of the University of Liverpool, Professor Oscar Klotz, the distinguished pathologist, now Dean of the Medical Faculty at Pittsburg, Dr. R. Tait Mackenzie, the sculptor surgeon, Dr. H. S. Birkett, organizer of the famous No. 3 Hospital in France, and others too numerous to mention.

Applied Science is another field in which McGill is pre-eminent. This is due in no small degree to the energy of Sir William Dawson, who when Principal amplified the Course of Engineering into the Department of Practical Science, which in turn



The Engineering Building, McGill University



The proposed War Memorial Hall

was absorbed into the Faculty of Applied Science. The Engineering and Physics Departments were so munificently assisted in buildings and equipment by the late Sir William Macdonald, that McGill was able to take the front rank in scientific education. Montreal is the headquarters of both the Engineering Institute of Canada and the Canadian Mining Institute — due no doubt largely to the importance of McGill in their respective spheres of interests.

The magnificent institution of Macdonald College at St. Anne de Bellevue is incorporated with McGill and enables the university to teach scientific agriculture, and household science to young Canadians of both sexes, and in the School of Teachers to direct the theory and practice of education in the scholastic profession. Macdonald College has become a powerful influence for good in improving agricultural methods throughout the Province of Quebec. In addition to the regular courses, where free tuition is given to the sons and daughters of farmers in the Province of Quebec, free winter

short courses are held in agricultural engineering, animal husbandry, cereal husbandry, horticulture, poultry and the farm home at Macdonald College or at different centres in the Province of Quebec, provides judges and speakers at agricultural fairs, advises farmers by correspondence on all farming subjects, sends trained demonstrators to assist in organizing home-makers' clubs and co-operative societies and supplies a demonstrator to help in the organization of rural schools.

The Department of Pharmacy of McGill represents the incorporation of the old Montreal College of Pharmacy, which since 1867 provided theoretical and practical instruction to those intending to practise pharmacy in the Province of Quebec. A department of dentistry was established at McGill in 1903, which in 1919 was amplified into a separate Faculty with special clinical teaching at the Montreal General Hospital.

A recent extension of McGill's activities which is of special interest to business men is the School of Commercial Studies open to both sexes



Proposed student residences in Macdonald Park, McGill University



The Arts Building, McGill University



The Medical Building, McGill University

with courses of instruction in such subjects as business organization, accountancy, commercial law, industrial organization, banking, insurance and economies of transports. The policy of the school is frankly of a practical nature, the course in English for example aiming to train students to deal with such problems of expression as arise in commercial life.

McGill's interest in the industrial expansion of Canada is illustrated in the Forest Product Laboratories maintained in the old Molson residence under the direction of the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior in co-operation with McGill University. The Division of Timber Tests uses the testing laboratory of the university, the Division of Pulp and Paper analyzes and endeavours to solve the chemical and other such problems of the cognate industries, the Division of Timber

Physics studies the structure and character of Canadian woods with special studies of sources of decay, the Division of Wood Preservation experiments on methods of preserving Canadian timbers.

The up-to-date university seeks to attract the masses as well as the classes, and McGill is nothing if not up-to-date. Extension classes with evening lectures are given to the public, for which no examination test is required. The programme of extension covers such subjects as industrial chemistry, Spanish, commercial law, political economy, English composition and business correspondence, accountancy, English and French literatures.

Another indication of McGill's interest in social welfare is the recently established Department of Social Service, a post graduate course for the scientific training of social workers



The Chemistry Building, McGill University

in such subjects as child welfare, the treatment of poverty, public health and housing, home economics, social research, political economy, industrial history and business administration.

The McGill Library though handicapped by lack of funds is well administered and excellent service is provided by a system of travelling libraries consisting of thirty to forty selected volumes supplied for a nominal fee to reading clubs and small communities which possess no public library. One hundred and thirty-seven of these were sent out last year, covering every province in Canada except the Yukon.

McGill has museums illustrating architecture, hygiene, botany, natural history, mineralogy, geology, ethnography, entomology, paleontology, and the recent acquisition of the McCord National Museum is rich in historical records with a particularly interest-

ing collection of Indian handiwork. These museums are all open to the public, and have many visitors from Montreal schools.

McGill has automatically become the nursery for professors and teachers at the younger universities springing up throughout the West, as for instance in the University of Alberta, where we find McGill graduates such as Dean Rankin, Professor of Mathematics; Dr. R. W. Boyle, Professor of Physics; Charles A. Robb, Associate Professor of Mathematical Engineering; Alan A. Cameron, Assistant Professor of Mining Engineering, and Dr. P. L. Backus, lecturer in Physiology. At a recent banquet, President L. S. Klinek, of the University of British Columbia, a McGill man, who has McGill men as instructors in Agronomy and Horticulture, said "McGill laid the foundation on which our University was built".



Entrance to McGill campus from MacTavish Street, showing the Presbyterian College, on the left, and the Library, on the right

McGill's war record includes the names of 2,529 graduates, undergraduates, and past students, of whom four rose to the order of Brigadier General, two won the V.C., sixty-three won the M.M. or D.C.M., sixty-eight the D.S.O., thirteen the D.S.C. or D.F.C., one hundred and three the M.C., twenty-three the C.M.G., C.B.E. or C.B., and fifty-five other honours. The fighting units organized by McGill included five University Companies of the P.P.C.L.I. with several drafts of fifties from an uncompleted sixth, two Siege Batteries, and a contribution of 26 officers and 186 men to a tank battalion. Especially notable was the work of McGill No. 3 General Hospital, described by the British Director-General of Medical Services in France, as "the best Medical Unit in France".

This was the first hospital of its kind in the British Empire, was the first hospital unit to take the field, and was conducted with such efficiency that of its patients only .05 per cent. died, while the mortality of patients operated upon was only 2.5 per cent. The capacity of the first tent hospital at Camiers was 1,500, four times that of the Montreal General Hospital, while the second hospital at Boulogne, had a capacity of over 2,000 patients.

McGill took a prominent part in the organization and equipment of the now famous Khaki University, where eight hundred university students whose courses at Canadian universities had been interrupted by enlistment, followed regular university courses of study, where serious courses of study were found for 50,000 other men, and where 5,000



Royal Victoria College, McGill University

men in the ranks found to be illiterate were taught to read and write.

A large number of returned soldier students were specially coached in free tutorial classes at McGill, so as to make up for lost time, and vocational training was provided for others, particularly in Applied Science where there was an average monthly attendance of 250 men, and at Macdonald College where 146 students were given an agricultural course of about eight months.

During the hostilities, the chemical force of McGill was largely applied to the solution of war problems, such as the production of acetone and other requisites for high explosives and methods of defence against poison gas. Dr. A. S. Eve, Director of

the Physics Building, while Resident Director of Research, supervised the experiments in anti-submarine warfare at the Admiralty Experimental Station at Harwich, and was assisted in the important discoveries made there by several men of McGill University.

From this brief survey, it will be seen how closely McGill is associated with the practical life and with the interests and ideals of the progressive elements in Canada, and how much it deserves an increasing support and backing for its great educational work. The university of to-day has been happily described as the "producer of producers". In *The McGill Annual Report*, for 1918-19, Dean F. D. Adams, the Acting Vice-Chancellor and Principal, makes an excellent

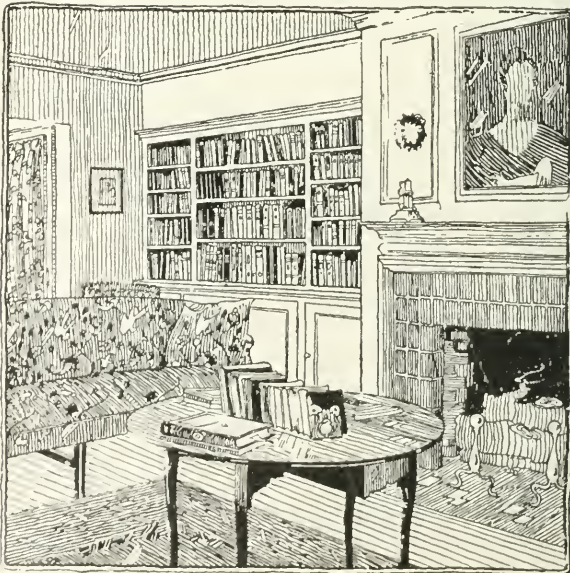
quotation from President Butler of Columbia University:

The most significant thing that has happened to the university teacher during the past decade is the number and variety of contacts that he has established with the practical affairs of life. These contacts were once confined to the teacher of law, of medicine, or of engineering. They are now shared by pretty much all types of university teacher. Moreover the world at large is showing a new respect for men who have spent years in scholarly discipline and association. The President of the United States was for a quarter of a century a teacher of history and political science in three colleges: the President of the Council in France once taught his native language and its literature to a group of American students at Stamford, Connecticut; the Prime Minister of Italy holds the chair of Economics in the University of Naples; the first President of the Czechoslovak Republic is the most eminent teacher of philosophy among his people; one university professor has just resigned as American Minister to China, and another is still serving as American Minister to Greece; and so it goes through other European countries and in the South American Republics. The fact of the matter is that the university tea-

cher has some time since ceased to belong to a class apart, to an isolated group leading a life carefully protected and hedged about from contact with the world of affairs. The university teacher is everywhere as adviser, as guide, as administrator; and as his personal service extends over a constantly widening field, so his influence marks the increasing interpenetration of the university and practical life.

Dean Adams goes on to say about the University of McGill itself:

In thus bringing to a close a century opening with a hard struggle for existence and concluding with a period of substantial growth and marked achievement a new era in the life of the university will be ushered in. In celebrating this epoch in the university's history it will be fitting that steps be taken to secure a large additional endowment which will be adequate, not only to meet the present and pressing needs of the Foundation—much accentuated by the recent rise in prices—but also to provide for that development along many lines of effective work which the university must show if it is to assume that great role which is opening up before it—and which it alone can play—in the development of the national life of the Dominion.



IN HARRISON'S OFFICE

BY GEORGE HYDE PRESTON



ALCOTT HARRISON, junior partner in the firm of James & Harrison, New York, extensive dealers in Mexican mines, was returning that afternoon from a business trip to Philadelphia.

He was in a hurry to get back, for his partner James had gone to Mexico on a deal, and a wire from him might come at any time.

As Harrison sat waiting for the train to start, a girl entered the car and took a seat on the opposite side and some distance from him. As she passed, Harrison looked up. "A charming face," he commented to himself, and returned to his paper.

It had been a dull day in the market, and there was not much in Mexican news except a report of a big strike in the Con Amore mine, hitherto considered an undesirable property. Harrison held a few shares of the stock, which he had taken in a trade, but not enough to make the report more than mildly exciting, and he found himself glancing again at the girl.

"She looks troubled," he thought. "I suppose even pretty girls have their worries. I wonder what hers is." He smiled. "Perhaps her dress-maker has disappointed her."

The train was under way now. The girl took a letter from the dainty leather bag which hung on her arm.

"Scotch granite paper," nodded Harrison approvingly. "I like that kind."

She read the letter through, and he saw that she was breathing quickly.

"She must have an exciting correspondent," thought Harrison. "No! by Jove, she is sending it away!" he ejaculated, as the girl took a stamp from her purse and affixed it to the envelope.

She put the letter back into her bag and sat looking listlessly out of the window, oblivious of her surroundings.

"I wonder why she did not seal it," thought Harrison. "I suppose she wants to read it again before she mails it. On the whole, I am glad that I am not the man to whom the letter is going. I do not believe that it contains pleasant news for him. Perhaps it isn't a man, though; but I think it is."

He tried to read, but found himself constantly wondering what was in the letter and glancing at the girl who sat looking so listlessly out of the window.

When the train was nearing Jersey City, she roused herself, and taking the letter out, read it again. Then she thrust it back into the envelope, which she sealed hurriedly. As the train pulled into the station, she stood holding the letter in her hand, and it seemed to Harrison that there was a desperate look in her face when she turned to leave the car. Just as she reached the door some one jostled against her, and the letter fell out of her hand, almost at Harrison's feet, with the addressed side up. He stooped to get it, and there on the

envelope, in plain letters that he could not help seeing, was his own name and office address.

For a moment he eyed the letter in speechless amazement, and then, quickly recovering himself, he picked it up as the girl turned.

"I think you dropped this," he said, holding it out.

"Yes, thank you," she murmured, taking it and looking rather at the letter than at him.

In a moment more she was walking through the station, glancing about her uncertainly as she went.

"She expects some one to meet her," thought Harrison. "What the deuce is she writing to me about?"

Suddenly the girl seemed to see what she was looking for, and walked quickly to a letter box in a corner of the station.

"She is going to post my letter!" ejaculated Harrison in suppressed excitement.

The girl lifted the iron flap of the box, and half inserting the letter in the slit, held it there and stared at it, her face the picture of contending emotions. Suddenly a flood of colour surged into her cheeks. She snatched back the letter and fairly ran from the box. The iron flap came down with a bang that made Harrison jump.

"Confound it! I am nervous over a letter," he muttered impatiently. "What do I care whether she posts it or not? The first thing I know she will see me watching her."

But the girl had no eyes for him. She walked rapidly toward the ferry and went aboard the boat without a backward glance, and Harrison mechanically followed her.

As the craft sped across the busy North River she stood leaning against the rail looking vaguely back at the dying sunset. A pathetic picture of loneliness she seemed to Harrison, who took pains to stand where she could not see him watching her, though it appeared to be a needless precaution for she took no heed of her surroundings.

"Little girl," he ejaculated impulsively, "you are in some trouble, and I will help you out if you will only post that letter and give me half a chance!" Then he took another look at her as she leaned, slim and pretty, against the rail.

"By Jove, Walcott Harrison! I half believe the girl has turned your head!" he murmured, smiling whimsically.

The boat bunted its way into the slip on the New York side, the gates opened, the passengers crowded ashore, the girl among them, and Harrison following.

He saw that she still had the letter in her hand. She stopped and bought an evening paper, and then walked quickly to one of the cabs which stood waiting for a fare, and, saying something to the driver, which Harrison was too far away to hear, she got in. The door slammed, and the cab drove rapidly away.

Harrison started forward with a half-formed idea of following her in another cab, and then suddenly checked himself with an exclamation, for there in the muddy gutter he saw the little gray envelope which he had looked at so often. He seized it eagerly. Yes, there it was, sealed, stamped, and addressed to him. She had dropped it when she got into the cab with her hands full of newspapers.

He looked down the street. The cab had disappeared.

"I can't return it to her this time," he declared to himself, "for I don't know where to find her."

He turned the letter over and over, and eyed it curiously. "What shall I do with it?" he demanded of himself. "I can't leave it here in the gutter for some one else to find. I can't return it to her. I might post it," he laughed. "What nonsense!" he argued. "It is addressed to me. It is my letter. I will open it. And, besides," he concluded weakly, "if I don't I shall never know who she is." The temptation of this last argument was irresistible. He tore open

the envelope, unfolded the letter, and read:

Mr. Walcott Harrison.

Dear Sir: A man and a young woman named Margaret Almore will call at your office to-morrow (Tuesday) morning with a mining proposition. Do not believe what they say.

There was no signature.

Harrison turned the sheet over. There was not another word. He looked at the letter with a savage sense of disappointment.

"Why is the girl warning me?" he exclaimed. "She might be in better business than writing anonymous letters about another woman. Confound it!" he went on irritably. "who would have thought that a girl with a face like hers would be mixed up in that kind of thing? It shows that I know nothing about women!"

He passed a restless night, and reached his office at an unusually early hour the next morning. He ran rapidly through his mail, and then a look of relief came into his face. "She did not intend to post that letter," he thought, "for if she had she would have written me another when she found that she had lost it."

Then right at the beginning of a busy working day Walcott Harrison fell into a reverie which, from the expression of his face, seemed not unpleasant. Finally he roused himself with a laugh. "Why should I care whether she would or would not send an anonymous letter?" he asked himself. "But I do," he added; "I like to think that she is square."

As he turned again to his mail. Holmes, his chief clerk, came in from the outer office and said, "Mr. Harrison, a Miss Almore and a man giving his name as Black are waiting to see you."

"Why do you say 'giving his name as Black'?" asked Harrison sharply.

"Because I feel quite sure that he is Jake Derry, who got into Parr & Dunham out in Denver about three years ago to the tune of \$20,000 in a bold mining swindle. He vanished along with their money. It happened

while I was out there. I saw him only once, but I have a good memory for faces, and I feel sure that he is the man."

"All right, Holmes; thank you. Ask them to come in, and please remain within call."

In a moment the door opened again and a well-dressed, stocky little man, whose quick, narrow eyes took in the room like a snapshot, appeared, and turning with a deferential smile held the door open for his companion to enter.

At the sight of her Harrison started to his feet and stared, for she was the girl who had lost the letter!

The man's smooth voice brought Harrison to himself. "My name is Black, Mr. Harrison, and this is Miss Almore. We would like a few moments of your time if you will give it to us."

"Certainly," answered Harrison. "Sit down. Take this chair, Miss Almore."

"Thank you," she said quietly; but Harrison saw that her hand trembled.

"Well, Mr. Black, what can I do for you?" he asked, turning to the man.

"Do you know anything of the Con Amore Mine, Mr. Harrison?" asked Black in a smooth, purring voice.

"Yes, in a general way. Not been a very productive proposition, has it?"

"Ah, but a big strike has just been made there," insinuated Black smoothly.

"Yes, I saw a report of it in yesterday's paper," said Harrison.

Miss Almore stirred nervously as he spoke, and out of the tail of his eye Harrison caught the swift warning look which Black immediately flashed at her.

That look decided Harrison. "I will see the game through," he said to himself, and settled back in his chair.

"Miss Almore owns three fifths of the stock," went on Black.

"I congratulate you on the strike," said Harrison, turning to her.

"But," put in Black hastily, "she is in danger of losing her holdings. You see Miss Almore borrowed \$15,000 on the stock to put into another venture, which turned out badly. The loan, amounting with interest to \$16,000, is due to-day. The man who made the loan is named Jenkins, and is what you may call—er—strictly business, and if the loan is not met promptly he will, in the light of the big strike, take the stock. It is deposited, together with the note, with the Longfield Trust Company. The instructions are to deliver the stock absolutely to Jenkins if the note is not paid to-day. Here is a duplicate of the agreement," he added, laying it on the desk. "And now, Miss Almore," he went on, looking steadily at her, "suppose you put your proposition."

She looked back at him and hesitated, but his face was like flint. Then she began to speak like a child reciting something by rote. "A big strike has been reported in the Con Amore Mine. I thought perhaps, since you deal in Mexican mines, that in view of the strike you might be induced to advance the money necessary to redeem the stock for a half interest in it." As she spoke her face flushed and her voice faltered a little.

Harrison knew that a game was being played, but the charm of the girl and the appeal of her beauty impressed him strangely. Something of this must have shown in his face, for as he turned he caught a gleam of greedy satisfaction in Black's eyes.

Harrison affected to consider. "Excuse me for a moment," he said. "Let me see what information we have in the office concerning the mine."

Going into the outer room he beckoned to Holmes and held a whispered conversation with him. At the end of it Holmes nodded quietly, and Harrison returned to his private office. "Well, Miss Almore," he said, smiling, "it is something of a gamble, but if everything is as represented I don't know that I mind taking a chance." And sitting down at his

desk he wrote a few words on a sheet of paper and passed it to her. "The first step will be sign this order on the Longfield Trust Company to deliver the stock to our firm on receiving from us \$16,000 for Mr.—er—Jenkins."

The girl looked at the paper and hesitated.

"It is all right, Miss Almore; sign it," said Black, and his words snapped like a whip.

The girl looked swiftly at him. His face was bland, but his eyes were cold as ice.

She signed the paper.

Harrison took it, and writing a check for \$16,000, called Holmes and said:

"Here is the order on the Longfield Trust Company in the Con Amore stock transaction which I explained to you a few moments ago, Holmes, and here is my check for \$16,000. As soon as you have concluded the business, bring the stock to me."

"Very well, sir," answered Holmes. "Here is a telegram which came a moment ago." And laying it on the desk, Holmes left the room.

Harrison opened the telegram. It was from his partner, James, and in their private code.

"If you and Mr. Black will excuse me," said Harrison, turning to Miss Almore, "I will decipher this wire while we are waiting for Holmes. Here is the morning paper if you care to see it."

She took the paper mechanically, and Harrison began to translate his telegram. The office was very still. Black watched the door nervously.

When Harrison had finished translating the wire, he read the result with a start of amazement, and glanced swiftly at Black. Then he returned to the message again and was reading it through a second time when he was interrupted by a sharp cry, and starting up he saw Miss Almore gazing fixedly at the newspaper which he had handed her.

"What is the matter, Miss Almore?" he exclaimed.

"My brother," she gasped, pointing to the paper. "He is dead!"

As she spoke Black's face changed and he rose hastily. Harrison saw the motion, and quickly walking across the room, stood before the door.

At this moment Miss Almore sprang forward impetuously and exclaimed: "Call back your clerk, Mr. Harrison! The loan is a pretense! I have not borrowed a penny! This man is Jenkins! He will get your \$16,000! All of it! The report of a strike is false! It was sent in by this man's confederate! The stock is worthless! We have defrauded you!"

In her excitement she seized Harrison's arm.

Black started toward her. "You must be crazy!" he exclaimed. "I—"

"Stand back there, Mr. Black!" ordered Harrison. "It will be better for you. Now, Miss Almore," he added, turning to her, "go on."

"We have defrauded you," she declared again. "My brother had—had done wrong. This man held him in his power, and threatened to expose him and send him to a Mexican prison unless I would do—what I have done. My brother was incurably ill. He was weak and despairing. He pleaded with me not to let him spend the last months of his life in prison. He was my only brother—hardly more than a boy—and I loved him—and so—I did this to save him. I am only telling you why. He is free now. Do what you like with me."

There was silence in the room. Then Harrison looked at Black. "What have you to say?" he asked.

As he put the question there was a quick knock, and Holmes appeared in the door. "Here is the stock, sir," he said, and handing Harrison an open bunch of Con Amore certificates he went out out and closed the door.

Black took a quick, triumphant glance at them, and turning to Harrison with an easy air of assurance, said: "You want to know what I have to say, do you? Well, I say this: You have the stock. I am going to the

trust company for my money. If you relied for the value of the stock on a mere newspaper rumour, that is your lookout. The papers regarding the loan are duly executed, and the trust company will recognize my right." Saying this, Black started toward the door.

"Just a moment, Mr. Black," retorted Harrison. "If you will look a little closer at these Con Amore certificates you will see that they are not Almore's at all. They are a few which I own myself. Holmes brought them in at the psychological moment, so to speak, at my request. The trust company still has Miss Almore's stock."

Black's face changed.

"Did you suppose, you scoundrel, that you could take me in with such a clumsy trick?" went on Harrison hotly.

Black took up his hat with an insolent smile. "Would you like to prosecute—us?" he asked.

"No," answered Harrison.

"I thought not," said Black suavely. "For protection there is nothing like having a charming—er—accomplice."

Harrison took a step toward him with clinched fist.

"Oh, don't trouble to see me to the door," said Black ironically. "Good morning."

"Just one moment before you go," returned Harrison in a voice as smooth as oil. "Miss Almore is entitled to her stock, Mr. Black, the loan being a mere pretense."

"Well, she won't get it," snapped Black.

"Oh, yes, she will, Mr.—Derry."

The man looked up quickly, and the expression on his face changed. "Oh, well, perhaps she is entitled to the stock," he said with a shrug.

"I thought that that would be your conclusion," nodded Harrison, and turning to his desk he picked up the agreement which Black had handed him. "Now, Mr.—er—Jenkins, please write across this a release of all claims and an order to the Longfield Trust

Company to deliver the note and the stock to Miss Almore."

Black complied without a word.

Harrison turned to the telephone and called up the trust company. "I have the trust company on the wire, Mr. Black," he said. "Kindly tell them in my presence what you have done so that there may be no mistake."

The man did so.

"Now," went on Harrison, opening the door, "there is just one more favour I will ask of you, Mr. Black: Kindly tell Mr. Jenkins that if he ever crosses my path again his name will be—Derry. Good morning," he added coldly.

The door closed, and Harrison turned to Miss Almore and said cheerfully: "I want to congratulate you on owning such a large block of

Con Amore stock. The gentleman of the many names seems to have been something of a prophet without knowing it. The cipher telegram which I received a little while ago was from my partner who is in Mexico. He wires confidential information of a rich strike just made in the Con Amore Mine. That is why I was so anxious to get your stock released."

Miss Almore looked at Harrison, her lip trembling. "You are heaping coals of fire on my head," she murmured. "There is no reason why you should want to help me."

"Oh, yes, there is," he said quietly. "I cannot tell you all of the reason now, but a part of it is because you did not post this," and he took from his pocket the letter which he had picked up in the street.





IN THE STUDIO

From the Photograph by L. J. Geddes
Exhibited by the
Canadian National Exhibition

CONFIDENCES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT

BY LACEY AMY



HE hectic flush that once bathed the work of the war correspondent passed into memory with the outbreak of the Great War. Like a change in the colour of the stage calcium light departed much of the nerve-breaking strain of news gathering in battle, all the endless conflict and uncanny ingenuity of news despatching. The correspondent became a part of the military machine—with unique privileges and freedom, of course—and the process of getting his “stuff” to his newspapers was as formally prescribed as the provision of food to the armies.

Nerve strain did not cease to be a daily diet. More ground than ever had to be covered by the man who sent out the news—the reading world demanded it—but he had his own car to do it with; or rather, General Headquarters rented him a car at sixty dollars a week if he were a Canadian correspondent, or part of that price was included in the weekly bill for keep at the Press Chateau, where the British correspondents resided. The strain was the result more of competition where “scoops” were practically impossible, of irritating censorship, of possible break-down of car or chauffeur, of greater physical danger within sight or sound of battle, and of that overhanging control which agitates the soul of every natural news-gatherer.

War correspondents in this Great War traduced all the traditions of the profession, even of newspaper reporting. They became gregarious even in their gathering of news. They exchanged items of interest as a matter of policy, not for mere friendship's sake. Every correspondent at the Press Chateau, the headquarters of the men who reported the operations of the British Army, saw precisely what his fellows did and he heard almost precisely the same stories. He couldn't help it. Lord Kitchener started the idea. The particular kind of war this was did the rest. So that if Philip Gibbs, or Beach Thomas, or Phillips, or Nevinson, or any of the rest of them pleased the reader better than his mates it was only because of a more vivid imagination or a more fluent pen.

The Canadian war correspondent was a very different cog in the war machinery from the British correspondent, that prolific and hard-working writer who supplied the news to the world under difficult conditions. In privileges, in authority, in location at the Front, in experiences, the Canadian news-gatherer was unique.

The two Canadian war correspondents during the fighting of the Canadian Corps in 1918 were Mr. J. F. B. Livesay — than whom there never was a more indefatigable and unselfish news-gatherer at the front—and myself. Mr. Stewart Lyon had preceded us. Our sleeping quarters

were never more than seven or eight miles from the front lines. We were eye-witnesses of every "kick-off" in which the Canadian Corps was concerned. Every day, rain or shine, we looked on the actual battle from points of vantage, usually in front of the guns. We talked to the wounded as they staggered back, while they waited to be dressed, as they lay patiently awaiting their turns for the ambulances. We went unattended where we liked when we liked.

Our writing was done by night to the light of a candle stuck in its own grease. Often as I pulled the slim coverings over me during those vile weeks near Wancourt Livesay's typewriter was clicking from his tent; and sundry officers with red tabs were wont to make violent remarks about both our machines.

The British correspondents were less—and more—fortunate. Owing to the necessity of being with the censors at the centre where the wires from the whole British Army converged, they slept and ate at what we called the Press Chateau, which was located for years before the 1918 fighting at Hesdin, and later moved to different points as the successes developed. At no time, however, was it less than thirty-five miles from the front lines. Their messages had to be filed in mid-forenoon or mid-afternoon, and their car capacity was limited. They could not visit the Front without an attending officer. That they did so well under these handicaps is one of the brilliant features of the war.

The Canadian war correspondents of 1918 probably saw more real fighting in two months than their British confrères did throughout the war. Yet only at one period to my knowledge did the men at the Press Chateau make errors in fact that were worth correcting. And that period was interwoven with brainstormings of the censorship that make another story.

*

My experiences commenced long before reaching France — seven

months before. Having undertaken the assignment for a group of important Canadian papers, the first wall I had to scale was precedent. Never before had there been with the British Army a war correspondent whose duties were confined to the writing of descriptive articles instead of news, and who sent them by mail instead of by wire. "Colour" writers were a new genus to the War Office, demanding as much ponderous rumination as a new type of machine gun or a new national policy. Besides, the Australians had no equivalent attached to them. And it was a recognized condition of internal harmony that when a ray of sunlight was permitted to shine on the Canadians a consignment of moonlight or rainbows had to be despatched by special messenger to the Aussies—and vice versa.

At first it seemed fairly clear sailing. The fact that the group of papers I represented covered Canada and included both parties earned me official backing. But five months passed before I even learned the reason why I was refused the white pass which is the open-sesame of the war correspondent.

For months I had been running a series of magazine articles on different phases of war effort in England. Naturally there was criticism as well as acclamation. It happened that in a treatment of the alien question there was more of the former, though the article presented every possible mitigation. And in the light of the revelations of a committee of investigation in 1919 that there were still 835 employees in Government Departments both of whose parents were enemy subjects; that a Lieut.-Col. Reichwald, whose father was for many years Krupp's adviser in England, had been recently appointed to a liaison position in British affairs in Turkey; and that a naturalized British subject, Austrian born, who fought against the Allies in the Austrian Army, had been permitted to return to England and resume his

business—my position in the article requires no defence. Indeed, the worst I said was as a mere acid drop to calomel compared with what the press of London was handing almost daily to the Government for its persistent kindness to enemy aliens. However it is much easier to exercise restraint over a mere Canadian in London than over the London press; and for months I was so busy in a war of my own, defensive and offensive, that the one over there in France seemed to have lost its nip.

Every wire within reach I began to pull. And finally I discovered that which has entirely altered my conception of English Government—that its faults are not in the men at the top but in the system that robs them of real authority and places it in the hands of bloodless and cut-by-measure assistants and departmental officials who bring to the consideration of every problem a mechanical device invented probably to relieve the real heads of the worry of government. The full significance of this came to light not long ago when it was admitted officially in the British House of Commons that a civil service employee *cannot be dismissed for incompetence*. England is “governed” by gentlemen of the first water. It is ruled by underlings who protect their authority more zealously than most men do their honour, who can work more destruction in a week than their nominal superiors can rebuild in a lifetime.

A wire invited me to a certain Government office. There occurred an interview with a general and colonel that was a pleasure from greeting to farewell.

“When do you want to go?” suddenly inquired one.

“Saturday,” I replied, and I said it as if I hadn’t to take a firm hold of my chair to keep me from falling off.

“Saturday, then.”

But I was not in France yet. On the morning before I was to leave the War Office called me up to read me a

cable just received from G.H.Q.: “Canadian Corps now say that Mr. Lacey Amy must be regarded as an officially attached journalist and must have his own car. Corps cannot supply car. Canadian representative consulted says under these circumstances Mr. Amy cannot be received.”

Phew! Without divulging what steps were taken, I can say that that parley was cut so short that several of us had time only to get mad. But new papers had to be made out; and on Tuesday, June 25th, I almost sneaked to Victoria Station, climbed inconspicuously aboard the Staff train for Folkestone, unobtrusively handed my papers over at the boat, stumbled through the formalities at Boulogne—and after seven months of brain-racking uncertainty and worry struck across France towards Canadian Corps Headquarters in a high-powered car.

I was there.

*

The Corps was then in rest camp about Pernes, fifteen miles north-west of Arras and about twelve from the nearest point in the front lines. My first impression of war correspondence as a permanency—I had been across before on those Cook’s-Tour trips for newspapermen—came from the sight of several large fresh shell-holes close to my first billet. In part of my billet itself were sundry conspicuous chips. And that night the raiders came over and bumped me about disturbingly—though I had already experienced twenty-eight such raids in London. But then one is such a speck in London—and there were six women in the house there to lord it over. I began to wonder if war was really a proper place for a war correspondent.

Trouble visited me early owing to my ignorance of army regulations. The first exhibition might have earned me a bullet, the second a court-martial. With characteristic ignorance I failed to appreciate either escape.

North of Pernes was a hill from which was obtainable one of the finest distant views of the spectacle of war I ever saw. Every evening after dinner a Montreal artist friend, a Belgian artist then working with the Corps, and I used to climb to the practice trenches of the hilltop and thrill with it far into the night. In time I came to consider that hill my personal property. So that when I wandered up alone one night and came on a British battalion at night practice I simply looked on without a thought of the outward similarity between a spectator and a spy—until the whining of an occasional bullet about my ears warned me of the unreliability of blank cartridges and drove me to the edge of the hill where I lay in the grass overlooking distant Bethune and its strafing. Behind me the mimic warfare continued.

About midnight I rose to return to my billet, passed carelessly about the end of the first trench—and was suddenly halted by a shadowy figure. A company that knew me not had the trenches now. After explanations I continued my way. At the other end the silence was eerie, especially as I could see heads moving cautiously against the sky and long things protruding towards me. Once I heard the click of a trigger. Then a stentorian voice—must have been a sergeant-major—roared: "Stop that officer. Don't let even your own commanding officer pass in front of you without challenging him."

Naturally I didn't wait for the order. Once more I gave my pedigree and was permitted to pass. And just when safety was in sight, a voice called to me from the top of the hill. Looking up, two tremendous soldiers, capped by two tremendous rifles, were visible against the sky running for me. They took me back to the officer, a mere child of a child who pretended to examine my papers in the darkness. "Do you know you are in great danger?" he inquired solemnly, but with an indifference that appealed to me as unnecessarily hard-heart-

ed. And with apparent disappointment that there would be no execution at dawn, he let me go.

I still contend that two smaller men and two ordinary rifles could have effected my arrest and sustained the dignity of the Army.

The other display was a terrible breach of Army—especially of First Division—discipline. Calling on General Macdonnell, whom I had met only once eight months before, I found him closeted with General Currie. To my credit let it stand that I waited. Leaning wearily on an urn at the front door—mentally polishing the introductory paragraph of an article in plan—someone passed me from behind. I was conscious of the officer beside me springing to the salute. Lazily, more by instinct than by consciousness, I waved a negligent hand towards my cap as the back of a gray-haired head moved out before me.

But General Macdonnell has eyes in the back of his head—he demonstrated it to me later; it was the reflection in his glasses. And I returned to Etrun and the Canadian Corps with a start when the gray head whirled and a pair of fiery eyes and fierce mustachios made the air crackle. I was ignorant of the orthodox line to pursue under the circumstances—but I noticed from the corner of my eye a wobble in the knees of the staff officers about.

General Macdonnell speaks fast. In moments of excitement he might be said to hurry. But he never trips.

"Who are you? . . . What's your name? . . . Where do you come from? . . . What Division do you belong to? . . . Don't you know how to salute . . .?"

That is all I recall—but there was more like it in Macdonnell's eyes. Once or twice I managed to ejaculate the first letter of a word, but gave up helplessly while he was pausing for breath.

Then I shot at him in a dash of words who I was, for I didn't like the thoughts of a second spasm.

"No, General," I added, "I'm afraid I don't know how to salute."

It was a trying moment for a general whose reputation in matters of discipline can't be added to by anything with a very sensitive body and a vivid thing I can say—to say nothing of how trying it was to a correspondent without much reputation to lose but imagination. But General Maedonell was equal to the occasion. Swiftly but easily he did the only thing possible without embarrassment. Throwing back his head he laughed—and even with those eyes and that ruddy face and that moustache no smile is pleasanter; at least, that's my opinion.

"Oh, it's you, is it? I thought I had to knock someone's head off." And the knees about began to stiffen; circulation resumed its duty in blanched faces.

After lunch the General and I retired to a quiet place where I practised a salute that might pass me over the initial meetings with strange generals who had not yet learned that I knew no better.

The path of the war correspondent was beset by other trials. Thrown into the discomforts of the front without the hardening process of training, I was unprepared for tent life. By advice in London I neglected to provide myself with a sleeping bag, being assured that I would always be in billets. Fortunately for my adviser, his name has slipped my memory.

Tent life started for me at Molliens Vidame (or, as even the G.O.C. must have called it, Mollyann be damned). It was there we stopped for the first week after our unexpected flit to the Amiens front. The heat during the day was almost unbearable; at night there would have been frost in Western Canada. Thus the dark stained tents in the orchard were furnaces by day and refrigerators by night; and even the early morning sun was denied us by the trees in which we had pitched to escape detection by Hun planes.

By dint of the most pathetic begging I managed to borrow two blankets from the quartermaster. But there was not another to beg, borrow, or steal. I proved the hopelessness of begging and borrowing, myself; my batman experimented fruitlessly in the other. And when he failed to wangle anything I needed it was because it was chained down and guarded night and day. I recall his return to the incomplete tent "home" one day after a round of the town and tents, such a look of disgust on his Scotch face that I feared his category had been raised. "Everybody's sitting on their kits!" he growled. Then, with that look of guileless indifference which served him—and me—so well, he sauntered into the yard of the engineers' chateau and "picked up" sufficient material to make me a cot and wire mattress. A great find was that batman; especially fortunate was the officer who had him, in that he was protected from anyone else having him.

And so my first few nights in a tent were spent on the damp ground; and during that first week two blankets had to do duty under as well as over. The margin between freezing and the limit of human endurance was filled by trench coats and papers my friends contributing to the supply. I grew almost accustomed to awaiting the morning sun to thaw me out—but the other tents never grew fond of the rustle of paper when I moved or shivered.

But never was there a camp in all the last year of the war the equal, in dreariness and discomfort, of advanced headquarters out there between Neuville Vitasse and Wancourt, where we existed during the three weeks and more preceding the Bourlon Wood attack. The utter desolation of the waste that stretched to the horizon was appalling. When it blew, our tent pegs worked loose in the sand. When it rained most of the tents were flooded out and the batmen were busy for days rebuilding the walls and refilling the floors. One

night's storm tore down a half dozen tents and landed the occupants in a couple of feet of water.

By this time, thanks to my assiduous collection, my bed coverings, under and over, consisted of three blankets (my batman gave me his own and slept in his clothes), two British warms, a sweater coat, a trench coat and lining, heavy socks, a woollen cap, several layers of cheesecloth-backed maps—That is all I remember, but in late September and early October no heterogeneous assortment of make-shifts can take the place of a pair of good wool blankets when the frost is whitening the ground and the wind persists in filtering under the tent wall.

And the ugly lonesomeness of it! Out across the slopes the evenings settled to absolute lifelessness, though we knew that thousands lay there within bugle call. The drab spirit of it came up through the darkness in sad part-song from a hundred desolate funkholes. Someone broke out, night after night, on a cornet, and the rest of us shuddered. "If I could get hands on that fellow," exploded an officer in the mess one night, after we had struggled in vain to ignore it, "I'd knife him. Makes me feel like the night before going over."

After the move to the outskirts of Queant, following the successful Bourlon Wood battle, the two correspondents developed a fed-up feeling. We had reached our limit. The grind of typing by night in leaky tents, with our hands so cold we could not feel the keys, of living conditions that drove us to bitterness and overpowered our mental capacity by physical sensitiveness, impelled us to appeal to General Currie. Only the previous night I had spent hours dodging the trickling streams in my tent—and then failed. In the morning my underclothing was wet, a toad jumped on my face as I slept, and my typewriter case and paper were soggy. It was presented to a sympathetic Commander-in-Chief that the product of such conditions would

be good neither for the Corps nor for the people of Canada.

We flatter ourselves that Canada owes General Currie an additional debt for responding immediately. Next morning an Armstrong hut was erected for us—and all our worries ended. Thereafter lots of table space, dry beds and typewriters and paper, an oil stove that made night work a comfort, canvas cots, ample transport, dignity. The Canadian war correspondents ranked now as Staff Officers.

It was the happy conclusion of a personal struggle which, during the six weeks when I was the only Canadian correspondent, the Camp Commandant and I had waged in a friendly, but none the less persistent, way to establish the position of the news gatherer of the Corps. To the Camp Commandant the war correspondent was a necessary evil; and as he arranged the billets and located the personnel of Headquarters there was ample opportunity to him of expressing his conception of values. I inherited from my predecessor the rear Echelon of Headquarters as the correspondent's home. That was no serious disadvantage until the advanced Echelon moved a dozen miles away to Duisans. Appeals to the Camp Commandant failed on the plea that Duisans was full. So I carried the question to the Commander-in-Chief. But just then we flitted to Amiens.

When Headquarters was again split into two echelons for the battle, my name was down to remain at Molliens Vidame, fifteen miles from the front lines. Again an appeal to the Camp Commandant was useless. But General Currie was fortunately of a different mind. In just as long as it takes to walk four hundred yards at a good pace, orders were put through that I was always to be attached to advanced Headquarters. And that ended that. But the Camp Commandant, with a fertility worthy of his job, almost got even with me. The billet he assigned me in the deserted village of Dury was a filthy, shattered

ground-floor cubicle not more than seven feet square—not a stick of furniture but a straw mattress that could have walked out by itself had it had the mind, window gone, stone floor. But a still hunt found me a fine house that had not been discovered by the billeteers. It was locked but—

That very day, the day preceding the Second Battle of Amiens, came my introduction to the sleepless nights and midnight strain of keeping in touch with the Canadian fighting. All day we had been struggling at settlement in new quarters. Livesay, just arrived, had to be found billet, mess, and batman. At 11.40 we threw ourselves on our beds. At midnight we were tiptoeing through the streets to the car to start for the Front—for no one left in the village but three or four of us knew the exact hour of the attack—even the day of it. In disturbing darkness we rolled towards Boves, my eyes substituting for the chauffeur's, who was night-blind from years of ambulance driving. We had never seen a foot of the way before. No lights were permitted, of course. The road was cluttered in almost endless stream with the traffic of battle. In a clear spot we lost our way.

Through the nights preceding every attack thereafter we were the sole "joy-riders" on the roads. Often it was raining. Now and then—as on the way to the Bourlon Wood battle—the burning of a distant dump was our only light. Once we drew up intuitively, to find the car within a foot of the end of the arm of a temporary bridge. Once the leg of a dead horse caught in a wheel. Often we were forced to back up in search of a wider spot for passing.

Our aim in the attacks was to choose the best points for observation. Sometimes, as at Amiens, we looked on from in front of *all* the guns; always we were ahead of most of them. At the fight of August 26th, before Arras, we narrowly escaped being blown over to the Germans from the muzzles of a battery of field

guns which suddenly shattered the heavens in the darkness close above our heads. The flames seemed to sear my cheek. We ran—just plain ran. Only the barbed wire about a deep overgrown trench prevented our outstripping the attacking party and perhaps winning V.C.'s. On such slender threads, so to speak, do great achievements hang.

Our approach in the early morning to the kick-off that broke the Hindenburg Line was marked by a German plane bombing the slope behind us as we climbed towards the height overlooking Cherisy. For one attack we were awakened at midnight, following a dinnerless conclusion to a weary 150-mile motor ride; and hungry and weary we turned out into the rain. At Bourlon Wood we sat on the parapets of the trench filled with one of the waves of the attack, until the barrage opened; and we accompanied the soldiers moving up, until depressions in the ground cut off the spectacle and induced us to return to the heights.

Of course it was fatiguing—those sleepless nights and hungry exciting days. The messes were rationed so closely that there never was sufficient for proper lunches to be made up for us. Had it not been for the chocolate, coffee, and biscuits of the Y.M.C.A. at the advanced dressing stations the post-war physical condition of two Canadian war correspondents would have entitled them to pensions. As it was, we ate bully beef sandwiches two inches thick, and great hunks of cheese, until we hated the sight of them and hunted round for the welcome Y.

Spectators were we of every daylight hour of the fighting around Cambrai. For hours we lay on the crest overlooking the city that we were not permitted to shell as a preliminary to attack, or dodged in and out of the villages that preface it on the road from Arras. The gas that soaked the region gave us colds in the head and prophesied certain influenza until we understood. A

Brigadier and I removed from a dead German pilot the first aeroplane parachute taken intact—at least, *he* removed it; I never reached the point where I could handle dead bodies.

Incidentally I sent to the world the first despatch announcing the use of parachutes by German aviators. Within a few minutes of the fall in flames of a German raider one night I was in connection by telephone with a battery near the spot. And the news of the escape by parachutes of two of the crew of nine was sent out within a few hours. Unfortunately the Air Officials seemed to take umbrage at the innocent suggestion that if parachutes were found serviceable the British would quickly adopt them, for I understand an official contradiction of their use by the Germans was issued. Within the next week thousands had seen them in use, and I had one in my hands.

The world does not appreciate the severity of the fighting in which the Canadian forces were concerned north of Cambrai on the last day of September and the first of October. But from my own experience there is a complete reply to Sir Sam Hughes's charge against General Currie of "bull-head" recklessness and heartlessness. In the first place, Cambrai was not taken "by suburbs or street fighting," as the former Minister of Militia asserted, but by the very means he advocated: "Agoing round the darn thing." And far from General Currie's attitude being marked by recklessness, there was on his face at that time the first shadow of faltering confidence. One incident—which General Currie will not mind coming to the light now for the first time—dispels any doubt of that.

On the evening of the first of October, while Livesay and I were seated at our typewriters in our hut writing up with heavy hearts the incidents of the day, General Currie opened the door and entered. It startled us for a moment. Accessible as he had always been to the war correspondents, he had never visited us. His eager-

ness that all the news should get back to Canada had been satisfied by our frequent conversations in his own office or billet. Now he entered slowly and thoughtfully, sank wearily into my chair, and leaned his arm on the table. Sober as is his ordinary expression, we had never seen him so grave, never so mentally and bodily fatigued. For once he had thrown aside every breath of the dignity of the Commander. A new dignity was there—the Canadian, responsible for the lives of a hundred thousand men and anxious that Canada should have the full story of their sacrifice. For twenty minutes he talked—and two mere correspondents were weighted with the responsibility that was their's of giving Canada the proper perspective of the hardest days of fighting in the career of the Corps. When he had gone we looked at each other and in silence turned to our typewriters.

It is little use attempting to hide the fact that certain Imperial units on our flanks often held us up, either through unexpected obstacles in their path or through a leadership not quite up to the demands of the occasion. I could give several inside stories of this. But only once did I come on a case of what looked like sheer funk.

In the attack of August 26th a famous Imperial regiment was attacking on our right. An hour and a half after the capture of the outskirts of Neuville Vitasse I was creeping along the sunken road in the ruined village when a member of this regiment dashed down to me from over the bank, inquiring where his battalion was. I did not know; nor did the innocent query convey anything more to me. A few minutes later two more made the same inquiry. But when, twenty minutes later, after ducking shells along a knee-deep trench on the eastern edge of the village, in company with a Canadian officer friend whose duties kept him there until his time came, a group of this same battalion came into view seated on the parapet of the trench watching a rapid succession of shells

falling about our ambulances — when at sight of us they ran towards us with the same question, I began to wonder.

Not long afterwards we passed along the sunken road farther east still and came on a cross-trench in which an entire company of this battalion was madly digging itself into funk holes.

In a burst of anger my companion demanded to see the guilty officer. We found him peering out carefully over the parapet at the Canadians attacking in a semi-circle before him. What was exchanged between them was not conducive to Imperial fraternity. The Imperial officer admitted that he was supposed to be attacking on our right, but insisted that he thought he was holding the front line at the moment; he explained that he had lost his way. The Canadian officer pointed in disgust to the ruins of the village all about him, to the Canadians going over in attack, to the map carried by the shirking officer. And the company slunk off southward to the flank of the Canadians exposed by their cowardice.

The bad taste of the thing was partially forgotten in the record event that occurred a few minutes later. I took a prisoner. It wasn't exactly the sort of thing that wins the V.C. Indeed, the Censor thought so little of it that he forbade my using the story to lighten the tragedy of battle description. But it was a record for a war correspondent, at least in this war. As I stood on the parapet trying to pierce the secrets of the valley before me, marvelling that so much machine-gunning could continue without a visible German, a gray figure suddenly leaped from an angle of a partially shattered trench before me and rushed up the slope. I was the only human being in sight this side of the attack, and in my trench coat I probably seemed to present the opportunity of capitulating to a Brigadier or a Major-General. For a moment I hesitated as to whether I could beat him running or not.

But when I saw his upraised hands and streaming white face, and heard his whining "don', don'!" I decided to carry through my part. Never have I seen such terrible fear in a human face. It was inhuman in its abjection. I should have searched him as a primary fulfilment of a captor's obligations. Instead I swanked back with him along the road until I met two Tommies. To them I presented the German and the duty of search. To do them justice, they accepted both with avidity. So now Canada knows for the first time that only the ineligibility of war correspondents precluded the addition of at least one to the list of decorations.

Our desire to see all there was to see kept us so close to the fighting that our car was not infrequently the first over some of the roads to the Front. It also brought sights that made me shudder to recall but meant next to nothing at the time. Another thing it did for us was to run us into suspicion and arrest.

On the second morning of the Amiens attack we reached Marcelcave. According to precedent I should have turned faint hundreds of times on that trip—a mere drop of blood has made me uncomfortable in civilian life. Dead Germans and horses lay everywhere, and in the heat were beginning to notify their presence in other ways than by sight. I do not care to remember that it was to me nothing more than a great spectacle—except the odour.

It was when it came to our own dead that I began to recognize myself. To that I never hardened. Always there came to me the thought that perhaps I was talking to these very men only a few hours back—perhaps I knew them. Perhaps some of these living ones before me would lie like that to-morrow. Down the Amiens-Roye road, where our cavalry had superbly galloped its hopeless attack and the shelling was still too severe for burial parties, I passed them, lying as they fell, their arms thrown over their horses. Back be-

hind Rumancourt, where the enemy looked down on us from across the Canal du Nord, I came on it again; and out there north-west of Cambrai—in Monchy, too, and a host of other places. Always I turned away, though I could look on a machine-gun post full of dead Germans without a twinge. It was all a part of the life.

From an observation post in the holed church tower in Rosières we looked out over the ground that had been in German hands within the hour. And the signallers gaped at us as a new species. That day we tea-ed with a battery that was inclined to magnify our interest in the fighting. We swung our car along the road to Meharicourt, the first since the Germans moved back, twisting about dead horses and stared at as mental deficiencies by the soldiers in the trenches by the road, for the fighting was only a thousand yards away.

The prevailing idea, especially among the Imperial artillerymen with our Corps, was that the war correspondent was a swivel-chair gentleman who sat back among seven-course dinners and wool mattresses, and produced second-hand descriptions to the smoke of big cigars.

Arrest several times put a temporary period to our curiosity. In a wood near Demuin a motor machine gun officer satisfied his suspicions by inviting us to tea, and when he had us all alone a Major of the 16th received us suspiciously and conducted us through a long zig-zag trench to the mouth of a dugout, where he proceeded to shave. Nothing was said of arrest but I knew the symptoms. So excited was he that he gashed himself badly—but then he had the two spies. A mile walk to Rouvrois and we were ushered into the presence of Lieut.-Col. "Si" Peck. The most absorbing feature of the incident was that Col. Peck and his staff were eating. The most disgusting was that they didn't ask us to join them. And we had not eaten for nine hours, had a ten-mile walk ahead of us—the car was away with despatches—and

certain prospect of reaching home too late for dinner. But perhaps "Si" believed we were spies but didn't want the bother of arresting us.

Two or three days later we had an afternoon of arrests. Leaving the car as far towards Z Wood, on the way to Roye, as we dare take it, we struck along the road to Damery, passing through a corner of the French front, across the muzzles of several batteries of Imperial guns, and reached the ground held by the 7th Battalion. At a small wood before the tiny village I struck off to find the Battalion Headquarters, Livesay keeping on for the village and the sight we had come to see—the piles of dead Germans mowed down in a fruitless counter-attack.

In a tremendous dugout I found the staff of the 7th and was led by two of them to the village. Then, a strafe being due in a few minutes, I returned to the car. Livesay was not there. In the warm sun I went to sleep, to the tune of a battery dropping pip-squeaks about our artillery horses near le Quesnoy, four hundred yards to the north. Two hours later I awakened—still alone. In something of a panic I started back on foot to look for my friend. And as I neared the protecting rise in the road he came wearily over it.

Three arrests had been his reward for curiosity. Up in Damery the 7th had laid hands on him. Released, the Imperial artillery did not like his looks and invited him to explain. In the French lines they picked him up again, and as his French was not fluent enough to satisfy them and they could not read his papers, he was forced to wait for an interpreter.

Next day we visited the Tank Corps and the 11th Brigade, near Caix. Selecting a Y.M.C.A. stand as a good centre for news, I began to ask questions. An unusual coldness met me. A towsle-headed carrot-top came up.

"I know what I'd say if you asked me," he growled. "'Go to hell!' You seen that slip?" And he drew from

his pocket a little folder, "Keep Your Mouth Shut", that had been issued to the troops just before leaving for the surprise attack at Amiens.

"What rank are you anyway?" he demanded with the confidence of virtue. I humoured him. "And you wear a Sam Browne! That's a new one on me." I tried to get even by suggesting that he might find many new things before the war was over.

But he had the last word. A month later I saw General Currie pin the Military Medal to his tunic near Wancourt. There was more beneath that red hair than impudence to a war correspondent.

One of the group, a member of the 75th, volunteered to get me some stories and to show me a few interesting souvenirs he had collected in the fight. Leading me out of the woods, he took me to his own little funk hole in the side of the hill. Then he turned on me.

"Say, who are you? I don't like your looks. You look to me like a spy." It had at least the virtue of frankness.

But our most disturbing experience of this description occurred in the dead o' night, in the deadness of a deserted village that hung together only as a tangle of beams and crumbling mud walls. Returning from the front on foot, having sent the car back with despatches, we were picked up by an officer who would pass within a mile of Headquarters at Demuin. As the Germans were bombing the Amiens-Roye road every night, he decided to keep to the side roads. Maps were useless in the darkness and we kept to the side roads hours longer than we wished. And all the time the raiders were about, the throb of their propellers, the bursting of the bombs, the darting searchlights, the roar of anti-aircraft guns, and the knowledge that out there on the road and in the woods along it thousands of Canadian soldiers were absolutely without protection, gave a thrill to the starlit night probably beyond any in my experience. We

completely lost ourselves, even as to direction. Once we were stopped by a rushing soldier who warned us that the road ahead was blocked by an anti-aircraft gun about to fire at an aeroplane over our heads being searched for by a cluster of lights.

After two hours of blind running about we struck the Roye road almost where we had started. Opposite Demuin Livesay and I alighted to walk to Headquarters. It was a wonderful night from that hill, clear as crystal, windless, moonless, the black sky a ceiling of diamonds. All about us was the throb of raiding aeroplanes, and far to the east the night was slit with a score of searchlights feeling for more. Two miles to our left, over Domart, the raiders were trying for a great dump there. And they found it as we looked. Then they sped homewards straight above our heads, scattering the rest of their bombs indiscriminately.

By the time we reached the ruins of Demuin we were—at least I was—in the condition that sees ghosts and imagines strange things. The wild orgy of war by night had put me on edge. I might even have written poetry then.

In the deserted streets a French civilian and a French soldier passed us, talking volubly but low, and I wondered why they were there. Still swayed by the mystery and immensity of things, we were proceeding silently down a narrow street when a sudden and terrific "halt!" brought me up so short it hurt. Never have I heard so much concentrated emotion in a single word. I could feel bullets puncturing my most sensitive spots, and I wondered hurriedly if one of us would be left alive to give the other's address and the other things usually looked for in tragedies of that nature.

"Where the blazes are you?" I called, not feeling a bit as casual as that.

Livesay pulled us through. "A friend!" he announced. (I had forgotten that this was a real military

war; it seemed to me like a little bit of hades).

"Advance, friend!" replied the voice—with, oh, so much of its feeling flattened out.

We found a soldier before a ruin ahead of us, revolver in hand. And if ever I see the terror of darkness again I will know it. His voice was trembling; so agitated was he that he almost wept as he talked with us. And yet I doubt if I ever met a braver man. He had seen the two Frenchmen, suspected them when it was too late to stop them, and was waiting there alone at midnight to satisfy his suspicions.

"I haven't a gun," he explained, "but I thought my old pipe would look enough like one in the dark to fool them." It certainly fooled me. I have an infinite respect for that brave terrified man. I would like to meet him in Canada.

The perils of a war correspondent were, compared with those of the man in the lines, scarcely worth considering. Even the Canadian correspondent might have taken no risks and still have sent back to Canada stories of real interest and importance. He might have remained with the rear Echelon. Advanced Headquarters were always within shellfire, though the danger was negligible.

Four shells dropped in rapid succession on the ridge above the camp the first morning after I arrived at the Wancourt camp. They exploded before my eyes as I shaved in the door of my tent. I had my doubts about that camp immediately. Every night some big German gun emitted the bark one came to recognize even in one's sleep as sending over a shell worth listening for. Almost every night a long-range gun dropped a half-dozen or a score shells into Arras, four miles away. The brittle explosion of a facing gun would be followed quickly by the slow whistle of a big shell, then a moment of silence, and last of all a long roar broken in the middle by a violent shatter of sound. It was an atmos-

pheric effect none could explain. At Queant the enemy developed a nasty habit of sending big shrapnel by night to explode above the town, perhaps in search of a huge railway gun that was there when we arrived but much more menacing to our hospitals, over which they burst without injuring anyone.

The greatest danger was from bombs. None dropped close enough to Headquarters in my time to damage things, but that was good fortune. It was the knowledge of that which made me—I have never confessed this before—funk the raiders one night. Wakened in my tent after midnight by the disturbing throb of two German planes, I listened as they came straight towards the camp. My dreams had been unpleasant. Three bombs crashed, each nearer than the last. And then I made for the sole dugout in the camp—where the Generals slept. A relic of German occupation, it was vast and snug. Its snugness appealed to me. But in the mouth of the dugout I realized that I alone of all the camp was astir. And I slunk back to my tent and talked to myself like a brigand.

Our real exposure came from a desire to see. One day, after a German battery had opened our day by sniping us with five shells as our car laboriously climbed a hill near Dury, on the Arras-Cambrai road, another group of three followed us all the way up the slopes from Rumancourt as we were returning in the evening to the car. That stretch of rising ground was under direct observation, and there was only a sunken road to hide it. Thus our only resort was to lie down when a shell was heard coming. It filled up two hours of our valuable lives to get out of view. To be sure there were two machine-gun posts that might have concealed us, but they were just then crammed with dead Germans of the vintage of three days before, and we preferred the shells.

Just as we were within sight of the sunken road two of the Richtofen Red Squadron decided that we were im-

portant enough for their attentions, so they dived at us. But two of our 18-pounders broke loose at them when they were about seventy feet up, the shells bursting somewhere above our heads and showering the ground about us with metal. At the moment the Red Squadron seemed almost friendly by comparison.

Twice, in Arras and in Sains les Marquion, only a brick wall separated me from exploding shells.

Our worst experience was a mere movement of excitement compared with what, from our grand-stand seats, we saw thousands of the fighting men face without visible agitation. It was above Cherisy, that village of ill-repute, near which one of my best friends in the Corps, Lieut.-Col. McKenzie, of the 26th, was killed a couple of days before, and every officer of the 22nd in the engagement, except one, was wounded or killed. A battery of 5.9's caught us with a half dozen officers in a sunken road, within direct observation from Hendecourt, and tried to wipe the road off the map to get at us. Only a minute earlier a soldier had dropped a few yards ahead of me with a gash in his thigh from "big" shrapnel, and I was prepared for the worst.

The shells landed everywhere but in the narrow sunken strip where we huddled tight against the bank. The explosion of one was so closely followed by the whistle of the next that I had no opportunity of telling my friends how frightened I was. Stray pieces were thudding in the bank about our heads; a weak one struck Livesay on the helmet and another stopped against an officer's leg without injury. I knew a real nice dug-out a hundred yards back—and this seemed about the time to make its acquaintance. But I closed my eyes and left it to the officers to lead the way. And presently they did, with me well up with the winners.

I have said I saw only one wound actually received. Another came so fast that I only felt it. At the base of the little finger of my right hand

I carry the best memento of the war and a reminder of what might have happened were there not a special Providence for certain irresponsibles.

The day following the capture of Monchy Livesay and I wandered up to the hill-top to see what was left of perhaps the most famous and hard-fought village on the Western front. From behind a huge block of stone I was watching the battle in the hollow and on the slopes beyond, when an officer crept up the hill to volunteer the information that the last officer who had looked from behind that same stone was in the hospital now. One doesn't argue questions of that kind.

On the way back to the road I picked up one of those beautifully made and outfitted German ammunition boxes that make ours look like the efforts of a woman carpenter. Each of us seized a handle. Just as we reached the main road a gang of German prisoners carrying back a casualty in plain view of the German observation balloons brought on us a shower of whizz-bangs. The prisoners, beyond the shelling but nearer it than we, moved on unperturbed. Their example seemed worthy of emulation. But the shower came nearer. We turned to skirt the corner. And something tugged viciously at my hand and I looked down to see blood gushing. Even at the moment I noted that it was the hand carrying the stolen box—though the farthest from the explosion—and on the point nearest the box.

But that box is with me yet. It stayed with me until we found a friendly shellhole where we lay wondering what the brain of a soldier would advise under the circumstances. I clung to it when later I was forced to discard more valuable possessions for lack of space. Nothing the German can do will make me give it up.

Thus I established, through no effort of mine, another record for a war correspondent. Besides the unfortunate French newspaperman who

was sniped, I believe I was the only correspondent on the Western front whom the Germans hated enough to damage.

*

The incentive of the old-time war correspondent to attempt the impossible may have been removed by the formal control under which the modern edition of the fraternity works. Individuality may have been largely smothered in official red tape—and red tabs. The war correspondent of to-day will be forgotten when his predecessor of the petty wars of the past still looms large in public memory and reverence. But when the next war comes—I hope it never will—I want to be there with notebook and pencil. For one thing, it's ever so

much more comfortable and remunerative than holding a rifle. For another it is a grand stand seat at all the world's spectacles crowded into a few months of reckless expenditure and unstinted human ingenuity. And the third reason is that I am of the opinion that in the next war the war correspondent will be permitted to paint a picture less sullied by the bloodless hand of the Censor. I have a palette daubed with paint I was never permitted to use on my pictures. It grieves my heart that, with the end of the war the colours must lie there to dry and fade. But it was war—the Great War—and my fellows and I were but the smallest links in a great chain which was under too great a strain to worry about the eyes of the world.

NOVEMBER

By FLORENCE DEACON BLACK

THE year is dead,
 Growth and achievement are done,
 Like a fair young woman
 Lying confined,
 Her gold-haired youth and energy awaste,
 So lies this splendid desolation.

The empty trees stand clear
 Against the drifting clouds,
 Their gold, rustling underfoot,
 Stirs in the questioning airs.
 Soon, soon this sunshine too
 Will die away,
 And winter come.

FRENCH CANADIAN FOLK-SONG

BY JUDGE PRUD'HOMME

TRANSLATED AND SUMMARIZED BY FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY



HE Latin peoples have preserved a very deep impression of folk-song because their exceptionally receptive spirit vibrates with greater intensity to the lyrical breath of the poets. Hence the exuberance of native gaiety in the very blood of the French Canadians, expressing itself in songs diverse and varied. Sir George Cartier seized this mental trait of his compatriots when he wrote the following stanza:

Le Canadien, comme ses pères,
Aime à chanter à s'égayer.
Doux, aisé, vif en ses manières,
Poli, galant, hospitalier.

These fine characteristics have been deeply rooted in the soil—its first outshoots. A ray of the French soul illumines us—gaiety—the quality of our ancestors which sustained them in the day of testing and struggle. Not only did our fathers keep their smiles, but even the tears in their eyes knew how to laugh! This explains why the Gallic wit, decently habited, holds so large a place in the songs of our people, from the earliest days of the Colony.

The greater part of this poesy comes to us from France. In so far as our ancestors attached themselves to Canadian soil, without expectation of return, new songs sprang from the ground, rose from our banks. Without doubt the language is not always classic—it is often poor in rhythm—

but what would you have? The common people sang neither Racine nor Corneille; the tongue of the Academicians is, unhappily, neither singable nor sung.

"Malbrook s'en va t'en Guerre" has gone down to posterity, a song which has neither rhythm nor measure—not even French. Everyone knows by heart "A la Claire Fontaine" and "Quand Marie Anne s'en va t'au Moulin". No one has attempted to say what constitutes models of literature, but that which graves itself eternally in the memory, that which one learns without knowing it, what the great mass of the people loves to repeat, that is the true song, lyric and melody. To sing it the poet must make himself one of the folk of whom he sings, and subtly convey in his songs the symbolism which has the tang of the country.

The distinctive character of the songs in question is to be light, gracious, sometimes vague, tormented and rambling as a dream. I shall not dally here over the literary value of these fugitive pieces. Rather let us consider the signification of the songs, their historic worth, the lesson to be drawn from them, their inspired thought.

The most ancient French song acclimated in Canada is certainly La Guignolée. Usually on the eve of festivals, most often on the last day of the year, a group of young people headed by an older citizen, made a

tour of the parish in quest of any family in need. This was called "courrir la guignolée". The peasants generally gave provisions and clothes which were heaped up in pockets and placed on a sledge. The joyous troop went thus from house to house. On arriving at the door they began to sing, beating the measure with their feet. Then they chatted gaily with the master of the house, giving the names of families in distress, receiving alms and '*ma foi! bien oui!*' they accepted refreshment for the inner man, heady and hot.

"La guignolée, la guignoloche,
Mettez du lard dedans ma poche.
Et du fromage sur mon pain,
Je reviendrai l'année qui vient.
Nous lui ferons faire bonne chère,
Nous y ferons chauffer les pieds,
Pour le dernier jour de l'année
La guignolée nous nous devez.

This song, writes M. Ampere, is perhaps the only trace of a memory which goes back to Druidical times. "Nous prendrons la fille aînée, Nous y ferons chauffer les pieds" is an allusion to the human sacrifices of the ancient cult of the Gauls.

Another very old song is the "Moulin Banal". Under the French régime the king granted seigneuries to gentlemen or officers, on the sole condition that they should colonize them. The censitaires or tenants of ninety arpents were bound to grind their grain at the Seigneur's mill. I can remember my grand-father singing a whimsical little song, which, under the above-mentioned title, was greatly in vogue long ago. Five or six peasants sat round a table and at the first note they set a big tin plate whirling on the board, to imitate the sound of the grinding mill-stones, while at the same time, with another plate, they knocked beneath the table, to give the jerking noise of the hydraulic wheel which turned the mill-stones. Given good-will, the illusion of the Moulin Banal was quite often presented.

Of the first Frenchmen who established themselves in Canada the

greater number came from Brittany, Poitou and the environs of Paris. But the first French women were chosen with religious care in Normandy. Naturally the children inherited the maternal accent, and that is why, to-day, the vocabulary of the French Canadians approaches so closely to that of Normandy. This explains why "My Normandy" has become such a popular song here. It was sung over the first cradles, and our forefathers, nursed in the maternal arms, went to sleep to the sound of the spindle and spinning-wheel, while the souls of the singers flew to their native land in reverie, repeating as they did, with a sigh:

Quand tout renaît à l'espérance
Et que l'hiver fuit loin de nous,
Sous le beau ciel de notre France
Quand le soleil devient plus doux,
Quand la nature est reverdie,
Quand l'hirondelle est de retour,
J'aime à revoir ma Normandie,
C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.

The discoverers of Canada were Bretons—hardy sailors who had furrowed all the seas and continue still to frequent the bays of Terre-neuve. The land of Bottrel has never lacked its singing men to give us again the virile faith of these lovers of the deep sea. Where is the hearth that has not heard "Dodo mon p'tit gars", the fine lines which proclaim the attachment of the Breton to his faith? It is on his knees that the Breton sings:

La voile est à la grand hune,
Disait un Breton à genoux,
Je pars pour chercher la fortune
Qui ne veut pas venir à nous.
Je reviendrai bientôt, J'espère,
Sèche tes yeux, prie, attends moi.
En te quittant, ma bonne mère,
Mon âme à Dieu, mon cœur à toi!

A nation which intones such chants, does not know perishing. Bottrel received an ovation in the Province of Quebec, and well was it merited. "Le petit Gregoire", "Par le petit Doigt", and "Fais dodo, mon petit Gars", to cite only three of his compositions, have given him the freedom of the city here, and have received from the people a certificate of naturalization.



GRAND FLEET IN THE FIRTH OF FORTH

From the Photograph by George M. Tyrrell
Exhibited by the
Canadian National Exhibition

There was a time when "La Mar-seillaise" had no footing in Canada. This warlike cry, sung at the foot of the guillotine, in spite of its patriotic accents, found no echo with us. It recalled too much the bloody hecatombs of the Reign of Terror to be in favour with the Catholic enemies of the Jacobins. But Time, making distant the theatre of its birth, has given it another signification; to-day it only can express the heroic resistance of the French against the despot foes of their country. Before this, the French Canadians had, however, adopted as the national hymn of France "Le Beau Dunois". There is an echo here of the paladins of Charlemagne, with their cry of "Dieu et ma Dame!" I will quote only the first couplet:

Partant pour la Syrie
Le jeune et beau Dunois,
Venait prier Marie
De benir ses exploits.
Faites, Reine Immortelle,
Lui dit-il en partant,
Que j'aime la plus belle
Et sois le plus vaillant.

If the French Canadians are not indifferent to the Muse of France it is not less true that they preserve a marked preference for the poetic flowers springing from Canadian soil.

It would be wrong to imagine that the greater part of our songs have no sense, no preconceived idea, that they have been composed for the pleasure of rhyming or toying with a fortuitous sentiment. No doubt we have some songs of which the sense escapes us, but they are rare exceptions. The people which have the flair of knowing what suits them will trill only the words which recall memories dear to them. The songs most in vogue are those which tell of one's native land, military glory, the sufferings of exile, the struggles of the first colonists, the high qualities and unwearying devotion of the Canadian women. With his affection for Canada, and Canada only, homesickness attacks the wanderer who eats the bitter bread of a strange country.

Un Canadien errant,
Banni de ses foyers,
Parcourrait en pleurant
Des pays étrangers.

With no companions near, he sends
a message by a fugitive wave:

Si tu vois mon pays,
Mon pays malheureux,
Va dire à mes amis
Que je me souviens d'eux!

Our statesmen have known how to combine song with the exercise of power—there is no need of referring to "O Canada", by which Sir George Cartier will always be remembered. In many a little French village during the last days of 1918, bandsmen wreathed with flowers played the air, followed by throngs of women and children hailing the men of Canada as their saviours.

In bringing to your attention "La belle Francoise [al]lons, gaie" I am sure I can bespeak for it a welcome. It is written with Spartan simplicity, laconic, naïve. Two have plighted their troth, one goes to the war. In the adieu the soldier swears he will marry her on his return if no ill befalls him. She is in tears: "On m'a dit hier soir qu'à la guerre vous alliez." It is true: "Ceux qui vous l'ont dit, belle, ont dit la vérité." But she has his promise, and if he must sacrifice la belle Francoise for his country it is only his duty, his sad fate. This song had its origin in the formation of the Canadian militia to combat the Iroquois, in 1650. They saved the Colony—nothing could resist the élan of their advance; on the banks of the Potomac, at Oswego, they were found, and who knows what might have ensued if Montcalm had waited for the arrival of the Canadian militia before engaging in battle with Wolfe? Later we find these men guarding the frontier on the river Chateauguay. And Garneau has pictured one of them on the ramparts:

'Hélas!' dit-il, 'qu'elle est donc ma consigne,
Un mot Anglais que je ne comprends pas!
Mon père était du pays de la vigne,
Mon poste, non! je ne te quitte pas!'

A shell strikes him, lonely with his watchword: "Pour son pays de mourir il est doux."

The couplets of "A la Claire Fontaine" are on all lips—it is a national song indeed. It contains one thought only. A lover has lost the affection of his Duleinea, who has refused to accept his bouquet of roses. Put other bagatelles in place of this: for a dish of lentils Esau lost his birthright. Pride is strong in our Latin race. A little act of humility could have prevented the disaster of this poor bouquet of roses, which our lover in his despair would throw into the sea. If we too, instead of exaggerating each other's faults, would but look "en rose", then might we always walk "à la claire fontaine" and like the lark sing with a light heart.

Coming to a more recent date, "Vive la Canadienne" has been our favourite air. We are the only people whose national chant is in honour of the angel of our hearths. Well-merited homage to the domestic virtues and to the admirable devotion and ravishing charm of our wives, mothers, sisters and the sisters of others. A thousand times have they deserved the place they hold in our national fêtes.

Il y a un bois joli
Un rossignol y chante
Et le jour et la nuit.
("Par derrière chez ma tante")

We are back in war and the sadness it brings. The Dutch early settled in the United States. Radisson, promoter of the Hudson's Bay Company was there a long time, detained as a prisoner. These Dutch were at war with the French. One of the sons of La Verandrye took part in an expedition against them. Accordingly, this "tante banale" of the song had had the misfortune to lose her husband, a prisoner of the Dutch. The warbling of the birds had no charm for her because

Son mari n'est pas dans la danse,
Il est bien loin d'ici.
Il est dans la Hollande
Les Hollandais l'ont pris.

She is so desolated that for his ransom she would be ready to give up Quebec, Sorel and Saint-Denis. It is probable that the King of France would have found the price too steep for this dear "unele", whose wife, Calypso-like, could not console herself for his absence. The author of this song hoped to seize "sur le vif" the sadness and mourning of Canadian families in the midst of interminable wars, and the faithfulness of the wives to their conjugal vows. But it was peasants rather than soldiers who were the fathers of the French-Canadian race.

In my review of our songs I would like to touch on Pierre Falcon, métis poet of the Red River. Trapper as he was, he caught rhyme as it suited him, but piquancy and local colour are not lacking in his verses on the Bois Brulés. Mention too should be made of our worthy Father Blain, who has translated much of Drummond into French, with remarkable fidelity; he has given this verse even fresher colours. His "Coteau de Saint Sebastien" is a veritable triumph—an epic of our pioneers.

"Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu! sois mon soutien,
Loin du coteau St. Sebastien!

Octave Cremazie in his "Drapeau de Carillon," wished to hymn the attachment of Canada for France—the voice of our blood will always cry out to us to love her. But listen to Fréchette:

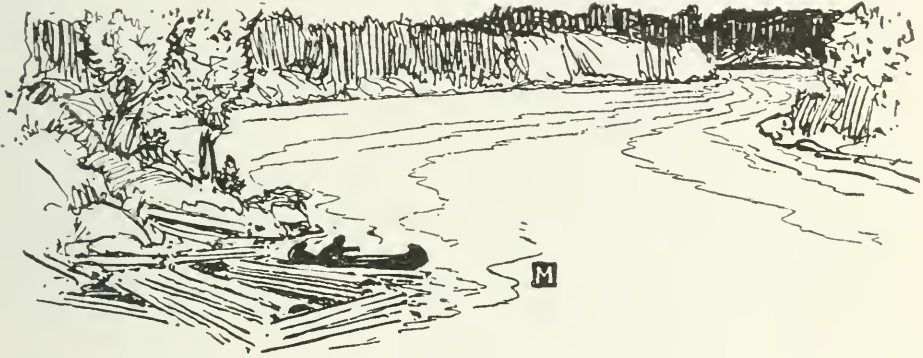
Jadis la France sur nos bords
Jeta la semence immortelle.
Et nous secondant ses efforts
Avons fait la France Nouvelle.

Judge Routhier in "O Canada, Terre de nos Aïeux", has fixed forever our national hymn. He recalls our past glories, urging us to bear proudly the Cross and the Sword.

In brief "le chant national" is a tonic to arrest the bowing down of our souls. It raises from the dust that which languishes, and opens the tombs to dress the dead in the very attitude of the living. One finds

there choice things which sound forth the true Canadian soul, and salient traits which reveal the "grand air" of the race. Popular songs have their morality. They resuscitate the "beaux gestes" of the past, fixing our gaze on noble actions and hard sacrifices to preserve the moral virtues in the hour

of struggle. They make people better. Intoxicated by these touching memories, these glories, one can hear repeated: "There, where our fathers passed, the sons will pass also." Louis Veuillot it was who once said: "Il y a des choses qu'on ne voit qu'avec des yeux qui ont pleuré."



BAD PURITAN

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

(*Green Fire*)

I watch a little green flame leap
To tops of swaying willow trees,
And through the orchard softly creep
Fanned by a velvet-fingered breeze.

A month ago my world was white,
On orchard trees snow-blossoms lay;
The gray sky gave dull silvery light
In cold white gloom of wintry day.

Green flame—oh green fire—reach my heart!
Turn my white, silent mockery
Of bloom to fire—I would have part
In Life's consuming ministry.

(Sabbath Day)

The church is ugly, dull and bare,
 The folk within grin, righteous, warm!
 We are not there with them to-day—
 Bees took to-day to swarm.
 Nathan and I are here outside
 All stifling walls—God bless the bees:—
 Such turbulent, noisy, rebel things,
 Under our rosy trees.

Oh—oh—this day of wind and sun!
 Nathan and I have had several stings—
 But nothing matters—Nathan, I,
 And the brown bees, have wings.

(The Bright Blue Cloak)

My baby lies
 Wrapped in blue cloak
 Beneath blue skies,
 And the kind village folk,
 All smiling say,
 "What blue, blue eyes!"
 They never say,
 "What blue, blue skies!"
 Or "What a wondrous blue
 The laughing bay!"
 Nay, Nay!
 Ah, once they frowned
 At my blue cloak, and me,
 But since they see
 His blue eyes
 We
 Forgive them—
 All!

(The Faith Kept)

They wonder that I do not weep.
 They talk of "death" and "sins" and "sleep".
 But we who've lived—Nathan and I—
 Do we not know we cannot "die"?

Here in the house I'll wait awhile.
 Till through the grayness God will smile,
 And say to me, "Good day to you—
 Here's Nathan and your cloak of blue!"

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND OTHERWISE

BY HON. JUSTICE LONGLEY

II.



WAS, during my whole life, extremely interested in politics. My father was a Liberal and I was a Liberal, and ultimately the question of confederation became more than anything else an issue. I was an anti-confederate and remained an anti-confederate as long as there was any chance for anti-confederates to live. I was identified with the Liberal party under MacKenzie in the Dominion, and was identified with and supporting the Liberal party throughout all my career until I accepted a position on the Bench.

I first took part in the election of 1867, actually going on the stump and making addresses, at the age of eighteen, but my chief interest in political matters arose later. I graduated from college in 1871, and went down to the farm on which my father lived. He was then exceedingly ill, and I took charge of the farm for the summer of 1871. He died in August of that year, and in November I came to Halifax and commenced the study of law. My idea in going to Halifax was that I should do editorial writing for *The Chronicle*, as it was the leading paper; but I found that the editorial part was fully taken up, and I met a certain brisk young fellow named W. S. Fielding, who was the chief reporter of the paper and sat opposite Dunn, the editorial manager,

and who seemed to take an active interest in the management of the paper. This W. S. Fielding will be recognized as the one who in 1882 became Liberal candidate for Halifax, was elected, and afterwards became Finance Minister of Canada. I obtained editorial work from *The Acadian Recorder* shortly after coming to the city. It was excellent practice, but the paper was not so well known throughout the Province generally as was *The Chronicle*.

I was admitted to the bar in 1875. Before completing my law studies, I concluded it would be desirable to take a term in Toronto, and I went there accordingly in the beginning of the year 1875, but as it was too late to get into the regular classes at Osgoode Hall, I devoted myself to the study of law and was in the office of Bethune & Hoyles, and learned considerable during the three or four months that I was there of the situation about Toronto and the leaders of the Liberal party there. I made a visit to Ottawa in the month of March and saw Sir John Macdonald, Sir Charles Tupper, Hon. Alex. MacKenzie, Edward Blake, David Mills and a number of other leading men of both parties, and became more familiar with the methods and modes of doing business in the House of Commons.

In 1875, when I was admitted to the bar, I entered into partnership with H. H. Bligh. This lasted for nearly

two years, and then I was invited to take a partnership with Mr. W. F. McCoy, K.C., which added considerably to my income, and I occupied a position in McCoy's office until 1882. Before this time, however, I had made myself fairly conspicuous in political matters. I had addressed many public meetings in Halifax, Annapolis, Kings, Colchester, Pictou and other places, and was most deeply concerned in the welfare and development of the Liberal party.

At last there came a time when the Liberal party were selecting candidates for the House of Assembly in Nova Scotia and the House of Commons in Ottawa, in the early part of 1882, and as my name had appeared a great deal in public, and particularly in the election of 1881, my name was mentioned and several men from the constituency wrote to me. I took the course which would naturally be supposed I would take under the circumstances. I refused to go down in advance and show them a specimen of my qualities. I did not decline the offer, but left everything to the judgment and right thinking sentiment of the community. The result was that in April of that year at a convention called by the party I was almost unanimously selected as a candidate, with Mr. Henry Munroe for the local and Mr. W. H. Ray for the Dominion.

This was my first chance. The constituency was represented wholly by Conservatives in the previous House. My uncle, Avard Longley, had been the Dominion member and Messrs. Troop and Schaffner were the local members and were nominated the second time. For some reason or other, Mr. Avard Longley was not preferred as a candidate by his party, and his place was taken by Mr. Robert Fitzrandolph, a very worthy and popular candidate. I knew very little of the county of Annapolis then. I had not been there except on vacations since 1866. I had been almost five years at academy and college and the rest of the time in

Halifax attending to law matters, and I felt reasonably assured that unless I should win that election my opportunities might not only vanish but grow smaller as time went by, and the consequence was that I devoted an entire month previous to the election and addressed public meetings in many sections of the county. At the conclusion of the campaign I became very ill with measles and went to bed, and by election day I was somewhat delirious and remained so for a day or two. I did have a recollection of hearing that I was elected, but there was no one to tell me of the figures, no one to tell me how the different districts had gone, and I remained puzzled; but it seems that after the election, the other side had demanded a recount. I was not present to attend to it, and had no idea how it had gone, but the result was that I was elected by a majority of seventy-nine, my colleague by a majority of sixty-one, and Ray by a majority of seventy-two.

I was now fairly embarked on my political life. The great question was what to do. The result had been that the Government, led by Mr. Simon Holmes at first, but subsequently by John D. Thompson, was defeated and a majority of seven was elected opposed to it. There was some doubt as to what the Government would do, whether they would resign or would not. In order to prevent such a thing happening, a messenger was sent out by the Liberals at that time to the various constituencies to get pledges from the members in writing promising to oppose the present Government. However, they realized the condition of affairs so well that they retired in July. I may state that at this period of time I was still recuperating from measles, which I had had very severely, and I was not able to go to Halifax until two or three weeks after the election and had not the opportunity of discussing fully the situation. However, the resignation was sent in, and Mr. Alfred Gayton, who had been as near as one person could

be supposed to becoming the leader of the Opposition, was sent for.

Mr. Gayton, though a very worthy man, was not a person of sufficient ability to lead a government, and fortunately he realized this and consulted with leading friends of the party, who advised him to call a convention and put the whole matter of forming a government in the hands of the convention. This convention consisted of various members opposed to the Government, twenty-two, and all the members of the Legislative Council in sympathy with the Government. It was the most peculiar and startling method by which a Government could be founded. Usually some man is chosen to be the leader, and he makes his selections, consulting whom he pleases in doing so. In this case it was referred to a promiscuous assembly of twenty to forty persons, and finally a committee was appointed for the purpose of naming a government. This party named Mr. Fielding, Provincial Secretary, Mr. Gayton, Commissioner of Works, and Mr. Pipes, Attorney-General. On going in and submitting his name to the general body, Mr. Fielding at once got up and stated his inability to accept such a position because he was not aware at the time of how the constituency would go in regard to the matter. Thereupon, the committee went out again and formed a government consisting of Hon. W. T. Pipes, Premier without office; Hon. Chas. E. Church, Provincial Secretary; Hon. Alonzo J. White, Attorney-General; Hon. Albert Gayton, Commissioner of Works, and certain other members without office. It may be stated that, taken as a whole, with the exception possibly of Mr. Pipes, the Premier, this Government was the most impossible and hopeless that could have been selected, but it would have made no difference as the Government thus formed, under succeeding Premiers, is now in office in 1920.

The Government at this stage was run by Mr. Pipes in consultation with Mr. Fielding and myself, though nei-

ther Fielding nor myself was in it, and it pushed along this way during two sessions. At last, after the second session was over, Mr. Pipes got tired of holding the position without any emolument whatever and resigned, and recommended Mr. Fielding as his successor, and Mr. Fielding, after some considerable difficulty, made up his government, with Mr. White as Attorney-General, Mr. Church, Commissioner of Works, and he himself Provincial Secretary. He asked me to join him, and afterwards he and I very largely managed the affairs for two years. At the end of the term, when the four years were about up, Mr. Fielding arranged with Mr. A. J. White to take the office of Registrar of Deeds in Halifax, and that left the Attorney-Generalship vacant, which he at once offered to me, and my second election of 1886 was run with this office attached to it.

It happens that considerable interest attaches to that election. Mr. James A. Fraser, the representative for Guysboro in the local House, had started an agitation in favour of repeal and had induced members of both Houses to make a very solemn protestation to the Dominion Government about our standing financially and in the end Mr. Fielding, who from his previous connection with *The Chronicle* and Repeal party, had considerable sympathy with their repeal movement, actually took a step which rather bound the Government to agitate after the elections for repeal. It was opposed by all the members of the opposition, especially Mr. A. C. Bell, who was the Leader of the Opposition, but it was carried. For myself, I must secretly confess now, that I was not in sympathy with the movement, nor did I consider it a wise and proper thing on which the Government should go to the country. I naturally looked upon confederation as having been established and recognized for years by parties, and that any attempt to bring the Province into controversial relations with the other Provinces would

be hopeless in the extreme, but, after all, I felt compelled to support it. In the first place, as Attorney-General, without any particular means whatever, I would have had to give up that office and all the prospects which had opened before me, and it seemed safe enough to proceed with the course which he was taking and run my chances in the future of its being carried out. As a consequence, we went to the country that year on the Repeal issue, which was not as fully developed in all parts of the Province as we expected, and having so gone to the people, we obtained a large majority of seats and came back with only nine or ten opposing us in the House.

Nothing, however, was done after the election, which was in June, for some considerable time, because it was perfectly apparent that the Dominion Government would go to the country, and it was necessary for us to see how the matter was going in that particular. The elections took place in the month of February, 1887. The electors voted very considerably on this issue of repeal, and Sir Charles Tupper, who had been appointed in 1884 to the position of High Commissioner for Canada in London, came back and took a leading part in the contest, with the result that out of nineteen members elected in Nova Scotia only six were elected who were favourable to repeal, the rest being all carried by the Government.

The position which the Government of Nova Scotia now occupied was extremely awkward, and it became necessary at the approaching session of Parliament for the Government to take certain measures to withdraw themselves from the position they were in, and, after some considerable haggling in convention, many of the members being determined, against all reason and common sense, to carrying on the agitation, a resolution was agreed to declaring that, in view of the result of the Federal election, it would be useless for the Government to go

any further in the matter of repeal, and that may be regarded as the end entirely of the Repeal movement in Nova Scotia.

I probably might say, with truth, that the very best kind of wisdom would have prevented the Government from ever taking the step that it did. Mr. Fielding afterwards, in 1896, became a member of the Dominion Government and carried on its affairs successfully, never hinted at repeal or anything of the kind, and occasionally he must have looked with some degree of pain, if not mortification, on the fact that he had embarked on an enterprise of that character; but it was never urged against him and the matter was never broached in any form which made it particularly awkward for him, or any person, to have been engaged in it. The House proceeded with the general affairs of the country, with Mr. A. McKay, as Leader of the Opposition, and at the next election, 1890, the Government was returned by a large majority.

So far as Annapolis county was concerned, I felt that the repeal issue was not an entirely satisfactory one for me, and with my colleague, Mr. Munroe, we fought a desperate contest, and when the election returns came in, after a re-count had been gone through, I found the votes stood as follows: For myself, 1561; for my leading opponent, 1440; for my colleague, 1434; and for the Conservative nominee, 1431.

In 1891, with Mr. Chute for a colleague, I had a majority of 262, and all my difficulties in running elections in the county of Annapolis were henceforward past.

During the time I was in the local House, in addition to carrying on the work of the department and incidentally attending to my duties in the House, I devoted more of my attention really to endeavouring to destroy the Government at Ottawa under the leadership of Sir John A. Macdonald. At each election I visited the different Provinces and took an active part in

endeavouring to stir up opposition to that Government, and did the same in Nova Scotia, and held public meetings in all parts of the country, using the best efforts in my power to convince the people that there should be a thoroughly Liberal Government formed.

During his term of office as Prime Minister of Canada Mr. MacKenzie made a visit to Halifax and addressed a public meeting at the Temperance Hall in 1877. I was personally acquainted with Mr. MacKenzie and always had for him a high esteem. I believe he was a man of considerable honour and worth, but I have always looked upon him as unadapted to the task of leading a great political party in the Dominion. The methods by which he conducted Government during the four and a half years he was in office to my mind makes it clear that he had not the qualities. He found the country in a very bad condition financially, of diminishing revenues, and manufactures at a standstill. If he had had sufficient ability he would have attempted to grapple with matters in such a manner as would have satisfied the country and not left it eager to accept the remedies proposed by his opponents. It may be said that his failure to introduce a protection policy in 1877 was due to the opposition of Mr. Jones of Halifax, and possibly Mr. Burpee of St. John, added to it. But these men were wrong in the view they were taking, as was abundantly proved in their failure to secure an election themselves when the election of 1878 came round. A man with the right force of character would have impressed his wishes on the party and the public without paying attention to the repinings of men who looked to the past traditions of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

But at all events, Mr. MacKenzie appeared in Halifax at a public meeting and spoke at some considerable length. The meeting was neither large nor enthusiastic. Mr. MacKenzie,

with his plain unsophisticated manner, directed attention to those things which were necessary to be said in defense of the Government, and the meeting adjourned with a vote of thanks to him.

Shortly afterwards Tupper appeared in the same place in Halifax to a meeting crowded to suffocation, and with all the elements of power and strength in his accents, he began as follows:

The ringing cheer which has just gone up from this vast assembly satisfies me that I was right in coming to this metropolitan constituency, there to discuss with the intelligent electors the great public questions of the day.

Any attempts on the part of his opponents to interrupt the meeting were met triumphantly and successfully, and no person could fail to be impressed with the speech, which occupied two and one half hours in its delivery, with its matchless power of burning satire.

Mr. MacKenzie came again during the campaign of 1878 and addressed a large meeting in the rink. The opposition to him, while not present on the platform, was apparent throughout the meeting. Both he and Cartwright delivered their best addresses, but without producing any effect of value corresponding to Tupper's. Mr. MacKenzie had not a powerful delivery and was not a public man that could venture before an audience that had heard Howe, Johnstone and Tupper for years. Sir Richard Cartwright must always be regarded as Sir Richard Cartwright. He was very able and cutting in his remarks, but made many observations sufficiently hostile, if not even insulting, to his opponents, which rather weakened the force of anything he had to say. He will always go down as a master of speech, but as a person who did not achieve a great deal by his speeches.

On various occasions I heard some of the leading men of Canada make great speeches under circumstances of the most exciting and interesting

character. First was the occasion of Sir Charles Tupper and A. G. Jones, who met in the early part of 1878 in Halifax. Both Mr. Jones and Mr. Vail had been called upon to run an election over again by reason of their connection with the newspaper *The Citizen*, which had obtained certain contracts from the Government. Mr. Vail's election was held first, and Mr. Jones's election a week afterwards. The election in Digby was a very exciting one. The Conservatives had put up Mr. John C. Wade, who was not himself an exceedingly strong man. Tupper had gone down to assist in the defeat of Jones, and I had gone down to uphold him.

The meeting was called in Halifax very shortly before the Jones election in February, 1878, and it was held in the old rink, and as many as four thousand people had crowded into it. Mr. MacKenzie's Government was then coming to an end, although it was not so believed by the friends of that Government. Both of the leaders of the parties in Nova Scotia appeared then before the electors. Mr. Jones, although a very good speaker and able man, was not the equal of Dr. Tupper in the power to exert a tremendous influence upon the masses of the people, but on this occasion Mr. Jones appeared to the best possible advantage and was placed, as it were, on the defensive. Tupper appeared first in a speech entirely characteristic of him, in which the thunders of his wrath and the fury of his denunciations it was impossible to exceed. He charged the Government with lack of regard for the industrial interests of the country in not introducing a policy of protection, charged them with having taken away the railway works from Richmond. "But they shall come back again," he said, with amazing strength, which was received with very great applause, although he knew then, and every one else knew, they were not coming back. Jones replied with all the force and power that he had. He was popular at that time

with the people of Halifax, and he put forward a good defense of the policy of the MacKenzie Government.

But it must be mentioned that the Vail election took place on the very day that this meeting was to be held and before the meeting was half over a telegram had been received that Vail had been defeated by a majority of three hundred or so, which was received by the Conservatives with tremendous applause, but it inspired Mr. Jones with fresh power, and it was arranged at once that he should step on board of the train the next morning and be sworn into the vacant office and come back to Halifax in order that he should not have to run again for the position. There was just barely time for him to accomplish this, but it succeeded, and by dint of tremendous working on the part of himself and his friends he was declared elected by a majority of between two and three hundred.

This was the last victory previous to the defeat of the Government. It remained clear that the people had become enamoured with the Protective policy. The hard times which were prevailing had produced that effect, and, although Jones was elected this time, yet six months afterwards he and his colleague, Mr. Power, were defeated in this same constituency by many hundreds, and the Government of MacKenzie was defeated overwhelmingly in all parts of the Dominion.

The period of opposition to the Government of Sir John Macdonald, formed in 1878, was one of great stress from the many incidents happening worthy of being referred to. They carried successfully a policy of protection, although rumours are that Sir John had his doubts as to the propriety of such a policy, but, it having been so cordially endorsed by the people, he adopted it. Mr. Tilley was made Minister of Finance, and on his shoulders rested the responsibility of introducing all measures in that direction.

Mr. MacKenzie remained leader of the opposition during the first session, but the members were rather dissatisfied with him and hoped to place another man in his place, and various steps were taken in that direction, until at last a caucus was held, which all the opposition members attended but MacKenzie himself, who sat in the House of Commons in his seat alone. The result of it was that the majority had adopted the idea that Mr. Edward Blake should be the leader of the party, and Mr. MacKenzie announced at the conclusion of that day in Parliament that he had occupied the position of leader for the last time. Mr. Blake sprang into the leadership and was a man of exceptional power and ability, and capable at times of rising to the highest degree of eloquence. It is sometimes difficult to judge of a man. He was successful, and unsuccessful. Blake had qualities which would have made him a successful leader, and, if the people had adhered to his views and opinions, he no doubt would have been at the head of a Government and carrying on the business fairly well, but the fact is that Mr. Blake fell under unhappy circumstances, and he was without possessed of certain qualities which were not adapted to gaining and securing the popular will. I had a correspondence with him which extended over years. My whole heart and soul were bent on giving him the best assistance that could be given, but his faults of temper and his inability to see the humorous side of things rendered him unequal to Sir John Macdonald, although a man of far greater ability and strength.

In 1881 Mr. Blake, when Leader of the Opposition, visited Nova Scotia and delivered a series of addresses from one end of the Province to the other, and I accompanied him on

most of these occasions. He had first a meeting, not too large, in Windsor; the next meeting which was still larger and very successful was held in Kentville, and the next day a large meeting was held in Bridgetown. At all of these meetings Mr. Blake spoke with great power and strength and he was sustained in them by Mr. Wilfrid Laurier, who was along with him, although at that time it seemed as if he was far behind Mr. Blake in the power which he exerted and in the speeches which he delivered. It was little thought at that time that he would in the course of time be leader of the party, and presently, as Prime Minister of Canada for fifteen years, achieve a position which was scarcely equalled by any previous Premier.

After going through the Province generally, Mr. Blake at last held a meeting in Halifax, which was attended by three or four thousand people. He delivered then an address worthy of himself and exerting great influence and power over the masses. He was finer at this meeting than at any previous one, but the election came on in 1882 and he was beaten badly, and in the election which came on in 1887 he was again beaten badly, and he became dissatisfied with the task of leading, fell into the dumps as it were, and Mr. Laurier was appointed leader, and upon him developed the whole of the responsibilities and duties of keeping the Opposition together.

It was strange that at last a Roman Catholic had been appointed to lead the party, but it must be acknowledged that the Liberals in the Lower Provinces and in Ontario and in the West adhered firmly to the principles of the party, and it was only occasionally that the narrow issue of denominationalism was raised in the Province of Ontario.

(To be continued).

WRIGHT'S BIBLE

BY SADA V. BLAIR



IN the summer of 1769 a handful of Scotch Presbyterians, who had settled in Truro, Nova Scotia, sent a Macedonian cry to the Reverend Daniel Cock of Greenock, Renfrewshire, Scotland. In leaving New England, their first haven in the New World, they had also left behind the three brave clergymen, William Boyd, James McGregor, and William Cornwall, who had piloted their flocks from Ireland in search of a larger religious freedom; and now when settled in their new homes were, as one writer put it, "beginning to feel the loss to themselves and their children, from the want of a Preached Gospel".

Mr. Cock responded to the call at once, although it necessitated his leaving behind his wife, Alison Jamison Cock, and six young Cocks. By his coming he took upon himself a double duty—that of missionary to the entire province, and pastor to the flock made up of Onslow and Truro Presbyterians. In return for this he was to receive "sixty pounds a year for the first two years, and seventy pounds a year for the next two years, and eighty pounds a year for the time to come, the one-half to be paid in cash, and the other half in neat stock, or produce at cash price!" In addition to this, there was set aside, "one right of land for the first minister who would settle in Truro, to himself, his heirs and assigns forever. Also the use of the glebe right. They, the elders, bind themselves to keep both these rights of land fenced and dyked, and to pay the sum of thirty pounds towards the expense of mov-

ing his family from Scotland". This latter donation was probably heartily welcomed, and it was well for the gentle pastor that the purchasing power of that thirty pounds was considerably greater then than now.

At this distant date, it is not known just what Bible the Reverend Daniel used in his Truro pulpit, but dying, he left to his heirs a copy of an edition so unusual that it is possible that no other copies found their way across the Atlantic. While this latter statement has not been verified, history records the fact that this particular edition met with so little favour that very few copies were either circulated or printed.

Since the date of its issuance was 1792, it is evident that it must have been sent to Mr. Cock from England when he was no longer young in the Truro ministry.

The volume is large and unwieldy, measuring about ten by fifteen inches, with a thickness of not quite four inches. Fresh from the binder's hand, it must have been very good to look upon, with its warm, brown leather binding chastely embossed with a narrow scroll-like border. Now after 128 years of alternate care and neglect, its original elegance is largely a matter for the imagination, but as if in mute acquiescence to its commentator's vanity, it still bears in a brilliant gilt across its back the startling caption: WRIGHT'S BIBLE. One reads the title at a glance, thinks there is something amiss, and reads it again. There it stands—WRIGHT'S BIBLE—in the place where the usage of hundreds of years has taught us to expect —HOLY BIBLE. It has been hinted

that this arrogant assumption of place by the Reverend Doctor Wright was responsible for the disfavour into which his volume fell, despite the fact of his assurance that it was "The result of more than forty years' Study and Experience (and not a hasty production, undertaken to serve Pecuniary Purposes), and is executed in a Manner far Superior to other Publications of the Sort".

Not satisfied with this commentary on his achievement, he goes on to state on the title page that, "All the *difficult* and *obscure passages* are clearly *explained*; the seeming *contradictions* in every respect *Reconciled*; the *Miss-translations* corrected; the *Errors of former Commentators* rectified and *pointed out*; the *Objections of Deists and Infidels* answered; the *Prophecies and Parables* faithfully elucidated; *sublime Passages* properly noted; the *Offices of the Jewish and Christian Churches* thoroughly *investigated*; every minute *Circumstance* of the revealed *Will of God* faithfully recorded; all proper *Names*, together with *Scripture Weights and Measures*, accompanied with the necessary *Interpretations and Illustrations*; and the *Whole of Divine Revelation* (upon which all our *Hopes of Eternal Happiness* depend) displayed in its original *Purity*, and rendered *Easy, Pleasant, and Profitable to every Capacity*, bith with respect to *Faith and Practice*."

Having worked himself into a fine frenzy, he winds up in Great Primer type after this fashion:

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By PAUL WRIGHT, D.D.

Vicar of Oakley, Etc., in Essex, late of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; and Author of other Learned, Pious, and Useful Works, Universally Approved of by Christians of every Denomination.

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LONDON:

PRINTED for ALEX. HOGG, at the
KING'S-ARMS, (No. 16) PATER-
NOSTER-ROW.

And Sold by all Booksellers, Stationers, and Newscarrriers in every part of the Town and Country."

If history is to be trusted, it is probable that a great number of "Booksellers, Stationers, and Newscarrriers" had to explain to anxious customers that the volume was out of print.

The page containing the Contents tempts one to linger long in meditation as to what manner of man this must have been, who could willingly spend his own, or another's, time in digging up such curious yet useless facts as are to be found therein.

For others as curious as he, it may not be amiss to set down a part of the results of some one's unremitting patience.

"THE OLD and NEW TESTA-
MENTS contain

	In the Old	In the New	Total
Books	39	27	66
Chapters	929	260	1,189
Verses	23,214	7,959	31,173
Words	592,439	181,253	773,692
Letters	2,728,100	838,380	3,566,480

The Apocrypha contains:

Books	14
Chapters	172
Verses	6,081
Words	152,185

The Middle Chapter, and the least in the whole Bible, is Psalm CXVII. The Middle Verse is the VIIIth of Chronicles, 1Vth chap. 16th ver. The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 35,543 times. The same word on the New Testament, occurs 10,684 times. The word "Jehovah" occurs in the Bible 6,855 times."

The foregoing list represents perhaps a third of Doctor Wright's research in the fabric of words, but on another page he has gone still deeper into the problem which took forty of his best years for solving. On this page he has prepared what he calls—"A CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF REMARKABLE EPOCHAS, Etc."

Interesting as are his deductions, modern impatience and lack of space alike forbid the copying of this page in its entirety. Perhaps his summary will be sufficient to indicate the ingenuity of his conclusions. The following are his several summaries of the various ages of the world, all of which are reached by intricate calculations:

"From Adam unto Noah's flood, are 1656 years.

"From the said flood of Noah, unto Abraham's departing from Chaldee, were 422 years *and ten days!*" Of this ten days more anon.

"From Abraham's departing from Ur in Chaldee unto the departing of the children of Israel, are 430 years.

"From the going of the Israelites from Egypt, unto the First building of the Temple, are 480 years.

"From the first building of the Temple, unto the captivity of Babylon, are 419 years and a half.

"Jerusalem was re-edified, and built again after the captivity of Babylon, 70 years.

"From the re-edifying of the city, unto the coming of Christ, are 483 years.

"Whereupon we reckon that from Adam unto Christ, are 3974 years, six months and ten days; and from the

birth of Christ, unto this year, are 1792. Then the whole sum and number of years, from the beginning of the world unto this present year of our Lord God 1792, are just 5765, six months, and *the said odd ten days!*"

There is a quaint confidence in his deductions expressed in that "said odd ten days" that is most illuminative of the Reverend Doctor's egotism. He, who dared to compute the time from Creation's dawn to date, and then calmly announce his results as showing so many years and the "said odd ten days", must have moved, impervious to the barbs of scoffers, in a realm remotely above that where carping critics could assail his reasoning. He had added and subtracted among the generations of buried antiquity, and had carried his calculations down not only to his own generation, but to the very day of going to press, and then he rose from his desk and set forever at rest all queries as to the age of the ages, by merely announcing in an off-hand manner, "Gentlemen, here are the figures. The whole sum and number of years from the beginning of the world unto this present year of our Lord God 1792, are just 5765, six months and the said odd ten days". What was there left to be said?

His elucidations of the Biblical text are quite as ingenious as his chronological computations, but one hesitates to speak lightly of his interpretation of sacred mysteries, for his labours in this field were so painstaking that they leave nothing to the imagination. In a few instances he seems to have forgotten his promise to explain "all the difficult and obscure passages", for he sidesteps the predicament with the remark, "The meaning of this doth not quite appear, nor would it profit us to attempt a better understanding of it".

From a note inserted just preceeding the Apocrypha, it appears that this volume must be a compilation of parts put out periodically at some earlier date, for the author has this to say:

"N.B. Our *numerous SUBSCRIBERS* and their *FRIENDS* are requested to observe, that the APOCRYPHA, belonging to this Work, with the necessary Commentary, Notes and Practical Reflections, will commence immediately after the *New Testament*; and that the whole Work (consisting of the OLD and NEW TESTAMENTS at large, together with the APOCRYPHA Complete) will be comprised in only Eighty Numbers, or the OVERPLUS given GRATIS, agreeable to our Promise made in the Proposals."

The fact that this work was issued periodically probably accounts for the lavish use of illustrations. There are not less than one hundred large folio copper-plates, many of them being extremely interesting from an artistic standpoint, while others evince such a wealth of imaginative conception as leaves the reader quite bewildered. Perhaps the plates made by Rennoldson, although few in number, show the most finished artistry and depth of feeling. His *Christ conversing with the Woman of Samaria* is noteworthy. With the manner of a true promoter, Rennoldson has run the following statement across the top of this particular plate—"Engraved for the Rev'd. Dr. WRIGHT'S *Complete BRITISH FAMILY BIBLE. WORK* universally acknowledged to be the Best Exposition and Commentary on the Holy Scriptures *ever Published*."

Although Dr. Wright did not name Van Stadt among the engravers, the latter prepared at least two-thirds of all the illustrations. Modesty may have kept Van Stadt from signing his name to them, but whatever the motive, the fact remains that only one bears his signature, although there is a note so individualistic running through them all that his hand is unmistakable. The frontispiece is the work of Pollard and Hamilton, but unfortunately it is not quite as well-preserved as the others, at least not in this particular volume.

There are several interesting maps,

one of them bearing the caption: "The WORLD as Divided between NOAH'S three SONS according to the Antients." Another plate frankly claims to be "A Map of the SITUATION of the GARDEN OF EDEN as also the MOUNT ARARAT whereon the Ark rested."

Were Solomon to return and examine this volume he might not be able to recognize his temple, and yet it is reproduced in all its grandeur with this statement which admits of no mistakes—"An exact representation of Solomon's Temple" In Van Stadt's graphic illustration of Joab's execution he has inserted this title, "JOAB beheaded by order of KING SOLOMON", yet in several other plates in which he has depicted Solomon at his idolatrous devotions, or serving as host to the Queen of Sheba, he has not slipped in the spelling of that august monarch's name.

Just when Dr. Wright's British Family Bible crossed the Atlantic and landed on the study table of the Reverend Daniel Coek is not known, but it must have been not less than twenty-four years after the pastor's own arrival in Truro. His six children, born on Scotch soil, and the two born in the Province, had married and left the family circle, so it is not strange that the Bible was passed down from generation to generation in a fair state of preservation. It seems quite too bad that there were no eager little eyes to gloat over the many illustrations. One likes to fancy just how the reverend father would have enjoyed turning the pages for them. But it never happened, although it may be that as one by one the children came home with children of their own, the fond grandfather may have held them on his knee and shown them the wonderful book that had come across the sea to him. After its original owner's death, it gradually came to be looked on as more or less of a white elephant, an heirloom of no extrinsic value so far as its possessors knew, and one rather cumbersome to

be carried from one home to another as ownership in it changed from one generation to another.

Not many years ago it left its last resting-place in Nova Scotia to become the honoured member in the family of one of the Reverend Daniel's great-great-grandchildren, and so rich

is it in material for conversation and even perchance for argument, that whenever all other topics pall in the evenings before the fireside, some one produces Wright's Bible and then the great-great-great-grandchildren can scarcely be persuaded to a proper bedtime.

*If by chance this volume has relatives on the American continent, the writer would like to ascertain from their owners something more concerning the history of the work, for historians of the English Versions are a unit in ignoring the handiwork of Dr. Wright.

A SONG OF NIGHT MAGIC

By CLARE GIFFIN

IN my own country the stars are wondrous bright,
 The moon in her shining-time makes magic in the night;
 The great skies are wide above, the cold seas below,
 And all across the spaces the singing winds go.

Last night I saw the moon here, but, oh, her spell was gone,
 And faint she was, and pale she was, and dimly she shone!
 A stronger magic worked on her, and changed her silver gleam
 To an opal light, a charmed light, the light of a dream.

The lights ablaze upon the earth gleamed white and red and green,
 Their brightness mocked the shadowed moon across the mists between;
 The restless water caught their flame and doubled it below,
 And the mists bore it upward to dim the wan moon-glow.

Oh, I have known moon-magic, afar in my own land,
 Between the forest and the flood, beside the vexed sea-sand,
 But here a stronger witch-spell has bound me with its might,
 The magic of the earth-fires that burn beneath the night!



ON THE HILLSIDE

From the Photograph by Alfred Wilkinson
Exhibited by the
Canadian National Exhibition

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

There are many indications that the Democrats will sustain a decisive defeat in the Presidential contest. Mr. Cox seems to be a more attractive figure than Mr. Harding and on the platform displays greater power and vigour. But there is a strong and general feeling that the Wilson Administration has bedevilled the business of the country, has usurped authority which Governments cannot wisely exercise, and that under Mr. Wilson a personal autocracy has been established at Washington. Indeed no man who has ever held the office of President has been hated as Mr. Wilson is hated by his political opponents. In private many Democrats are hardly less bitter in depreciation, criticism, and attack. So among the press correspondents at Washington he is disliked with an intensity that borders on ferocity. Even his illness, from which there seems to be no prospect that he will fully recover, evokes few expressions of sympathy. All this is difficult to understand outside of the atmosphere of Washington and particularly by people of other nations who find nothing in his policy or utterances which reflects dishonour upon himself or his country.

At least he has been more fortunate in his performances than in his phrases. When he suggested that his country was "too proud to fight" he used language that was bound to be misunderstood and bound to provoke jeering and scoffing. He knew that Americans would fight and could fight if there was a cause great enough and good enough to call men to arms and the provocation was adequate. To the eternal gain of the world they did fight and at his command. And because they fought in the glorious company of the free nations they have an honourable partnership in the restoration of freedom in Europe.

As the President was misunderstood in that connection, so he had to explain that "equality of trade" did not mean what the language suggested. His words were interpreted by the Press and spokesmen of the Republican party as a demand for universal free trade. It was "good politics" so to read his language, but it was manifest that the interpretation was partisan and misleading. So the President's call for "freedom of the seas" was certain to produce misunderstanding. Great Britain has kept the seaways clear for the commerce of all nations. Her sea power has saved free institutions. Under the protection of the British navy the American armies were carried to Europe and the products of the New World made available for the allied nations and the allied armies. It may be that the submarine has created new problems. Possibly international law must be altered to ensure freedom of the seas against new perils. But there was no offence to Germany or any other nation in British practice on the seas nor was there need for new regulations to ensure "equality of trade" or freedom for the naval or commercial fleets of any nation on the waters.

II

In the League of Nations, however, Mr. Wilson had a great moral, human and almost divine conception and it is impossible to believe that he was possessed as many of his opponents suggest by sheer desire for personal glory and a great place in history. In Paris he was in a strange atmosphere and France had no sympathy with his idealism. He was perhaps too anxious to dominate the Peace Congress and too fearful of any open alliance with Great Britain. He was rash and inconsiderate in dealing with Italy and possibly his "open diplomacy" had some of the characteristics of competitive journalism. But when the Conference ended he stood foremost among the statesmen of the world and even in his own country he seemed to hold a position of absolute pre-eminence.

There were, however, those in influential places in his own party, actuated by conviction or smarting under long-hoarded grievances, or governed by personal ambition, who saw that there were formidable elements in the United States which could be moved to oppose any definite alliance with European nations, while among Republicans there was bitter resentment over his single-handed action at Paris and failure to associate any of the Republican leaders with the great negotiation which followed a war in which Republicans had devoted themselves to all military and patriotic objects with a zeal and devotion as eager and single-minded as Democrats had displayed. Indeed with singular arrogance and unwisdom he set even the Democratic leaders of Congress aside and seemed to arrogate to himself all the authority of an autocrat. Thus he excited the uncompromising and unrelenting hostility of Republicans and alienated the sympathy of powerful men in his own party without whose loyal support he could not prevail in Congress or in the country.

There is reason to think that if he had shown a more accommodating temper a compromise could have been effected with Republicans in the Senate which would have been equivalent to substantial acceptance of the Covenants of the League of Nations. This clearly was the view of Viscount Grey or his now famous letter to *The Times* would not have been written. This, too, was the hope and confidence of Mr. Taft who has revealed throughout the whole controversy a freedom from narrow prejudices, a great-mindedness, a conception of public duty, and a high concern for the honour of his nation and the common welfare of mankind which should give his name an imperishable lustre in history. But Mr. Wilson was determined that the contract to which he had set his hand at Paris should be accepted without a single alteration or amendment. He would not conciliate nor bargain nor admit that there could be force in any contention of his opponents. It may be that the Republicans exploited the situation for party advantage but probably they also believed that the President was more concerned to achieve a personal triumph than to unite Congress in support of the best agreement that could be obtained. There is no evidence that Mr. Wilson has lost the respect of the thinking and independent section of the American people but he has achieved a remarkable unpopularity with Republican partisans and failed to secure the affection of those in his own party with whom he would have done well to take counsel, but to whom he would give only orders.

III

So he has earned the distrust of the leaders in industry and a great section of the conservative classes who believe that he is the dangerous ally of impracticable idealists and revolutionary agitators. When all is said the forces of individualism and conservatism are probably stronger in the United States than in any other country and apparently these forces are behind the Repub-

lians in the Presidential contest. When Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania, the most sagacious and powerful of all the Republican "Bosses", was asked to say if the party had such a huge campaign fund as its managers were alleged to have collected he cynically but courageously asked another question, "Isn't it worth a hundred millions to the country to get rid of Wilson?" Mr. Penrose is too wise a man to have uttered any such sentence unless he was soundly convinced that a good many people shared his opinion. A statement by Mr. Taft is illuminating as revealing the causes of the business revolt against the President. He says in a contribution to *The Yale Review* for October: "Mr. Wilson has appointed many persons of socialistic tendency to office and power. The Assistant Secretary of Labour and the Commissioner of Immigration at New York were of this kind. His selection of Mr. Herron and Mr. Bullitt to represent him in Russia with the Bolsheviki was another instance. The support which the socialistic *New Republic* gave Mr. Wilson until he went to Paris and his preferment of individuals from the group who guide the course of that periodical were another. His improper interference in the Mooney murder case and in that of another anarchist murderer in Utah, and both at the request of radical labourites and Socialists, is another instance of his acting under socialistic influence. Beginning with the Adamson law, Mr. Wilson has created the impression in the country that he was largely influenced by Mr. Gompers, and the control exercised by the latter in the Labour Department confirmed this view. The frequency of strikes, the failure of unions to keep their agreements, the excessive demands for wages, and the inefficiency of labour at the highest prices have roused the indignation of the business and farming communities, and this has made them sensitive to what they have deemed the subservience of the Administration to labour-union domination."

It remains to be seen how far organized labour will respond to the appeal of Mr. Gompers and other Union leaders to cast their ballots against the Republican candidate and the Chicago platform, but apparently the Republican managers believe that their gains among the farmers will offset any losses they may sustain among the organized workers. It is significant that nearly all the more extreme advocates of railway nationalization in the last Congress have fared badly in the Primaries and that in Maine where the Republicans had an unprecedented majority advocates of nationalization were overwhelmingly defeated. In contrast with Canada public opinion in the United States seems to have gone decisively against public operation of railways and although Mr. Wilson sanctioned the restoration of the railways to the private companies the country seems likely to hold the Democrats responsible for an unsuccessful experiment in nationalization. It is remarkable, too, that *The New York Times*, perhaps the most powerful of all Democratic newspapers, opposes nationalization as strongly as do the Republican press and the Republican leaders and is as unfriendly to the Labour extremists with whom Mr. Taft alleges the President had too intimate relations.

A straw vote taken through 8,000 Rexall drug stores gives Mr. Harding 182,491 votes and Mr. Cox 117,601. Of these votes women, for whom separate ballot boxes were provided, have cast 72,928, or 47,216 for the Republican and 25,712 for the Democratic candidate. Mr. Cox has failed to secure a majority in any State outside of the South and even in the South Mr. Harding has 24,428 votes against 42,107 for his opponent. In New York, which the Democratic managers hope may go to Cox, the straw vote is two to one in favour of Harding. All the signs, therefore, foreshadow a sweeping Republican victory, and a signal personal defeat for Mr. Wilson and the policies of his Administration. One feels, however, that Mr. Wilson will remain a great figure in

American history, and that it is far from improbable that the United States under a Republican Administration will enter into the partnership of nations upon conditions not very different from those which he with so much ardour, energy and devotion strove to persuade his country to accept.

IV

During the first week of November Scotland will vote on proposals to subject the liquor traffic to far more stringent regulations. Although many of the cable despatches have produced a contrary impression, something far less than actual or complete prohibition is at issue in the contest. The voter has the choice of three resolutions. He may declare for "no licence", for reduction of 25 per cent. in the number of licences in any local area, or against any change in the existing licensing system. But even in an area where the people adopt "no licence" the Licensing Court may "grant one or more certificates for an inn or hotel" in which however liquor may be taken only at meals and in which no drinking bar may be maintained.

The Act under which the voting is authorized is intended only to abolish or limit the number of public drinking-places. It does not forbid private drinking, nor the purchase of liquor in quantity for that purpose, nor is the manufacture or transportation of liquor affected. Moreover a resolution for "no licence" must have the support of 55 per cent. of all the votes cast, and 35 per cent. of all the votes registered in the area. If, however, the "no licence" resolution fails to carry the votes cast in its favour must be added to those polled for reduction in the number of licenses which may be issued.

The contest seems to have developed into a direct struggle between "no change" and "no licence". The Scottish churches, except the Episcopal and Roman Catholic bodies, which are uncommitted, are stated to be united against licences. A national Citizens' Council directs the campaign of the prohibitionists. Many American speakers are engaged who emphasize the benefits which the United States has derived from prohibition and there has been an attempt to evoke feeling because these speakers are paid from American sources. In their literature the prohibitionists declare that "Scotland's drink bill for 1919 was £36,000,000 or £12, 12s. per head of the adult population". It is also stated that in 16 weeks of 1918 the convictions for drunkenness in Glasgow were 1,296 men and 383 women as against 6,077 men and 1,345 women in a like period in 1920. It is submitted in explanation that special causes explain the increase in the number of convictions. Among these causes the return of the demobilized armies and the immensely greater spending power of the "working classes" are emphasized.

The opponents of prohibition deny that the churches are united in support of "no licence" and it seems that many ministers favour less radical measures. There is energetic protest against the attempt of Americans to dictate to Scotsmen in their private affairs. Prohibition is denounced as "political insanity" and a "violent invasion of individual liberty". What, the advocates of licence ask, is the game of the Yankees? They point out that while the Americans promise that prohibition will promote efficiency the abolition of vodka in Russia has had very different results. They suggest that the Yankees are trying to "ruin our industries" and breed unrest. They recall German efforts at "peaceful penetration" and ask, "Do you wish to take another dose of 'peaceful penetration' from adventurers and cranks from another foreign nation?"

A special correspondent of *The Times* (London) states that both parties in the struggle profess to be certain of victory but that neither really has any great confidence in the result. Editorially *The Times* declares that opinion

has hardened against the liquor traffic. It agrees that under the stringent liquor regulations maintained during the war there was a great reduction in drunkenness but that "since 1918, although the relaxation of the regulations has been slight, there has been a disquieting and apparently progressive increase in convictions for drunkenness". *The Times* thinks that many of the old arguments for the trade have lost their effect. It asserts that the episcopal preference of a "free England" to a "sober England" has become a faded paradox. "We are all agreed," *The Times* says, "that the restrictions of licences and of the hours of public drinking, the reform of public-houses, the quality of liquors are matters in which legislation can promote temperance."

The Times admits that the real question which the country must soon consider is not regulation or restriction but absolute prohibition. It asks if alcohol is a drug so meagre in its benefits, so insidious in its appeal and so calamitous in its mental and moral effects on the individual and the race that its use must be treated as a crime and drinking be not only punished but prevented. "Must we even reject the illogical, but, if we are to judge from the American example, very practical defence, that degenerate human nature, deprived of alcohol, will turn to stimulants admittedly more destructive". It is clear from its reasoning that *The Times* is not ready to take the long and last step towards complete prohibition but that it has no great confidence in the old defences of the liquor traffic, and recognizes that the arguments of prohibitionists and restrictionists cannot be evaded. "We shall," *The Times* frankly confesses, "have to face these questions; let us get ready to face them in the proper atmosphere—an atmosphere not contaminated by the sale of bad drink, too long hours, unsanitary and disgraceful bars, slack administration of the laws against drunkenness, insufficient provision for healthy recreation, houses in which the hours of leisure cannot be passed tolerably."

V

It is significant that few of the witnesses before the Tariff Committee of the Cabinet have demanded any increase in protectionist duties. Much evidence has been submitted in favour of industrial stability and against revolutionary reduction of customs taxes. But whatever may be the virtues or defects of the Canadian tariff there is a far stronger demand in New Zealand, Australia and South Africa for higher protection for native industries than we have in Canada. Roughly the Liberal party and the organized Farmers advocate lower tariff while the National Liberal and Conservative party favours the principle of protection and the existing customs schedules with such alterations and modifications as investigation may show to be necessary in the general interest. So in the United States the tariff has not been a dominant issue in the Presidential contest. There has been no agitation for lower duties by the Democrats and only a firm and moderate defence of adequate protection by the press and speakers of the Republican party.

Mr. Harding, as is perhaps natural in a statesman who represents the McKinley tradition, is rather more aggressive in defence of protection than most of his political associates. In one of his speeches he said: "Proper protection American industry and American labour have the right to expect. This much they should properly receive. It would be an intolerable thing if we stood by and beheld our enterprise impaired and our labour injured. If it be placed in responsible control in the November election the Republican party solemnly engages that this shall not come to pass. The stability of American industry, the prosperity of American agriculture, the security of American labour—these shall be its purpose—to be achieved by deliberate tariff revision, protective revision, whenever and wherever the necessity exists."

It is believed that Mr. Taft in 1912 lost hundreds of thousands of votes among American farmers through his support of the trade agreement with the Dominion which the Canadian people rejected. From the first Mr. Harding has cultivated American farmers and unquestionably there is a formidable element in the Republican party which would increase duties on agricultural products. Just now, too, there is an energetic, organized demand by Western farmers for prohibition of wheat imports from Canada. There is no reason to think that the McKinley duties will be restored but there is some danger that a Republican Administration at Washington will give a greater degree of protection to American farm products and incidentally new phases may be developed in the fiscal controversy in this country.

VI

There is nothing in the platform adopted by the Republican Convention at Chicago to which Canadians can seriously object. This is true also of the platform adopted by Democrats at San Francisco. We do wonder, however, when Congress and State Legislatures go out in support of the "Irish Republic" and submit to the blandishments of a De Valera. We are amazed, too, when the American Federation of Labour meeting on the soil of a loyal British Dominion adopts a resolution "with tremendous enthusiasm" in favour of the dismemberment of the British Empire. One suspects that there are tens of thousands of labour unionists in Canada who will resent the Federation's action and that by what has been done, international unionism will not be strengthened. This is all the more unfortunate because international unionism has been well regarded and its Canadian leaders have always been among the most responsible and respected of Labour statesmen in Canada.

Nor does one understand the ground of American protest against regulations which restrict or prohibit exportation of pulpwood from the Dominion. Many American newspapers seem to believe that restrictions and prohibitions are established by a federal statute. As a matter of fact under the Canadian Constitution all the old Provinces control their own natural resources. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta impose no restrictions upon export of raw materials to the United States. Over the resources of those Provinces the Dominion retains control. Again and again demands for national legislation to prohibit export of pulpwood have been refused by the central Government. But restrictive regulations are maintained by Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick, with the clear object, no doubt, of compelling manufacture in Canada. These resources, however, belong to the Provinces and absolutely no constitutional right of interference lies in the Canadian Government. This Washington should understand and this the American press should not forget when an impression is created that the Federal Government is responsible for restrictions which compel manufacture of newsprint in Canada.

Moreover, it is difficult to challenge the position of the Provinces. There are no restrictions upon export of paper. Surely the Provinces have the right to require home manufacture of their raw materials. Nor would it be easy to challenge Federal legislation which would require the manufacture of raw materials to the last processes in Canada. No such legislation, however, exists, nor is there any prospect that such legislation will be attempted by the Canadian Government. But all one means to suggest is that whatever may be said by American Presidential campaigners Canada is likely to be "more than usual calm" until the contest is over, and beyond this lies perhaps the secret hope that when the Dominion has its next general election there will be reciprocity in restraint on the part of Americans.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE RESCUE

BY JOSEPH CONRAD. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Limited.



WHAT is a good novel? Remembering, with Professor Phelps, that "definitions are dangerous", and, with Oscar Wilde, that "to define is to limit", we may yet agree, with Henry James, that

"A novel is, in its broadest definition, a personal, a direct impression of life: that constitutes its value, which is greater or less according to the intensity of the impression."

Or, we may accept also the view of another American novelist, James Lane Allen, that

"The novel is a long artistic prose work of the creative imagination which, by the use of ideas lying within the experience of mankind, attains its desired effect of arousing great and varied emotion."

For ourselves, we should define the novel as an artistically conceived and plotted interpretative analysis (whether realistic, impressionistic, naturalistic, idyllic or romantic in method), in extended prose form, of some human experience or experiences, skillfully and sympathetically mediated through the imagination of a great personality; or, again, as a comprehensive fictional reaction to some especially interesting aspect or problem in the welter of life. The true novel requires keen observation, a high order of imagination, both vicarious and gregarious sympathy, the humour bred of tolerance, and an intelligibly articulated theory of life.

The work of Joseph Conrad (styled during his boyhood in the Ukraine

Teodor Josef Kourad Karzeniowski) satisfies all of these definitions and requirements. It is deeply and sincerely imaginative; it has style in Pater's sense of the word; it has its own coherent philosophy, which, if reminiscent of Hamlet's irony, is reminiscent also of his sympathy, of his courage, and of his inalienable loyalty to that great monitor which men call honour. Since the appearance of "Almayer's Folly", in 1895, "The Nigger of the Narcissus", in 1898 ("His most perfect work", as Hugh Walpole asserts; "He alone has ever written such a book," declares Richard Curle); and "Lord Jim", in 1900, this famous Polish-Englishman, now sixty-three years of age, has produced, in general, a cumulatively powerful series of novels, especially successful, perhaps, in "Typhoon", "Nostromo", "The Secret Agent", "Chance", "Victory", and "The Shadow-Line", besides those mentioned above, and now in this stern, strong book whose subsidiary title is "A Romance of the Shallows".

Conrad's heroes are usually quiet men of a rare simplicity, the slow revelation of whose soul-processes constitutes both the essence of his stories and the extraordinary emotional inspiration of his tone or quality. In the present novel, Captain Tom Lingard, known as "King Tom", "Rajah-Laut", etc., is recognized by Mrs. Travers, a highly complex yet "imperfectly civilized" woman, both his complement and his antithesis, as possessing "true greatness", as "a limpid soul". These are the two chief characters, brought face to face in Malayan waters and jungles through a

strange accident of fate, which hinders and at last prevents the execution of a gallant and honourable adventure to which Lingard had committed himself on behalf of a deposed native chief, Rajah Hassim, before the stranding of the Travers's yacht brought into his life unknown and unwanted people. It equally complicates and endangers the very existence of these enforced sojourners in the Shallows. Honour and passion contend for the mastery, as the days go by, and although the battle is balanced, seemingly, honour is at last not indeed forsaken yet foregone, through another accident (yet "What is an accident?" asks Lingard), a series of accidents, rather, which serve, ironically, as symbols both of Lingard's unconscious forgetfulness of his trust and of Mrs. Travers's willing-unwilling recognition and refusal of her power to confirm his spirit in its own high sense of truth.

Through six parts does this intricate plot of motives and cross-motives, of danger and death, unfold itself. The intimate characterizations of the "savage" figures on the one hand with whom Lingard has cast his life and, on the other hand, of the husband of Mrs. Travers, his Spanish friend d'Aleacer, and the young seaman Carter, and Jørgensen, a disillusioned ancient, are as consummately wrought as anything elsewhere in Conrad's work. And we have here the same grave, stoic dignity of style, with its subtle cadences and affirming iterations. Indeed, the manner of Conrad's novels is the major part of the secret of their power, his remarkable interweaving of romance with realism, his atmospheric symbols and portents, his brooding subjectivism. It is interesting to observe the effects he creates through the use of what we may call negation-words in *in*—*im*— and *ir*—, particularly the words "imperishable", "invulnerable", "irresistible", "incredible", "incomprehensible", "impassive", "impenetrable", "inscrutable", "inconceivable", "immobile", "imper-

ceptible", "intolerable", "inflexible", "indefinable", and, through page after page in all his work, "immense" and "immensity"! Even the Malayan princess who serves as a foil to Mrs. Travers is named Immada. There is a colour, a savour in these and kindred words which Mr. Conrad very delicately perceives to be indispensable to the creation of his haunting twilight and darkening menaces.

The correspondence in the several 'folds' of the plot are skilfully suggested, and the prophetic incidents and focus-moments complete and justify the considered, detailed patterning of a master.

Conrad's own words, in "A Personal Record", may serve to imply the more experimental grounds of his ability as a literary artist. He speaks of

"... the intimacy and the strain of a creative effort in which mind and will and conscience are engaged to the full, hour after hour, day after day, away from the world and all that makes life really lovable and gentle—something for which a material parallel can only be found in the everlasting sombre stress of the westward winter passage round Cape Horn. For that, too, is the wrestling of men with the might of their Creator, in a great isolation from the world, without the amenities and consolations of life, a lonely struggle under a sense of overmatched littleness for no reward that could be adequate, but for the mere winning of a longitude."

If "The Arrow of Gold" (1919) left something to seek, "The Rescue" is, we think, Conrad at his best. Like "The Nigger of the Narcissus", "Lord Jim" and "Nostromo", it is fully worthy of his great gifts.

G. H. C.

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BLUESTONE

BY MARGARET WILKINSON. Toronto:
The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE title poem of this book, which is a metrical study of an American heredity, won for Mrs. Wilkinson one of the annual prizes given by the National Arts Club through the Poetry Society of America. There are in the book also "Songs from be-

side Swift Rivers", which is a group of lyrics of the out-of-doors. Canoeing, swimming, sleeping out, shooting rapids—"Songs of Poverty", "California Songs", "Preferences", "Songs of an Empty House", a group of love songs and others of a miscellaneous character. Mrs. Wilkinson, in an unusually interesting introduction, tells of her early tendency towards poetry, especially towards rhythm, and she gives examples, by musical settings, of what her verses mean to her as music. "My melodies," she writes, "observe some law of quantity, or enforce it, I am not sure which. A plump, well-rounded syllable is likely to go with an ample, long-sounding note. Quick, slight syllables hurry and scurry along with notes of small-time value. The musical accent and the stress of speech fall together. Something of what I mean by this is suggested by the first lines of "The Pageant" and the tune that goes with them. The two long-sounding syllables, 'long' and 'road', in the first line, are mated with musical notes relatively long. The word 'highway', on the other hand, which ends the balancing phrase in the same line, is more quickly sung." We quote the first stanza of "The Pageant":

Forever is a long road; Forever is a highway
Whereon go marching through arching
nights and days
Proud dreams with golden crowns fair upon
their foreheads,
Shining Dreams with haloes and bright
Dreams with bays,
And all along the flowered edge the little
Dreams go dancing,
Singing gay canticles of praise.

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OTHERWORLD CADENCES

By F. S. FLINT. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

HERE is another good-looking small book of verse, and its goodness is not all in its looks. The author writes an introduction in which he makes the claim that there is only one art of writing, and that is the art of

poetry; and that wherever you feel the warmth of human experience and imagination in any writing, there is poetry, whether it is in the form we call prose, or in rhyme or metre, or in the unrhymed cadence in which the great part of this book is written. The book itself is full of emotion, of human experience; and, if that be the test, then it is full of poetry. We quote "Gloom":

I sat there in the dark
Of the room and of my mind
Thinking of men's treasons and bad faith
Sinking into the pit of my own weakness
Before their strength of cunning,
Out over the gardens came the sound of
some one
Playing five-finger exercises on the piano.

Then
I gathered up within me all my powers
Until outside of me was nothing:
I was all—
All stubborn, fighting sadness and revulsion.

And one came from the garden quietly,
And stood beside me.
She laid her hand on my hair;
She laid her cheek on my forehead,—
And caressed me with it;
But all my being rose to my forehead
To fight against this outside thing.
Something in me became angry;
Withstood like a wall,
And would allow no entrance;
I hated her.

"What is the matter with you, dear?" she
said.
"Nothing", I answered,
"I am thinking."
She stroked my hair and went away;
And I was still gloomy, angry, stubborn.

Then I thought:
She has gone away; she is hurt;
She does not know
What poison has been working in me.

Then I thought:
Upstairs, her child is sleeping;
And I felt the presence
Of the fields we had walked over, the roads
we had followed,
The flowers we had watched together,
Before it came.

She had touched my hair, and only then did
I feel it;
And I loved her once again.

And I came away,
Full of the sweet and bitter juices of life;
And I lit the lamp in my room,
And made this poem.

THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE TEMPERANCE LODGE

*The I. O.
G. T.*

THE Scott Act never reached our village, and local option, that spasmodic forerunner of the Ontario Temperance Act, had not yet come into fashion. Nevertheless we were fortified against the direst ravages of strong drink by a lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars. We did not go the length, as some communities did, of building a temperance hall, for we were able to procure for a modest rental the township building, proper enough place, and large enough, especially as there was not in those days a preponderance of opinion in support of total abstinence.

Total abstinence, as a matter of fact, was the shoal on which the frail craft of temperance always stuck, for many men who were not out-and-out tipplers were, even so, not averse to a social glass on any occasion or a pull at the bottle on bitterly cold days. Cold itself was always a good reason for drinking whiskey, and in summer beer was tolerated by many an erstwhile squeamish soul. Therefore it was not without trepidation that the organizer of the lodge came into our midst. But he found immediate sympathy and support in most of the Methodists, while others, perhaps of more suspicious faith, said that they guessed it was the right thing to do, but they would rather wait and see how it turned out.

Out-and-out tipplers, those genial specimens of the genus homo who took delight in leaning against the bar, with full glasses in front and empty pockets beneath, laughed the project to scorn. They were of the kind that loaf around, waiting to be treated, and who have the serene type of mind that imagines they can take it or leave it alone. To leave it alone, however, was not their purpose, for to refuse a drink was the same as to lose five cents. And five cents in those days was the difference between being a pauper and being independent.

*Five cents
In those days*

The Order of Good Templars was, above all other things, independent. It provided its own regalia, had its own form

of initiation, and even went the length of contriving an ante-room and inventing a password. The password, in fact, was the bulwark of protection against invasion by the philistines. Every member, quite rightly, swore to keep it secret, and much conjecture ensued as to its actual worth and composition. The question arose as to whether the guard could properly refuse admittance to anyone who could pronounce it. If he could not refuse, then it was the bounden duty of every member to protect the secrecy of the password as he would protect his own life. Maria Smith declared that if Charlie Mitchell, for instance, who boasted that he knew the password, were to whisper it, like the real members, at the door, they could not refuse to admit him, and that if he were admitted they could not refuse to provide him with proper regalia.

That was a serious situation. For, what good was a temperance lodge if any drunken loafer could enter at will, demand regalia and observe every sacred ceremony? The Chief Templar, who in the common walk of life was the blacksmith, advised us to wait until the iron was at least in the fire. He did not think it possible for any outsider, especially Charlie Mitchell, to know the password, but he urged the members not to pronounce it aloud when they presented themselves for admittance, but to whisper it. He admonished them also against repeating the word aloud to themselves, while at work or in periods of meditation, because no one knew what enemy might be within hearing at that very moment.

Henry Perkins was the guard. He accepted the position with becoming gravity, and afterwards made the profound declaration that no one would get by him without giving the password.

The password, in all seriousness, was the cause of much conjecture during the next fortnight, because someone rashly had said that it was the name of an article of food in daily use. The folly of giving even a clue was discussed generally, and here and there one or two names, and one in particular, stood the brunt of considerable criticism. Guesses as to the actual word were made on all hands. "Meat" was the favourite and "Bread" was a close second. Most of the old women guessed "Tea" and two or three were sure it was "Butter". Whatever it might be it caused much conjecture and even aroused some debate.

A debate, indeed, and in keeping with a good old practice, became the form of the forthcoming evening's entertainment. It was the second Lodge Night, and perhaps there are others

The Importance of the Password

A Good Old Practice

*The Chief
Templar*

beside myself who remember the subject of the debate. For it was resolved that the works of man are greater than the works of nature. The Chief Templar, who was known to have other accomplishments than shoeing horses and setting tires, was asked to move the resolution. Miss Simpkins told us afterwards that he tried to wiggle out of it, but when they told him that the schoolteacher would speak for the negative, he pulled the string of his leather apron tighter and began to survey the heavens. The schoolteacher, with her head still "fu' o' edication", took the precaution to say that the affirmative had the better opportunity but she fell at once upon the task of preparing evidence in rebuttal, and with some dark motive requested that I be one of her supporters. The judges were to be the Methodist parson, the miller, and old Mr. Johnston.

It was a notable fortnight in our history. Quite apart from the debate and the announcement that Lizzie Lavery would sing a solo, much information went about relative to the effects of alcohol on the alimentary tract. If taken in sufficient quantities whiskey would make the lining of the stomach like a piece of tanned leather. If taken even moderately it would dull the senses, loosen the purse strings and cause untold misery. Look at the shoemaker. What had whiskey done for him? His children were in rags, his work was behind and his wife had left him for a whole month. And yet there were others who seemed to thrive on it. To be sure, Joe, the teamster, never was very much in pocket, but he enjoyed life, always was jolly, except when in a fight, and it was a safe bet that there was nothing wrong with his alimentary tract. The moderate element thought, with Paul, that a little sling at bedtime was permissible. But we Good Templars were the total abstainers. We included about a third of the women within driving distance, a man or two here and there, the blacksmith, the postmaster, and Ted Smale's hired man. We walked past the tavern with our heads in the air, and it rather galled us on Lodge night to see the place a little more lively than usual, just as if they were setting up wholesome competition. But we knew our cause was right, and we were determined to overcome evil with good.

Henry was on guard at the lodge door. One by one his freinds and neighbours, being challenged, advanced, whispered the password and were permitted to enter. Mrs. Simpkins looked unusually severe. It was of course a solemn performance; and, having entered, she proceeded to bedeck herself with proper regalia. Betty Butson was so excited over the

*Henry was
on Guard*

impending debate that she absolutely forgot all about the regalia, having done her hair in a Psyche knot, and would not have remembered the regalia at all had not Mrs. Perkins stood up and brought the fact to the attention of the Chief Templar. Betty was greatly upset. She blushed crimson as she walked across the hall to where the regalia lay in a heap on a bench. Never before, she confessed afterwards, had she felt so completely flabbergasted, but Mrs. Jones assured her that as far as the other members were concerned, they wouldn't hold it against her.

And at length, with Betty in proper regalia, the Chief Templar opened the meeting in the form printed in the book. But just at this juncture there was a slight disturbance at the door, caused by Charlie Mitchell, evidently, as Jimmie Jackson expressed it, "three sheets in the wind", demanding admittance.

"Advance and give the password," we heard Henry exclaim. "Cheese!" shouted Charlie.

Henry opened the door and bade him enter. He stood for a moment looking stupidly at the meeting, then came forward and took a seat. There was an ominous silence, and then someone observed that Charlie was not in proper regalia.

"How can he wear proper regalia," remarked the chief, "when he has not been duly initiated?"

"He must have been initiated," argued Henry, trying to justify himself, "or he couldn't tell the password. I claim he has the right to enter and wear proper regalia."

"How did you find out the password?" asked the Chief, addressing Charlie.

Charlie blubbered as he looked up with bleary eyes.

"I smelt it," he said thickly.

"Yes," said the Chief, rising and coming down towards the intruder, "I knew someone would smell it sooner or later. But if it smells half as strong to you as you do to us, you'll be glad to get out. In any case, the door is still there and you're going through it right now."

Everyone knew Charlie's reputation as a fighter, and of course we expected a struggle. But everyone knew also, and Charlie knew, that the blacksmith was the strongest man in the township. Charlie, therefore, offered no resistance when a powerful hand reached down and grasped him by the shoulder. Instead, he rose, wabbling at the knees, and, responding to the obvious intention of the hand, moved somewhat uncertainly towards the door. We saw the door opened and Charlie thrust inelegantly through it. There was a clutter of

*Betty was
Greatly upset*

*Charlie
offered no
Resistance*

*He read from
the Book*

steps on the porch, and then the Chief Templar entered, alone, and resumed his place as head of the Order. He began to read from the book, just as if he were reading from Proverbs:

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine? Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

"In view of the evening's entertainment," said Tom Jones, interrupting, "part of which is to be a debate, I move an adjournment of the regular meeting, especially as there are no candidates for initiation."

Mrs. Simmons bobbed up and down, like a flash, and then, like an echo, the faint sound of her voice reached us:

"I second the motion."

Maria Smith rose immediately, in full regalia, and said that as it was a temperance lodge and not a debating society, temperance should come first.

Ted Smale's hired man, standing up at the back and pulling at the tinsel on his regalia, said he believed that them as be temperance should remain temperance and them as bain't shouldn't.

The minister said that as nobody had moved an amendment it would be in order for the chair to put the motion.

Mrs. Simmons bobbed up and down again, like another flash, and then we heard, just like another echo, the sound of her voice piping faintly,

"I withdraw."

"Then I second the motion," said Maria Smith, very inconsistently, as everyone agreed, but Maria as she sat down again, only drew her lips a little tighter and folded her hands on her lap.

"All in favour," shouted the Chief, as he saw several members rising.

A dozen hands went up, a huge majority, and the gavel came down.

"I now call on Miss Lizzie Lavery," said the Chief, "for a solo entitled, 'The Cows are in the Corn'."

Lizzie sang, unaccompanied, as only Lizzie could sing, and after prolonged applause she obliged by singing a song entitled "The Walkerton Murder", after which the Chief Templar announced the subject of the debate—resolved that the work of man is greater than the work of nature—named the judges and proceeded to make his introduction. He took North America for instance. When our forefathers crossed

*North
America for
Instance*

the briny deep, he asked us to admit, this continent was a howling wilderness. It was as nature had left it. But see what a change man had wrought! The work of man was greater than nature's because man had improved on nature, and so on and so forth.

*A Howling
Wilderness*

Fred Freeman, who had been pathmaster for two seasons and was thinking of running for council, led the negative. He, too, took North America for instance, and he admitted that when our forefathers crossed the briny deep this continent was a howling wilderness. But that is about all he did admit. He held that if nature had not provided for man, man would have had nothing to work on. And so on and so on.

Betty Butson came next with an attempt to reclaim for the affirmative any ground that might have been lost in North America. Obviously, she was much flustered, owing no doubt to her consciousness of the fact that Psyche knots were as yet not properly appreciated thereabouts. But she started right out with an attack on North America, and became so vehement in her declarations and shook her head so vigorously that the Psyche knot began to untwist. One strand stood straight up behind, giving Betty a most defiant air, and as she traversed North America her hair gradually fell apart. The audience began to laugh, and as Betty did not know the cause she became very much excited and actually went all the way from Nova Scotia to British Columbia in one desperate leap.

My turn was coming next, and in my exuberance I whispered to Susie Taylor, who sat beside me and on whom I looked with much tenderness, that if I couldn't get off North America I'd get off the platform. And, as it happened, Betty, just at that very moment did get off, her hair having tumbled down in absolute disorder, and I got on.

I turned and faced the audience. Perhaps, hardened and unsympathetic reader, you too, in the course of your chequered career, have spoken in public. Perhaps you know what it is to have the mind become blank, even for ever so brief a space of time, to see the heads of the audience bobbing confusedly in front; in fine to lose control of your nerves and your tongue and to be glad to blurt out anything, just so long as it is something. I blurted out the very thing that had caused my derision.

"All right," I said, "take North America for instance. I admit that when our forefathers crossed the briny deep this continent was a howling wilderness."

*I, too, took
North
America*

A Geographical Discourse

Then I floundered. I caught at this and I caught at that, until at length I caught my breath and launched upon a geographical discourse. I traced the St. Lawrence to the foot of the Great Lakes, went up the Great Lakes and down the Mississippi, began to wander helplessly through Louisiana, wallowed hopelessly in Florida and ended somewhere, somehow, in the quagmires of the South.

Henry Perkins followed. He believed every claim his leader had made as to the situation in North America. One thing he was sure of was that if he hadn't given his squashes, for instance, a good deal of personal attention, if he had left them entirely in the hands of the Almighty, they wouldn't have taken first prize at the Fair.

The schoolteacher absolutely ignored North America. To hear her speak, you wouldn't know there ever had been such a place. She clung to flowers and birds and beautiful scenery, and ended with what everyone agreed was an eloquent appeal for reverence of the Giver of all Good.

The judges took down all the points with great pains and impartiality. And after much deliberation they announced that the debate was a tie, each side having scored two points. The spokesman said that if in going over the waterways I had thought to mention the artificial canals I would have made a point and won the debate. But it all went to show that, besides being temperate, we had some first-class latent talent. All that was needed was development. My own opinion always has been that the debate rang the death-knell of the lodge. If it was not the debate, then it was the unhappy situation that forced an isolated few to pay lodge dues for the doubtful distinction of being total abstainers. We heard much about teetotalism, moderate indulgence, freedom of conscience, taking it and leaving it alone, tipping and treating, but nothing could save the lodge from early desuetude and final collapse. It was after all a situation described by Ted Smale's hired man in words which we requote:

A Temperance Axiom

"Them as be temperance should remain temperance, and them as bain't shouldn't."



STAMPEDING MERCHANTS INTO PRICE-WRECKING

BY OTTIWELL S. WOOD



HERE are no men in Canada who regretted the up-going costs of production as did the retail merchants of the country.

Like the doctors did during the terrible 'flu epidemic, the merchants heard daily of the hardships of life and living, by reason of the burden of high costs. They could extend sympathy, and did.

The merchants were powerless to remove the causes of the higher costs of food and clothing essentials—increased prices which were sent still higher by the fads and freak notions of government and semi-government bodies of doctrinaires.

Few people understood why the cost of living should go skyrocketing. "What began it" is now of as absorbing interest as the question "What will end it," and when.

I recall one instance of foolishness on the part of a British officer sent to Canada early in the war period to secure uniforms for soldiers. On his arrival in Montreal I acted with the leading man in the clothing industry in Canada, the late Charles P. Creamer, then manager of the Semi-ready Company. We went to see the purchasing officer and advised him how he could get quick action and good results without sending prices of woollens unduly high.

Our advice was that he should call all the manufacturers together and

let them combine and co-operate in their resources on the basis of a certain quantity. This would avoid causing a flutter, and a fictitious demand for woollens.

The little officer pool-pooed the idea. That was not the way they did it in England, by jove! He called for tenders.

The consequence was that every wool mill in Canada was deluged with requests for prices and stated delivery by every clothing maker in the Dominion. The mill owners thought that overwhelming orders were on the way, and prices speedily shot up so high that one woollen manufacturer afterwards confessed to a profit of 70 per cent. on his output for these years.

My theory of quiet and earnest co-operation was proven afterwards when the Canadian Government loaned \$4,000,000 for clothing for Roumania. The order was completed by an association of the largest clothiers within a few months. The cloth was bought and delivered very quietly, much of it before news of the contract was known.

Newspaper publicity stamped prices to the high standard they reached. Living expenses went up and up. To-day, with the high cost of labour production the newspapers are endeavouring to stampede a downward revision of prices.

They start at the wrong end, and in the wrong way. Why should the

merchants be asked to reduce prices below cost and ruin themselves?

Yet that has been the suggestion and the theme of every scarehead newspaper heading written by the writers of the American press, and copied by many thoughtless and heedless publishers in Canada.

Idle statements of idle fellows who may be office boys in some organization are quoted and touted as a promise of a speedy decline in values.

We have been taxed until it hurts—in Canada, in England, and in every civilized country. We have fought for and won the right and freedom to strike, to quit work when we feel like it, and to cut the working hour down to thirty minutes. The lazier workmen ask for a six-hour day.

Production has been cut in half; wages have increased by three times. Food costs just three times what it did. Money has about one-half the purchasing value—not quite.

A pair of trousers which cost \$5 ten years ago will now cost \$12 to \$15, according to quality of making.

A tremendous burden of debt was incurred by the war, and on top of this a bright young statesman who couldn't manage a peanut stand conceived the idea that another debt just as huge wouldn't be much worry to a country so rich and so patient as Canada. We have a huge railway deficit to make up each year for a hundred years—or until sensible legislators arise with the strength to sell the thirsty octopus to some capable management.

That few merchants have been stampeded into destruction of their capital investment is a tribute to their courage.

In one town in Quebec there was a merchant who started to imbibe liquor to keep up his courage. The newspapers of adjoining cities were pub-

lishing the trash with New York date lines. The Indian summer stopped the demand for clothing of any kind. He grew reckless, auctioned off his stock, sold \$55 suits for \$5, and some of his friends who helped him decamped with the money. This actually occurred in September in a little town on Lake St. John.

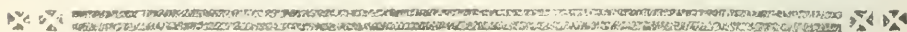
I talked with the President of the Semi-ready Company in Montreal, H. A. Nelson, who is a close student of affairs, and who is at the head of an organization which tailors only the higher grade of cloth with the finer type of skilled workmen.

He said the prices were bound to recede as the labour and food purchasing power of the dollar increased. If the reduction is gradual, as was the increase, there should be no panic condition. Canada was in a very happy position as compared with the devastated country. She had spent of her millions in helping the Mother Country, and had laid on the altar of affection many precious lives. Yet she had enjoyed industrial prosperity in the years of war.

This year there had been a record harvest, a bountiful reward for industry, and our great forest and mineral resources were being developed and marketed.

True, he admitted, we were being heavily taxed, and some of the methods were piecemeal, irritating and amateurish in conception and execution. But our commercial prosperity, he believed, was dependent on a sane and safe press.

We had copied some of the discredited systems of taxation originated in the United States, but we should be careful not to imitate the feverish and foolish publicity which is typified by newspapers in New York which were rightfully barred from circulation in Canada during the war time.





'ELI. ELI. LAMA. SARACHTHANI!'

From the Photograph by
Edith S. Watson



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE WAYFARER

BY FREDERICK WHELAN

DRAWINGS BY ANDRÉ LAPINE

A CLEAR sky and an open road; a road that led to anywhere; a sky that made the Wayfarer open out his arms and cry.

"Sky! I am the god Man—your sun blisters me—summon your clouds and breezes, for I am hot and thirsty, and instinct tells me that I may not find an inn this day."

He was a ragged man, huge-limbed, snub-nosed, freckled, with tawny-gray beard and big blue eyes, jaunty of step, and had a voice like a cataract. He swung a heavy ashplant to the meter of his moods, and demanded of everything, dead or living, the whereabouts of an inn. Every now and again, he stopped and jingled the money in his pockets.

"Money to spend—money to burn—but, forsooth! likely to burn a hole in my accursed pockets. By the hoary head of Moses, I will split the skull of the first knave I meet, if he cannot send me to an inn! What, in the name of Bacchus, are roads for but to build inns on them that I may drink?"

But there were neither skulls to split, nor inns wherein to drink, so he strode along, cursing and singing.

"The Lord he made me a thirsty man,
And a terrible thirst he gave.
I've been dry as a hide on the desert wide,
And parched on the salty wave.
And if ever I find me an inn again,
I swear by the torrid sun,
I'll sit in the bar where the pewters are
And stay till the last drop's done."

This conceit tickled his humour, and he repeated it several times, varying it by rising from a murmur to crescendo on alternate lines.

There seemed but little prospect of finding an inn in such a country; indeed, there seemed little prospect of finding anything belonging to the haunts of man. Over the crest of a mighty hill the road went, curved like a semitar. It was a mere shadow of a road, grass-grown, and perceptible only by the parallel depressions, which, at some time, had been made by wagons. When he reached the top of the hill, the Wayfarer paused and looked around, moved by the beauty of the silent vista.



"Sky! I am the God man"

The scene was lonely, but not desolate. On all sides were towering hills crested with rocks and trees. Some were all aflame with golden gorse, splashed with purple patches of blooming heather, vivid against the gray-green grass; others stood in rocky grandeur, bare of any growth save the meanest scrub, or, here and there, a gaunt fir, dark against the limestone walls; in the distance rose the tallest of them all, a noble peak with graceful, grassy slopes, where chestnut trees stood formally in lines, like giant sentries marshalled in review before a court of slender, haughty poplars. Wanton, ascetic and aristocratic.

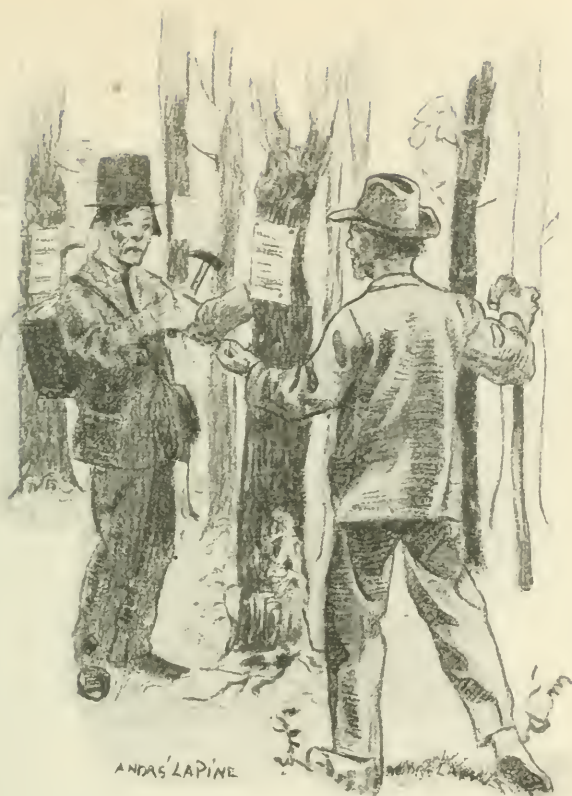
"Paradise is surely not more fair," he cried, then added, with a growl, "nor hell more dry. One little human touch—a swinging sign before an inn—and Elysium would wither up in envy. The simplest desires are the

hardest to achieve. Here am I, without a single ambition but to drink—if I had Aladdin's lamp this moment, I would merely ask my genie for a draught of ale!"

Surely a pathetic confession for a man who had but recently claimed himself a god!

For a few minutes he scanned the hills around, but they appeared to hold out little hope; none of them sent forth the welcoming call of cattle, nor the beckoning finger of chimney smoke. His road descended steadily for three-quarters of a mile, then seemed to turn abruptly to the right, losing itself behind a limestone tor which rose to a sheer height, almost on a level with where he stood. He growled an oath, and swung down the slope with angry speed.

Now, at the foot of the hill, the road actually split itself into two paths, one which skirted round the



"Sir, where can I find an inn?"

tor, and another which slipped suddenly down a hillock's side, continuing along a valley. In the early year this valley was threaded by a lazy stream fed by the snows and rains from the hills; but summer suns had greedily sucked it dry, so that nothing but scorching rocks remained. Along this torrid bed the rough road ran.

When the Wayfarer reached the fork in the road, he grew thoughtful. He sat down and said:

"This is a case for the family doctor, Fate. Come hither, old leech, and decide this turn for me!"

Then he croaked, in a doleful voice:

"The road to the right should always be left,
The road to the left is right;
And if you turn three times where the road
be cleft,
You'll sup ere the droop of night."

He sprang to his feet and shouted with glee:

"Bravo! old quack — I'd turn a thousand and three for such a promise—the road to the left be it!"

He whirled round on his heel three times, then, with a new expression of satisfied confidence on his face, he went down the hillock at a bound, and followed the trail, cursing its roughness.

After he had travelled ten minutes or so, he stopped quickly, ears pricked. A new sound reached him. From directly ahead of him came a gentle tap—tap, tap—tap. At first he thought it might be a woodpecker, but, thinking again, he found the slow tapping, which had now ceased, not at all like the rapid rivetting of the bird. Then came a single tap, and, after a slight pause, two more.

Vividly interested, he peered forward, an intent statue, but was moved to life by a distinct cough. With a cry of delight (for three days he had seen no human) he sprang forward.

In a little clearing, which, at some time, had been a camping-place, he saw a little man who might have lived some two-score years or more.

Dressed in dusty black, a satchel on his back, with a dull stovepipe hat over a warty face and a head of long, matted black hair, this queer being was busily engaged in nailing notices on the trees. About a dozen were up already, when he turned a dour face as the Wayfarer stepped into the clearing. He looked at him a second, as one looks at an intruder, then deliberately resumed his work. The Wayfarer walked to him with an air of exultant assurance.

"Sir," he said, "where can I find an inn?"

The little man took no heed, but drove the last nail through another of his notices.

The Wayfarer grew fierce.

"Damnation!" he roared, grasping him by the shoulders, "I ask a civil question, sir, and, by glory, I'll have a civil answer."

The little man cringed, so that his satchel fell from his back, and, pointing first to his ears, then to his mouth, tried to convey the circumstance that he was deaf and dumb.

The Wayfarer released him.

"An avalanche of pardons!" he exclaimed, and, apparently not realising that he was wasting words, continued. "If you had a thirst such as has possessed me these past twelve hours, you would understand and forgive my roughness. For three days I have not wet my throat with ale, and the Lord gave me a thirst that water will not quench. An infinite capacity for consuming ale is a blessing and a curse—a blessing when there are full hogsheads, a curse when there is nothing else save water. But, what the devil! Here am I gabbing away to a knave who can neither hear

nor answer me, and who, probably, thinks me mad. Let us deal with him in the ancient language of signs!"

All this time he had ignored the notices on the trees. He put out his tongue, rolled it like a thirsty dog, and simulated drinking a mighty draught. Suddenly, wide-eyed and open mouthed, he saw and read the signs:

WOE UNTO HIM THAT DRINKETH
STRONG LIQUORS.

*

WATER IS THE WINE OF THE
RIGHTEOUS.

*

DRUNKEN ON EARTH: THIRSTY IN
HELL.

*

STRONG DRINK MAKETH MAN
A BEAST.

*

WHO DRINKETH THE BREWS OF
INIQUITY SHALL LAP UP
LIQUID FIRE.

*

"By all that's unholy!" cried the Wayfarer, "an itinerant prig. This is the supreme joke of my existence."

The "itinerant prig" must have sensed something of the Wayfarer's feeling, for a suspicion of satire flickered on his lips.

"Ironical old dog! you shall serve me yet. You must have come from somewhere, unless you are a child of fungus spawn—and, egad! you look it".

The Wayfarer laughed so boisterously that the little man quaked. He began to think that he was really dealing with a madman. Taking a charcoal crayon from his pocket, the Wayfarer stripped a notice from a tree, and scribbled vigorously on the back of it. The little man read, growing red, purple and white by turns.

The scrawl ran:

"Fungus-spawn—itinerant prig—preacher of false doctrines—hearken to me. If you do not tell me whence you come and where I can find an inn, I will cleave your head from

your body and use your skull for a flagon. Therefore, old toadstool, write quickly and the truth."

The Wayfarer offered him the crayon. The "preacher of false doctrines" trembled and shook his head, and his blue lips moved inarticulately. The Wayfarer took this for a refusal and became a mountain of wrath. He was going to grab the preacher, when the little man explained by nervous signs that he could not write, pointing excitedly ahead as the best information he could offer. This setback was the boiling point of the Wayfarer's rage. He grasped his ashplant, twirled it in the air and roared:

"Fly!"

Deaf or not deaf, the little man understood that word, and, with surprising alacrity, sped. He did not, in fact, stay his course for half-an-hour, and then offered up a mute prayer to God for delivering him.

A mood of ill-natured melancholy settled on the Wayfarer. He began to think it would have been better if he had forced the preacher to lead the road to the nearest village, and he had a momentary idea of going after him with that intent. The sun was setting, however, so he decided to push on. He stripped the trees of their taunting tracts, and savagely tore them into shreds. He was about to go when he noticed that the preacher had left his satchel behind.

"By the soul of Falstaff!" he said, "no more of those foul jests shall bring the blush to these fair virgin trees," and he took bundles of the notices from the bag.

"Aha! a fitting sacrifice to my most faithless Baccus."

With his tinder-box and a strip of birch bark he fired his offering, and, sitting down, watched the flames, a half-smile on his mouth. His hand wandered, involuntarily, in the satchel; then it stopped, as a hand does stop when it meets the unexpected. He turned his eyes and his hand drew out a leathern flask. He looked at it with a disdainful sneer.

"I had never thought to foul my lips with water—what did that old prig call it? Ha! the wine of the righteous. Well, for a few moments I will be righteous, for my throat is a chimney-stack."

He raised the bottle to his lips. At the first taste he started, then took away the flask from his mouth, sniffed at it, eagerly replaced it, and swallowed the entire quart without pausing for breath.

It was old ale; ale so old that it was strong as wine. The Wayfarer tossed the flask away.

"O most perfect prig!" he shouted with delight.

Then he lay upon his back, and the valley echoed with his laughter.

The sun had gone, and the vale began to grow dusky. He changed his mind about going farther on, and decided to camp for the night. Some flickers remained in the sacrifice, so he gathered dry twigs and leaves, then searched around for larger sticks. Soon he had a brisk blaze, and, finding a dry, hollow log, he made a fire that would outlast the night. He wrapped his coat tightly about him, and threw himself down beside the fire.

Somewhere in the distance an owl laughed. The Wayfarer mocked the bird, and went to sleep with a smile on his lips.

II

Who lives a life so free and fine

As the roving devil-dodger who delights
in cursing wine?

He walks the hills and dainty dales,

With a sanctimonious hammer and a bag
of pious nails;

He tacks his warnings on the trees

And they prick the guilty consciences of
butterflies and bees;

And when he's feeling faint and pale,

He restores his flagging spirits with a
flask of nut-brown ale.

So toppers take a hearty swig,

To revenge the crafty cunning of the old
itin'rant prig.

He does not work for Hope or pelf,

But he thinks the less that others drink,
the more's left for himself.

It was so early that some birds were yet asleep. In the middle of the clearing, a robin was having a delicious salad of slugs on clover leaves with pearl-dew dressing.

The Wayfarer had already risen, and, munching a piece of stale bread, with occasional nibbles at a lump of equally stale cheese, he smilingly contemplated the verses he had just written.

"Now for a tune to set them to," he said.

He borrowed an old sailor's air that had stuck in his memory, and, by dwelling on certain notes for some syllables of his second lines, found it tuneful enough for his fancy.

"How you like that, Madame Robin?" he mocked. "Does not your dainty breakfast slide down that delicate gullet with greater gusto to the meter of my mellifluous ditty?"

Madame Robin continued to devote all her attention to her succulent breakfast.

"Philistine!" he growled, wrapping up the remainder of his bread and cheese. Then he looked ruefully at the empty flask.

"A provident man," he said, "would have saved a sup for the morrow. But I have the philosophy of the savage in affairs of the thirst, and *carpe diem* is my creed".

Day awakened quickly. The air was full of songs. The mists had curled themselves from the valley, and hung like pillows on the tops of the hills, and the sun came and lusted them like golden fleece. A rabbit skipped almost across his feet.

But the Wayfarer heard nor saw not any of these things. He was wrapped in retrospect; no orderly review, but a turbid fancy that flew from youth to manhood, from middle-age to childhood, like a bewildered kaleidoscope.

A swinging gate—a raft on a tossing sea—bloody swords—a honey-suckle hedge—two dark eyes peeping through an Arabian veil—a dead white face and a dead white hand

with a golden wedding ring—a little laughing girl, snub-nosed, blue-eyed and fair—a slippery deck—a cold, fierce wind and a driving sleet—a tap-room hung around with blue-ringed mugs—a sword hilt-deep in a velvet-broidered vest—a caravan and a moonlit Sphinx—a gypsy dance—a grinning face, skinny and pale—an iceberg gliding like a ghost—a tall old clock at the foot of an oaken stair—a flying kite—a woman who smiled like a gargoyle—a field of daisies—a wounded man crawling in the mire—a broad white sail and a silver moon—a tinkling sleigh scudding across the snow—a valley of vineyards and olives—a row of grinning teeth—a pewter of foaming ale—a little man nailing notices on trees.

He shook himself.

"Lord, that was a quick journey—fifty years in a few minutes. I must be declining to a sentimental dotage. However, to proceed. The day dawns fair and portends well. I think I shall find a haven ere sunset, and then—

I'll sit in the bar where the pewters are
And stay till the last drop's done."

He started off along the trail, but, after a few yards stopped.

"It may be useful," he said.

He turned back, picked up the flask and then resumed his way.

He had not walked very far, when the road again divided. To his left a broad, well-beaten trail went across the valley, and rose in a straight line to the top of a high hill, on whose crest loomed rugged crags, gray and desolate. The valley trail went on, rough and seeming endless, so without any further appeals to the family doctor, he turned to his lucky left, glad of a smoother road for his feet. The road was precipitous, long and dusty. A breeze from the hill tops blew the fine sand into his eyes, and he made for the summit with all speed.

"Curse the wind!" he said.
"The valley was as still as death".



“ ‘Rude’ is not the right adjective for this queer building ”

When he reached the crags, whatever sweet thoughts he had nurtured of a promising perspective were doomed to a sour disappointment. Before his eyes stretched a wide, undulating plateau, covered with long grass and bilberry bush, which rolled like a billowy ocean. He gazed at this dull prospect for a few minutes, and black despair took hold of his soul. He followed the sinuous trail half-mechanically. He was now so high that no other hills were visible, and he might have been walking over a prairie.

For two hours he plodded steadily on, until he stopped, fatigued, and sat down on the ground, chewing bil-

berries to slake his thirst. All at once, he sat motionless, and listened intently. What he heard was a faint “swish—swish” borne on the wind like a fading echo.

It was the unmistakable sound of surf.

“Canario!” he cried, “the sea!” and he rose to his feet and ran along with the exuberance of a holidaying schoolboy.

The whole aspect of existence was suddenly changed. Where the sea is there are ships and boats, and where there are ships and boats there are men, and where there are men there is ale. Now, on the distant sky-line, his

keen, bright eyes saw the tossing water.

On his left, about a mile ahead, he could see the gray smoke of a fire, now mounting as straight as Abel's sacrifice, now floating like a trailing veil, now scattered like a snow flurry. It appeared to come from some habitation among a group of granite rocks, evidently at the end of the table-land.

"A sail! A sail!" he sang, and sped onward with increased might.

Within a quarter-of-a-mile from the rocks, he thought he discerned a hut. The lash of the water was music to his mind, and, mingled with the smacking waves, he fancied he heard the sound of men.

He was so excited, as he neared the hut, that he did not notice a tall, hard-faced man, dressed in rough corduroy, who stepped quickly behind a huge boulder. If the Wayfarer could have seen this watcher's face, as the dark eyes peered wickedly, he would have seen a rock smiling. But his entire thoughts were centered on the hut.

Rude is not the right adjective for this queer building; "hut" is an euphemism. It had the symmetry of an idiot's architecture, and a savage would have disdained it as a home. The Wayfarer studied it with a puzzled, comical air, wondering what strange sort of creature would live in such a place. It was built of pieces of wood of all shapes and sizes, mud, stones and barrel staves. Soil was the mortar cementing this motley material, and weeds and grasses covered it like a moulting beard. One end was rounded like a horse's rump; the other rose to twice the height, giving one side the appearance of a giant's chair. On the roof were many jagged rocks, as big as a strong man might hurl. The door was the most consistent part. This was of knotted oak.

If the Wayfarer had lived in a later age, he would, probably, have instantly recognized in this crazy *tout ensemble* the art of *camouflage*; but

gladness left no room in his brain for speculation, and he glowed as he saw a huge key in the door.

"I am apparently expected," he said in his delight.

He was.

He knocked confidently at the door with his ashplant, and immediately a deep voice cried:

"Come in!"

He pushed open the heavy door, and strode in with the air of a proprietor. He not only strode in, but he strode down; for, no sooner had his foot entered than he felt himself falling through a gap, and he hit with a thud on a hard floor. He heard a swift movement on the floor above, daylight was shut out from him by a massive trap-door which dropped above his head, and the same deep voice cried down to him:

"Now, yer swine, we've got yer at last!"

Many and strange were the dark places in which the Wayfarer had been, but this was the darkest of them all. The blackness smothered him. He groped warily; it was like feeling a way through soot. The air was vile, but, to the prisoner, there was an odour in it that thrilled his pulses. He rubbed a sore knee, and sniffed ecstatically. In many a lurching cabin had he smelled such fumes. Somewhere about him there was rum, and rum in plenty. So powerful were the fumes that they almost satisfied his thirst.

"By all the sunken sailors!" he laughed, "what a jest! Providence, you are a humourist". He pinched his nose. "But, friend nose, though I have an infinite regard for you, you are taking an unfair advantage of your brother mouth. Deny yourself like a true Christian, till I get my breath, or your greediness will make you drunk."

He closed his nostrils, and breathed deeply of the heavy air.

"Tis not the same. For once the sense of smell imparts the more enjoyment."

He stopped his soliloquy as he heard the man of the deep voice call loudly, like a foghorn,

"Hi! Hi! Jacko! Hi!"

Then followed several sharp screeches, as of someone whistling with his fingers in his mouth.

The Wayfarer listened a moment, and, hearing nothing further, started to explore his cell. Groping about, he could feel nothing but casks, piled tier upon tier. The ceiling was about nine feet high and he hurt his knuckles as he leaped to test its height. There was, apparently, no other exit but the trap-door. He was walled on three sides by casks, and on the other by rocks, all unhealthily moist. He lifted down a cask to the floor—it held, probably four gallons—and, with a mighty stamp of his heel, smashed in the head. The liquor drenched him, and he laughed noisily.

"Great Bacchus?" he cried, "a few short minutes ago I was as dry as a wooden god, and now—faith, I'll have to revise my song:

I'll lie in the pit where the rum casks sit
And stay till the last drop's done.

"Hallo! Voices."

The man with the deep voice had evidently found Jacko, for the Wayfarer heard a new tongue calling him to attention.

"Well, Mr. Excise, what think ye of us surrendering our liquor to ye? Didn't think ye could find it so easy did ye? Nice little haul for one man to capture, ain't it? I said one man, ye swine, an' I should 'a' said one swine, 'cause we've got yer four men, Excise, all tied up in an open boat an' floatin' on the Scarther Rocks. Nice little bit of poetic revenge, ain't it, Excise? Payin' ye back in yer own filthy coin, eh? Pretty little gen'lemanly trick ye played on the captain's brother, wasn't it? To cast him in a open boat, trussed like a fowl, an' shootin' him from the shore till ye got him in the back an' he fell in the boat. But we got him, ye bloody swine of hell, an' we saved his life, an' we're

goin' to fetch him, an' my God this is yer last day on this earth, Mr. Excise—bloody swine!"

The Wayfarer listened to this tirade with intense interest. When it was over, he laughed and shouted:

"You smuggling idiots!—you've got the wrong swine. I'm no exciseman, but a true worshipper at the shrine. Let me out!"

He was answered by loud jeering laughter, and the deep-voiced man called back:

"We'll let yer out, Excise—out in a open boat. Yer've got an hour to wash yer dirty soul."

He heard them go, and ruminated on his position with mixed feelings. Firstly, he was under no misapprehension. They would recognize their error as soon as they saw him, and his ship's discharge would prove his identity as a person not interested in the impeachment of smugglers.

"But," he mused, "in an hour I shall probably be as drunk as Roger, and that means insensibility."

Again, he was by no means impressed by his quarters, the air of which was increasingly heavy since the cask was broken. He scooped up a drink in his two hands, then remembered the flask.

"I knew you'd be useful," he said, and filled it.

After a few seconds more of bewildered cogitation, he heard footsteps on the floor above. Then, with cautious delight, he heard the bolt drawn and the trap-door was slowly raised.

"Would you like to come up?" asked a hard, suave voice.

The Wayfarer laughed. He hadn't heard such cultured tones, despite their harshness, for many days. He could not see the man, though he peered eagerly about.

"Nothing," he answered, "would give me greater satisfaction, my preserver—that is unless you are the captain with a vendetta on his mind, in which case, I would much prefer you to come down here."

"Give me an answer, sir!" The words came like a pistol shot.

"Hearken!" the reply cracked back. "My unexpected lifter of trap-doors, my bolt from the blue—my—my *deus ex machina*—if I choose to stay here, I stay, if I desire to go, then I obey my desire."

"Be quick, man, there is no time for chatter. Promise to help me and you shall escape."

"I make no promises in the dark, but I will come up, and we'll see if we cannot arrive at an agreeable arrangement."

He overturned the broken cask, stood upon it, then raised himself through the opening. The stranger made no offer to help him. The Wayfarer stood and looked at him, with the air of one judging a horse, and found him a tall, stone-faced man, with eyes as hard as diamonds. His frame was athletic, and the close-fitting corduroy suit gave an impression of hardy litheness. His face was bronzed by weather, and wore a close-trimmed beard. He had a pistol in his hand and another in his belt.

"To whom do I owe—and so forth?" glibly queried the Wayfarer.

The stranger answered by showing an exciseman's license.

"Ah!" said the Wayfarer, "I must apologize for trespassing in your private sanctum. It was you, then, whom I had the brief honour of impersonating?"

"Come, no banter," snapped the exciseman. "Who are you?"

"My name is Caprice—I am the King of—but no—I fear your sense of humour is not large enough to relish it. However, you spoke of a service. What is it? I presume you heard the gentle threats those merry fellows showered upon me—I beg your pardon, you!"

They were both standing in the doorway.

"Yes, I heard, and know everything. Take this gun. In half-an-hour they will be back. We will post behind those rocks and get them just

as they are going from the landing into the hut."

"Get them?"

"Shoot them—we cannot miss at that range."

"Tell me—do you think they were sincere—I mean about that open boat?"

The exciseman smiled grimly.

"Two more questions—Lieutenant, isn't it?—then I'm ready for you. Did you know the trap I was walking into?"

The exciseman nodded, with a helish smile.

"And did you really, my dear Lieutenant—did you actually shoot the captain's brother, as he lay tied there in the boat?"

"Why not?"

"I see you are a brave gentleman who deserves to gain his end. Close the trap-door and we will take our ambush."

The exciseman leaned down to lower the door, and the Wayfarer pushed him into the pit. There was one hoarse scream, as the trap-door fell with a slam, then silence.

"Yes," said the Wayfarer, "you are certainly a gentleman who deserves to gain his end."

Then he walked to the table, pocketed a handful of biscuits, closed the door of the hut, and strode back swiftly across the plateau.

III.

"Was I biased against that fellow because he was an exciseman?" mused the Wayfarer. "No, I think not. I believe I would have done the same for a fellow-worshipper. By blazes! I am sure a fellow-worshipper could not earn a fate like that. Perhaps he broke his neck, when I pushed—when he fell into the cellar. I hope—come, come, no sentiment—gad! I was almost sorry for him then. 'T would be a waste of pity. Poetic justice is the justest of all ends. And I almost told him I was the King of Fate! What a reminiscent air this plateau has! And that duleet Jacko spoke

about the Scarther Rocks. When I was a boy—no—it cannot be—that coast must be twenty miles from here. However, here we are back at the other edge of the table—let us drink to the soul of the exciseman. Hell!”

He had left his flask in the pit. He raised his hands above his head and cried aloud:

“All the gods unite and smite me a blow that will scatter me into particles of dust! May I freeze and burn and thirst for a million years! If any knave had told me such a thing was possible I would have cleft him. Faugh! Fool—idiot—dotard!”

He spoke the last word with intense derision, and smote his head with his fists.

“I will put you into a song that will make you the laughing-stock of all good drinkers.”

Considerably strengthened by the rum he had inbibed and inhaled in the pit, he had made his way back across the table-land in less than two hours. It was with no sense of fear that he had made such haste. Though toughened by many adventures on land and sea, the drama which was to be played in that rocky bay chilled him. Combat he revelled in; murder he abhorred. He held himself no party to this murder, but looked upon himself as a dispenser of justice. In the first case, the exciseman had brazenly admitted the atrocity in the boat, and, in the second case, had deliberately allowed him to walk into the trap, where anything, even a dagger or a bullet, might have been awaiting him. The exciseman was quite aware of such contingencies, and the smile with which he answered the Wayfarer’s inquiry betrayed a diabolical indifference. So the Wayfarer had clenched his teeth and decided that he was just. Such thoughts had been his companions on his journey back.

He sat down on a stone, the picture of misery; but his emotions rose from earth to heaven, as airily as a swallow. He considered the leaving of the flask

a judgment upon him, and cried quits with Fate. So, much brightened, he arose, and, spying a raspberry bush crimson with berries, produced his stale biscuits and dined with the gusto of a gourmand.

He took his crayon from his pocket, and jotted on the back of his ship’s discharge. Anon he smiled, wagged his forefinger, as though beating time, frowned, with a flash of the eyes got the inspiration he wanted, and, in fact, went through all the attitudes of poetical composition according to popular conception. His knack of extemporization did not seem to work with its wonted facility. He finished, however, at last, saying with a sigh:

“What I lack is ale. When the ale flows, the words flow also. When a man—a beer-loving man—is thirsty his brain is as dry as his tongue. I think I have a tune to fit this ditty,” and he started to hum a rattling measure:

“What it is makes a sad man glad?
Foaming ale! Foaming ale!
What is it cheers when news is bad?
Foaming ale! Foaming ale!
What is the greatest joy to be had?
Foaming ale! Foaming ale!
Drown all sorrows and soothes all pain,
Banishes care, turns loss to gain,
Gives to laughter freest of rein,
Fo-aming—foaming ale!

What is sunshine to cloudy life?
Foaming ale! Foaming ale!
What is sweeter than sweetest wife!
Foaming ale! Foaming ale!
What is the peace to end all strife?
Foaming ale! Foaming ale!
Heartens the weak, strengthens the brave,
Snap the chains of the bonded slave,
Makes meanest hut enchanted cave,
Fo-aming—foaming ale!

He sang it over again, with a voice like a tombstone that had a cornet’s sparkle.

“When I reach my inn,” he said, “I’ll shake the rafters and the landlord shall ply me till I can sing no more. Then, when I awake, I will write a roundelay upon his blue-ringed mugs, and the worthy man shall frame it in his bar and show it

to all true-drinking men. Meanwhile, the day goes on, and I am still no nearer to my haven. Bacchus! Faugh! I make no more appeals to you—you have deserted me—or, peradventure, he is in the sleep of wine. Aha! therein lies the explanation. Selfish god, awake! Convert me into a rubber ball that I may descend this hillside in a trice—then change me into a thistle-down, ask your old friend Boreas for a breeze, and puff me over the hills and through the open window of Paradise Inn. Then, good Bacchus, when you have brought me back again unto my thirsty self, I'll quaff you in a bumper. I wonder where that accursed valley trail leads to?"

The steep hill sent him down at a half-run, and, when he reached the foot, he threw himself on the grass and panted. After he had regained his breath, he picked up the valley trail where he had left it, and, after an hour's painful travel, struck a cart-road which skirted the edge of a huge, basin-like moor. The dried-up bed of the stream turned abruptly to the left, running, companion-like, alongside the cart-road for a while; though the latter rose a little, and gradually left it.

Glad to be on an even surface again, the Wayfarer resumed his jauntiness. The wild hills on his left grew more distant; the country began to wear a more hospitable aspect, and he had a premonition that rest was near at hand; a premonition purely, for there was nothing that the eye could see to give him hope.

Once he stopped, and scored a white, sandy blot between the wheel-tracks with the description, "Patience Road". At another place, he drew an arrow pointing to "Paradise Inn". On a smooth, yellow rock, whereon he rested, he inscribed "Hope Stone". Thus he beguiled the toilsome road.

Time was passing quickly, too. He observed, almost with a shock of surprise, that the sun had already begun to dip behind the hills. He hurried

on, not relishing the idea of another roofless night, and peered into the west, where the sun had swathed the moorlands with gold. The purple scarves of heather seemed to be reflected in the sky, but with infinitely more delicate tints. The east now wore the sapphire cloak of even, dotted with faint, fiery beads. He imagined he could make out the steeple of a church, and his heart glowed, for experience had taught him that where the church was also was the inn.

The sun sank down, and left his crimson train trailing across the sky. Birds were twittering, as though they said staccato prayers, or, like uneasy people, could not settle in their beds. Two meadow-larks, somewhere about him, were quarrelling with a sweet shrillness, as if madame were upbraiding her master for a tardy homecoming. Then the night came, and, like a skilled painter, daubed the sky with a splash of wondrous blue. There was no moon, but starry millions illumined the hot, moist, breathless darkness, as with the very ghost of light, and silence seemed to muffle all the earth.

The Wayfarer might have been the only man.

He heard the sweet pealing of a not-far-distant bell. Ah! sweet bell!—it echoed through his frame and he ran gladly on over a rise which had blotted out the obscure view.

He stopped sharply. A furlong distant danced a yellow light. Hope surged to his head like a sea, and he bounded forward, yelling joy. The church bell rang louder, as if sharing his exultation.

The light, now but a hundred yards away, moved with alternate rhythmic swings and nervous jerks. Something odd in this movement halted him. A figure ran past him, obliquely from the moor behind, startling him so that he jumped aside.

Suddenly, the light disappeared—so abruptly that the Wayfarer knew that somebody had feared and been discovered. A sad, soft wail broke on

the air, and the Wayfarer, peering into the gloom ahead, saw a kneeling something on the road. Incautiously, he approached it and beheld a youthful face, white with despair, belonging to a stripling just grown man.

"What in the—" the Wayfarer stopped.

The Youth looked up.

"Who are you?" he said, "and what do you want?"

The Wayfarer laughed.

"My name is Caprice," he cried. "I am the King of Fate. Tell me your sorrows, boy—I will sing them all away."

He sat down on the road beside the Youth, and placed a hand upon his shoulder. There was a vivid sympathy in his presence which impelled the Youth to tell his tale. When he had finished, the Wayfarer rose immediately.

"A wooden gate—a privet-hedge—a tottering old uncle—O boy, effeminate, weakling boy! Why in the name of freedom don't you hurl him into eternity? If *my* love were prisoned in a castle of steel, I'd drag down stars and cast them at its gates."

They both sprang to their feet. The light had shone again, then, in a moment, disappeared. From the house came a scream, suppressed, but intense in the stillness.

"Margaret!" wailed the Youth.

The Wayfarer snapped his stick in twain. Something, too, seemed to snap within his brain.

"What is this uncle's name?" he asked.

The Youth told him, and the Wayfarer roared an oath.

"Wait there," he said and rushed towards the house.

He returned in an incredibly short time, and with him a slip of a girl with frightened face, snub-nosed, blue-eyed and fair.

The Youth's eyes glistened with amazed delight, and his lips trembled so that he could not speak.

"Here, boy," said the Wayfarer, "you don't deserve her—but maybe you'll make her happy. After all, that is the main thing. Remember this—you two—Happiness is the only thing in life." Then he added, sententiously, "Happiness and ale—and ale is the quintessence."

The Youth found a tongue. With a tremulous arm around the girl, he whispered:

"What have you done?"

The Wayfarer laughed, and in his laugh there were joy and tears.

"Did I not tell you I am the King of Fate?"

"O what can I do to repay you?" asked the Youth.

To the Youth the answer was grotesque; it was merely inevitable.

"Direct me to the nearest inn!"

As the Youth and his love walked over the moor, they heard the voice of the Wayfarer singing a roystering song, and they listened in silence until it ended like a dying spark.

Half-an-hour later, the Wayfarer raised on high a blue-ringed mug.

"To my daughter's happiness!" he said.



THE HISTORY OF A PICTURE

BY E. ALFRED JONES



AMONG the exhibits in the Canadian War Memorials Exhibition at the Royal Academy in the Spring of 1918, none of the older pictures created greater interest than Benjamin West's work, "The Death of Wolfe," presented to the Dominion of Canada by the Duke of Westminster in appreciation of the noble part taken by the Canadians in the great war, an appreciation which is shared by Britons everywhere.

The history of this picture begins with its exhibition by the artist at the Royal Academy in the year 1771, when it was bought by the present donor's ancestor, Lord Grosvenor, for £400. It is of interest from the fact that West—the first American member and second President of the Royal Academy—daringly departed from past traditions of painting warriors in classical dress in military pictures by showing the various personages in the uniforms and dress of his own time. Strict historical accuracy is not expected in trifling details in a picture, but in this instance Benjamin West has dared to reconstruct history by including the portraits of officers who were certainly not present at the death of Wolfe, or for that matter were not even at the memorable battle of Quebec.

The evidence for this statement is forthcoming not only from published material, but also from a document in the Public Record Office, now, it is believed, published for the first time. Before referring to this document in detail, a list of the names of some of the officers included in this picture, from the catalogue of the pictures at Grosvenor House, may now be conveniently given.* In this catalogue are the following names: Lieutenant-General Robert Monckton, who was wounded in leading Lascelles's regiment; Mr. Adair, the surgeon, who is supporting Wolfe on the left; and Captain Hervey Smith,† in the act of supporting the dying hero on the right. The other officers named in the catalogue are Colonels Isaac Barré and Adam Williamson, Captain Debbieg and Sir William Howe, the latter being in Indian dress. Wolfe's faithful Highlander and his orderly sergeant are also included. The other four figures in the picture are not mentioned by name in the catalogue.‡

An engraving by Wale after Grignion, engraved for Sydney's History of England in 1775, is entitled "General Wolfe expiring in the arms of a Grenadier and Volunteer at the Siege of Quebec". In this engraving only these two figures support Wolfe, while a third in uniform is running towards them.

*The catalogue was done by John Young, mezzotint engraver, and etchings of the pictures are included.

†Captain Hervey Smith's profile sketch of Wolfe is in the Royal United Service Institution.

‡The picture is reproduced in "The Life and Letters of Wolfe," by Beckles Willson, 1909 as is also another picture of the same subject, showing three figures.

The celebrated monument to Wolfe by Wilton, in Westminster Abbey (which has aroused greater interest than ever because of the Canadian flags deposited on it during the great war), is more modest in its attempt to portray the last moments of the victor of Quebec. Here no officer is included. All the glory is bestowed on the Grenadier who supports the body of Wolfe and on the Highland sergeant who looks sorrowfully down. It may perhaps be mentioned in passing that a contemporary protest was made against the damage done to the monument of Sir Francis Vere by the workmen in erecting the Wolfe memorial.*

The name of the faithful Highland sergeant had remained in obscurity until an examination of the Compassionate Fund disclosed it. The name was John McPherson, who is described in the documents in question as "orderly sergeant to General Wolfe when he fell", and who was clearly a man of valour and general merit to have earned a commission as an ensign in the 78th Regiment of Foot (Seaforth Highlanders) on 5th October, 1760, at a time when class distinctions were sharply drawn and commissions in the army were obtained by purchase for the most part. The 78th was disbanded at the conclusion of the Seven Years' War in 1763 and John McPherson was placed on half-pay. He died in September, 1815, in his native Scotland, leaving a widow, Jean, and five daughters, in much distress, which was relieved by grants of money from the Compassionate Fund, on the recommendations of the ministers of Laggan and Kingussie.

According to a statement of one Captain Knox there was considerable if not unseemly competition among certain officers to announce to the world their presence at the death of the immortal Wolfe. This officer al-

leges that "various accounts have been circulated of General Wolfe's manner of dying, his last words, and the officers into whose hands he fell; and many, from a vanity of talking, claimed the honour of being his supporters, after he was wounded". Captain Knox is very emphatic in his assertion that only four persons were present at the death of Wolfe, namely, Lieutenant Henry Brown, of the Grenadiers of Louisburg and of the 22nd Foot, who with a volunteer (Mr. Henderson) of the same company and a private carried him to the rear. The fourth was an artillery officer not named, who rushed to their assistance. Lieutenant Brown, writing to his father, says that Wolfe died in his arms.

Benjamin West, if contemporary evidence is reliable, was guilty of a base attempt to extort money from the seeker after unmerited honour by offering to represent in this picture the portraits of officers who were in no-wise connected with this mournful occasion. For example, the daughter of Colonel (afterwards General) John Hale, in command of the 47th Foot (Loyal North Lancashire Regiment), alleges that the artist offered to include her father's portrait in this picture for a consideration of £100, a substantial sum in the currency of that time. But the worthy colonel refused to yield to the temptation to be immortalized in the picture of an historical event in which he had not been an actor.†

Another version of the story has been told by Colonel Lewis Butler in his history of the 60th, or King's Royal Rifles, formerly the Royal American Regiment. The author accepts the statement of Mr. Henry J. Morgan in his "Biographies of Celebrated Canadians" that Wolfe fell into the arms of Lieutenant J. F. W. Des Barres, military engineer and aide-de-camp to Wolfe.

*"Gentleman's Magazine", Vol. 42, pp. 517-8.

†A. G. Doughty and G. W. Parmelee "The Siege of Quebec and the Battle of the Plains of Abraham", 1901, Vol. III., Chapter XI.

The name of one more claimant for the honour of being represented in West's picture must be added to this list, namely, that of Colonel William Stark, of Londonderry, New Hampshire, the commander of the New England troops in the capture of Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Louisburg and Quebec, who, stung by the refusal of the Assembly of the Province to give him the command of a regiment early in the American war of Independence, transferred his allegiance to the British and died from the effects of a fall from his horse at the battle of Long Island, a colonel in the provincial service.* This American officer is said to be represented in the picture in the act of holding Wolfe in his arms.†

Major Robert Bayard, a member of a prominent New York family, who was then a captain in the Royal American Regiment — a regiment which shared with the Highlanders and the 15th and 58th Regiments the brunt of the sharpshooting on the left flank—and was near Wolfe when he fell, deserved inclusion in the picture more than some of the illustrious persons shown. At his death in 1819, Major Bayard is supposed to have been the last surviving officer who fought under Wolfe at Quebec.‡

The document mentioned early in this article as containing a criticism of the inclusion of portraits of certain officers who were not present on the Heights of Abraham at the moment of Wolfe's death was written by Major Samuel Holland and is as follows: " . . . lost his protector whilst holding his wounded arm at the time he [Wolfe] expired, though for reasons (best known to Mr. West the painter) your memorialist was not admitted amongst the groups presented by that artist as being attendant on the general in his glorious exit, but others

are exhibited in that painting who never were in battle."

Sabine in his "Biographies of American Loyalists" mentions that Major Holland was near Wolfe when he fell.

The career of this officer may be briefly stated. In 1756 he went out to America as lieutenant in the 4th Battalion of the Royal American Regiment. In 1758 at Louisburg, Wolfe "did him the honour to admit him as one of the family and entrusted him with carrying on his attack from the north-east harbour to the west gate when the town capitulated". In the campaign of the following year, after the attack on Montmorency Heights, Holland was recommended by Wolfe for promotion on 31st July.§ He acted as chief engineer in the defence of Quebec after Major McKellar was wounded on the 28th April, 1760.

Captain Samuel Holland left Canada in September, 1762, with the object of obtaining leave to serve in a military capacity in Portugal, but on his arrival in London the praises of Wolfe for his services at Louisburg, as well as the good reports of the Duke of Richmond and General James Murray (Governor of Canada, 1762-66), on Holland's achievement in making maps of the settled parts of Canada, induced the King to dissuade him from his projected voyage to Portugal and he accepted the appointment of Surveyor of the Province of Quebec and afterwards Surveyor General of the Northern district of America.

Settling in 1773 in New Hampshire on a grant of about 3,000 acres of land "in the township of Rumney and Campton, called Hollandville", Captain Holland sold his commission in the army for the sum of £1,500, which he devoted to the improvement

*Appleton "Cyclopædia of American Biography", Vol. I, p. 653.

†J. H. Stark, "The Loyalists of Massachusetts", p. 293.

‡"Gentleman's Magazine", Vol. 89, p. 48.

§The commission is dated 24 August, 1759.



THE DEATH OF WOLFE

From the Printing by Benjamin West. Presented to Canada by the Duke of Westminster

of his property by clearing and cultivating the land and erecting necessary dwellings and other buildings. Hardly had he got settled in his new home than the Revolution broke out. In their endeavours to wean him from his loyalty to Great Britain, the Americans offered him a commission as Chief Engineer or Master of Artillery, but the loyal captain rejected with indignation and contempt all the attempts to seduce him from his loyalty.

In November, 1775, Captain Holland was sent to England with despatches for Lord George Germain, and returned to America in the following year as aide-de-camp to General Heister, in command of the Hessians. Holland was now a general field officer with the local rank of major in America, his commission being dated 4th March, 1776. From this position as aide-de-camp to Heister he resigned in 1777 for reasons not at present known. Holland's opinion of the "arch plunderers", as the Hessian general was called by the American loyalists, and of the fighting qualities of the Hessian troops, would be both valuable and diverting, and would doubtless confirm the British Commander-in-chief's desire for his recall and Howe's caustic comment that he trembled to think what may happen if Heister remained another campaign, so exceedingly unsteady was he and so entirely averse from taking the Hessians into action.* Major Samuel Holland was also in a position to divulge some such episodes in Heister's career of plunder in America as his effrontery in offering for sale a loyalist's house in New York which had been granted for his temporary use there.

After his resignation as aide-de-camp to Heister, Major Holland raised the Royal Guides and Pioneers, composed mainly of loyalists, and accompanied this corps to Danbury,

Connecticut, under Tyron. He was also present at the capture of Fort Montgomery on the 16th October, 1777, when the New York Volunteers distinguished themselves.

General Haldimand now demanded the services of Major Holland in Canada, where he served for the remainder of the war.

Holland makes a grave charge against Wolfe's military engineer, Joseph F. W. Barres (one of the figures in West's picture), of cheating him of the benefits arising from the publication of his maps and plans of North America, which he had made during a period of ten years. Des Barres is remembered for his adaptation of the maps, plans and charts of North America, not only of those of Major Holland, but also those of that interesting figure, John Gerard W. de Braham and others.

The New Hampshire property of Major Samuel Holland was confiscated and in part sold by the State during the American war of Independence. Portions of it were granted by the State of New Hampshire as rewards for services in the war to one Captain Edward Everett (taken prisoner at the Cedars), who was given a tavern on the Holland estate, and to one Peter Mayhew, who received a farm. Among others who were in possession of the Holland landed property in 1787 were Colonel Stephen Peabody and Major Samuel Atkinson, whether by gift or purchase is not clear from the documents. Major Holland suffered the further mortification of losing all his private papers, deeds and bonds through the dishonesty of John Hurd, a well-known lawyer of New Hampshire, to whom he had entrusted them by power of attorney in 1774. Hurd was secretary to John Wentworth, the loyalist Governor of New Hampshire, as well as the holder of other public offices, and is described by his victim as a

*Hist. Mss. Commission. "Report on the Stafford Sackville Mss". Vol. II., pp. 54, 72.

"grievous rebel, a traitor to his King and an ungrateful villain to his benefactor, Governor Wentworth", and as one who was so dishonest as not to have repaid Holland a loan of £50.*

For the loss of his New Hampshire property, Major Samuel Holland was awarded by the British Government the sum of £1,500 as compensation from his claim of £2,381.12s.†

Holland died in Canada in 1801, a member of the executive and legislative councils. His only surviving son, John Frederick Holland, was barrackmaster and ordnance storekeeper in Prince Edward Island, where he died in 1845. Another son, Henry, had predeceased him. His nephew, Lieutenant-Colonel Bouchette, was employed as a draughtsman in his office and at length succeeded him as Surveyor General of Lower Canada.

A forgotten episode in the life of General Wolfe deserves mention here. Doctor Sylvester Gardiner, the well-

known loyalist, of Boston, Massachusetts, states in his memorial‡ that on one occasion in the stirring times of the war against the French in North America an express coming by way of Boston with despatches from Amherst for Wolfe, then near Quebec, applied to Thomas Pownall, the Governor of Massachusetts; but the express refused to crave for help from that source, giving as a reason that an unhappy division subsisted between Amherst and Pownall. Realizing the urgency of the matter, Dr. Gardiner took the express down to his own vessel in the harbour and sailed with him to Kennebec, disembarking him after a passage of sixteen hours. By performing this service, Dr. Gardiner enabled the express—the only one of three who had started by different routes—to reach Quebec in time to enable Wolfe to win his memorable victory of Quebec. Unhappily, the contents of this despatch are not disclosed.

*Public Record Office: A. O. 12/26, fos. 243-256; A. O. 13/13; A. O. 13/96 A. O. Account Various, 396.

†Ibid. A.O. 12/109.

‡Ibid. A.O. 13/45.



THE ONLOOKERS

BY WILLIAM HUGO PABKE



HE Gratton House used to stand for all that was fine, dignified and decent. The pathos in this statement lies in the tense.

When a hotel begins to slip, then slide, it is only a little while, such a very little while, until the downhill movement becomes a veritable tumble into unspeakable depths. People used to say with a bit of an uplift of the head: "I am stopping at the Gratton House." Again the past tense. That was twelve years ago—even ten or nine; it takes some little time for the credulous to lose faith. Four or five years ago people said: "I've a room over at the Gratton—couldn't get in anywhere else." A trifle apologetic, you see. At the time this story opens nobody admitted that they patronized the old house—nobody except Mr. Burlingame, that is.

Mr. Burlingame had occupied two pleasant rooms on the south side of the house ever since he came to the city some twelve years ago. He was connected with the Parker-Huitt people—something to do with figures. Not that he had ever told anyone that he was an accountant—he was an extremely reticent man—but there was something about his neat mouse-gray clothes, his thick-lensed glasses and the slight stoop to his thin shoulders that cried "figures" at one.

The Gratton House had been a pleasant place when Mr. Burlingame unpacked his cases, arranged his books to his liking in the two rooms and called them his home. The house had been full of agreeable, pleasant people—men on important business missions

with a little time in the evenings to visit and chat and make friends. There were also tourists visiting the rapidly-growing city. These were people of consequence, men who had made theirs and were now taking it easy. Their wives were charming-mannered and well-groomed. Most of these people took to Mr. Burlingame and asked him to drop in during the evening for a game of whist or just to talk. Mr. Burlingame didn't talk much nor well, but he enjoyed listening and was therefore welcome.

Truly it was a pleasant place to live during the last two years that old Mr. Gratton managed his property. Mr. Burlingame often congratulated himself. The smoothness of his existence made up for much that he lost by being a bachelor. Sometimes he felt that he was perhaps missing more than he knew, but some keen traveler would arrive the next day who was a chess enthusiast and then he would be entirely happy again for a week or ten days until his new-found antagonist moved on.

There were a great many partings in Mr. Burlingame's life. It was borne in upon him time and time again that he had no friends; his acquaintanceships were all transient, fleeting. There came a day when it seemed to him that the pain of losing a new friend more than made up for the pleasure of taking a stranger into his life and going part way with him along the road of intimacy.

This thought came shortly after Mr. Gratton's death. One Jones, from nowhere in particular, took over the management of the house. During

the succeeding months Mr. Burlingame found it increasingly difficult to find amongst the guests one who could play chess. The women who accompanied the new-comers wore clothes that were not quite to his taste. Some of them were elegant enough, but it was not exactly the quiet elegance to which the Gratton House, and incidentally Mr. Burlingame, had become accustomed. Styles were changing he decided after a while.

One of the chief charms of the Gratton House had been its unostentatiousness; everything about it had been in excellent taste, a bit heavy perhaps we would consider it to-day, but solid and fine. The dining-room was a trifle sombre; there was an entire absence of gilt. The furnishings were dark but rich. It had been the guests themselves who had made the room splendid in the old days. There was now a continual popping of corks during the dinner hour. Mr. Burlingame did not quite approve. He himself was an abstainer; but he was tolerant, quite tolerant of other people's foibles. It was growing too pronounced, however, this hilariousness. Customs were changing he thought with a little feeling of sadness. Evidently our best people were becoming more self-indulgent than of yore. Yes, that must be it. Of course, these guests were the "best people"; that was the class to which the house had catered these many years.

Jones, from nowhere in particular, seemed not to be able to make both ends meet. He dropped the reins and returned whence he had come, namely, nowhere in particular. He was succeeded by Gus Schneider, who announced that he had had metropolitan experience. He spoke only vaguely of his past activities. Some of the habitués of the old house said he had been connected with a small brewery and had looked after a chain of cafés. This, however, never happened to reach Mr. Burlingame's ears. Gus spent most of his time oscillating between the bar and the rotunda. He was usually in his shirtsleeves.

Speaking of the rotunda, it had been Mr. Burlingame's habit to sit for a while after dinner each evening in this spacious, pleasant room watching the people. It was here that he had made innumerable charming acquaintances. He sighed sometimes when he thought how transitory had been these blossoming friendships. These men had all gone back to their own or with their own, leaving him behind always. He wished that he himself had some of his own to go to. It was in the rotunda that he had issued and accepted challenges for the thrilling chess matches in the old days. It was strange he thought that no one played chess nowadays.

One evening he sat on his favourite divan in the rotunda; it had been his particular coign of vantage for longer than he cared to think about. He looked about him. There were no charming ladies eagerly making engagements for theatre parties or whist. In fact there were no ladies at all. Here and there in the deep chairs sat furtive-eyed men, silent for the most part. In one corner was a small group speaking in whispers with their heads close together.

A stranger entered the room. He looked to right and left — a swift, piercing glance. He was conservatively dressed, a very gentlemanly appearing man thought Mr. Burlingame. The stranger crossed the room with an all-compelling sort of manner and sat down on the other end of the divan.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Burlingame diffidently after a few moments of silent appraisal; "do you play chess?"

The stranger sat very still for a long moment. It seemed as though he hadn't heard. His quick eyes turned suddenly toward Mr. Burlingame.

"Chess?" he said out of one corner of his mouth. "Hell, no! If you want to sit into a little draw or stud, though, I'm your man!"

"Sorry!" murmured Mr. Burlingame. He seemed to shrink into himself. He was careful after that not to address strange gentlemen no matter how conservative their apparel.

Mounting the stairs slowly later in the evening he became conscious for the first time of the all-pervading mustiness in the atmosphere. The corridors fairly reeked of neglect and decay. The thick-piled carpets on the stairs and in the hallways were worn and shabby. He was reminded of that fact very painfully as his foot caught in a hole in the carpet near his rooms and he fell sprawling. A guffaw and a giggle sounded simultaneously from both ends of the long corridor. He rose rather shakily and cast a shamed glance to right and left. The shame that he felt was not for himself. The rest of the evening he spent alone in his rooms trying to read. He did not turn over the page for an hour, however. The sounds of the old house were too insistent; he had become too acutely conscious of them.

These sounds seeped in through door and wall, over transom; there was no escaping them. The vulgar laugh of vulgar men penetrated the quiet, studious room. Sometimes Mr. Burlingame fancied that he could catch a word, a phrase, which left him shuddering. Sleep was out of the question on this night of his first awakening. As the night merged into the new day the sounds became more sinister. The rumble of bass voices mingled with the higher note of women's laughter, sometimes recklessly gay, again shrilling with the hysteria of over-stimulation.

Toward dawn Mr. Burlingame fell asleep with an aching pity in his breast. If the truth be told there was a great deal of self-pity mixed up with his other emotions. This was his home! He knew no other; for years he had not contemplated having another. And now it was invaded by the Hun!

In the morning he awoke to a miserable sense of impending disaster. Strange to say the thought of moving away had not entered his head. He had taken root in this soil; his life was bound up in these two rooms that so perfectly expressed him. It seemed an impossibility for him to

divorce himself from these surroundings, this home. That is to say, it would have seemed impossible had the thought of moving entered his head; but it hadn't—as yet. He merely agonized over the invasion.

He bathed, dressed and shaved with his usual care, and at half-past eight left his room to go down to breakfast. The Gratton House at this hour was like a tomb; it was the middle of the sleeping-period for most of its present guests. Mr. Burlingame had noticed recently that the chambermaids made up the rooms later and later in the day. He had wondered at it innocently. The week before he had come upon a maid in his corridor tidying up a room late in the afternoon. She came out of the unoccupied, littered chamber carrying a huge tray of empty bottles and glasses. Mr. Burlingame had noticed with a distinctly unpleasant shock the array of tall whiskey bottles, squat square faces and rotund magnums.

Mr. Burlingame came down the stairs into the lobby that reeked with stale tobacco smoke. A bell-boy sprawled on his bench fast asleep. There was no one behind the desk; the day did not begin at the Gratton House until afternoon. With a troubled frown Mr. Burlingame walked across the mosaic floor, down a vaulted passage and reached the dining-room. As he crossed the threshold he experienced the first pleasant sensation of the day. Etta Hanson, the head waitress, smiled at him and ushered him in state to his usual seat.

Etta Hanson had had much to do with the building up of the Gratton House prestige in the old days. She had come shortly before Mr. Burlingame's advent, young, fresh and dainty. The management had quickly realized her possibilities and she had been made the official welcomer to the dining-room. She had been one of the pleasant features of the old house. Her winning smile, exquisite daintiness and intelligent solicitude for the comfort of her guests had endeared her to Gratton House patrons from all parts

of the continent. Fine ladies had been wont to whisper to each other: "My dear, I always feel as though Etta were my hostess. What a charming manner that girl has!"

Etta was still just as dainty, her smile still held its winning quality, but tired little lines were creeping in, creeping in, about her eyes. Latterly her presence in the Gratton dining-room was almost in the nature of easting pearls—almost, not quite, because of one guest who appreciated her; Mr. Burlingame was the saving grace. Incidentally, Etta was a lady. There are persons who will say that this is impossible in the case of a head waitress. Let those persons take note of the exception; for if decency of living, high loyalty, immaulateness of soul and body and that elusive quality called charm make the female of the species into a lady then Etta qualified most indubitably.

Mr. Burlingame was enjoying his ascetic breakfast—the dining-room had not as yet succumbed to the Hun invasion—when he was disturbed by a loud voice at the door. Looking up, he saw a young man in an ornate, expensive suit and a slouch hat on the back of his head leaning against the door beside Etta.

"Say, Etta, have a hear-rt!" he husked in maudlin tones, his voice breaking strangely. "Gimme a li'l goo' mornin' kiss, girlie!"

Etta drew away with a shudder, regarding the young rake with an impersonal, frozen stare. Mr. Burlingame pushed back his chair and walked quickly toward the door. The stoop in his shoulders was barely perceptible. As he neared the disturber he noticed with disgust his general appearance of unkemptness and his disreputably soiled linen. He clasped the boy's arm with a grip that made the youngster look at him in pained surprise.

"Young man," he said in his low voice, "in your condition you should not force yourself into a lady's presence."

"La-ady?" mocked the boy.

"That will do!" said Mr. Burlingame very gently. His grip increased slightly, and the young man found himself staggering off in the direction of the bar.

"Thank you, Mr. Burlingame," said Etta. She raised her eyes to his and then dropped them quickly as a wave of colour flowed upward to her brow.

"I hope you will always call on me at any time if—if there should be any unpleasantness," he said, a look of mingled distress and resolution sharpening his benign glance.

"Thank you," she said again under her breath.

Mr. Burlingame walked slowly back to his interrupted breakfast. He was quite unconscious of the expression in the tired eyes that watched him as he took his seat—an expression that, had he seen it, would have more than repaid him for his act of chivalry.

Later, in his office, he tried to concentrate on an analysis of costs for one of the departments. For once in his life figures meant nothing to him. He could not wrench his mind away from the distressing problem of the Gratton House. He was not consciously planning; he was still merely worrying about conditions that he was powerless to change. Suddenly the thought came to him: If he was unable to check the unpleasant course of events in his present surroundings, why not move away? The thought came as a distinct shock. After debating it for a few moments he shook his head decidedly. Moving away was out of the question because his visiting cards were engraved with his address: "Gratton House". For the time being that fact appealed to the simple, unworldly reclus as holding a conclusive reason for staying where he was. True, he only used two of these cards a year, one for his call on his minister, the other on the occasion of his annual visit to Mr. Parker, the president of the firm. Perhaps for that very reason they acquired a special sanctity in his eyes.

Still another reason for staying where he was forced itself upon him.

He had told Etta that she could always rely upon his help; if he left it would be like running away. He suddenly realized that he owed a heavy debt of gratitude to this woman who for years had started the day right for him by her invariably cheerful greeting. It was borne in upon him as he sat pondering that Etta was a considerable factor in his drab life. He would miss the little two-minute conversations that he held with her three times every day. The Gratton House had become no place for her, he decided. He would speak to her about it that evening. With a sigh he turned to his cost sheets and bent his mind upon marshalling the figures into plain statements of facts.

That evening Mr. Burlingame went to dinner late. When he entered the dining-room there were only a handful of people there. The Gratton House was not depending on its cuisine any more; its revenue came from an enormous bar business and from the sub rosa activities of the shifty-eyed gambling fraternity who plied their trade in various strategically situated rooms. When he had finished his meal the room was quite empty. He walked over to where Etta was standing beside the door, alert and watchful.

"Etta," he said gravely, "I have been thinking about you all day."

She looked up, a quick smile lighting her eyes.

"Yes?" she said with a sudden, sharp intake of breath.

"This house has become no place for you," he continued. "You are too fine for it! Why don't you—er—go somewhere else?"

"And leave you here alone!" she flashed. "Why, Mr. Burlingame, I—I— ——" she checked herself suddenly and turned her burning face away. "Why don't *you* leave? You are out of place here!"

"Well, you see, my—er—my—" he stopped short, realizing suddenly, as he attempted to give it utterance, the ridiculousness of his reason. He had been on the point of mentioning his

calling cards. He made a little motion of rejection and started again. "I told you that you could always call on me if there was trouble. I can't run away from that."

"You are staying, then, on my account?" asked Etta wonderingly.

He nodded.

"Why, Mr. Burlingame," she said earnestly, "I can't tell you how much I appreciate that!"

"We'll let matters stand as they are for a while," he said hastily and with an evident feeling of relief.

He went straight to his room, locked the door and threw himself into a deep arm chair, where he sat a long time staring into space with finger tips pressed together. Something new had come into his life to-night—something wholly foreign to figures. It confused him, left him dazed. He knew that he was happier than he had been for years, and that somehow Etta was responsible for this feeling. He realized suddenly the cause of this new happiness—he had found a friend. Etta was willing to endure the irksome conditions for his sake; to guard her from the ruffianly hangers-on he was determined to remain where he was. This denoted mutual sacrifice—a very firm foundation for true friendship.

Out of his happiness grew a vague feeling of discontent, which proved that Mr. Burlingame was entirely human. He had suddenly gained a friend and now he found that friendship did not quite satisfy him. Come to think of it, there was no real novelty in his friendship for Etta. It had existed for a long time; merely his acceptance of the fact was recent. He knew a lot about her, and what he knew was all on the credit side. His knowledge had accumulated bit by bit through the years. Mr. Gratton had told him somehow the girl had been left alone in the world and had bravely taken the first opportunity that presented itself. Her life was an open book to him, thanks to what he had heard from others combined with the occasional hints that she her-

self had let fall during their brief conversations. The year before she had bashfully asked his help in the matter of a tiny investment.

Mr. Burlingame got up from his arm chair and walked deliberately over to a mirror. He looked at his reflection whimsically. The glass held the image of a thin, delicately-featured face that showed the refining effect of ascetic living and high thinking. His hair was still thick and as fine as a woman's; the sprinkling of gray on the temples was an attraction rather than otherwise. He took off the disfiguring thick-lensed glasses and by that act cut ten years from his age. He smiled, and naturally his reflection smiled back at him. He flung out his arms in sudden exultation. No, he would not content himself with friendship! He would possess Etta! He wanted her fineness, her daintiness—and her mature beauty appealed to him. In a riot of unwonted emotions he went to bed.

Very early in the morning, or very late in the evening—depending entirely upon whether one speaks from the standpoint of respectable or dis-respectable folk—Mr. Burlingame awoke to a sense of something unusual going on about him. He raised his head and became conscious of a drink-roughened young voice somewhere along his corridor raised in lurid cursing. Then came the unmistakable bark of a revolver. For the brief fraction of time that Mr. Burlingame took to leap into slippers and dressing-gown absolute silence held—then pandemonium broke loose.

He rushed into the hall in time to see the door across the way flung open and a man fall sprawling across the threshold. He knelt down beside him and recognized the well-dressed gentleman who had refused to play chess. The gambler lay writhing with the pain from a bullet wound through the shoulder. He wore no coat or vest; his shirt was already drenched with blood.

Over in one corner of the big room cowered the boy who had insulted

Etta the previous morning. In his nerveless hand he held a revolver; his index finger flirted with the trigger. Mr. Burlingame rose quickly and walked across the room toward the cringing youngster. With one hand he grasped his wrist and with the other possessed himself of the pistol which he slipped into the pocket of his dressing-gown.

"I caught him cheating!" sobbed the boy, pointing to the fallen man. "He cleaned me out! He got what was comin' to him!"

Without a word Mr. Burlingame dragged him to the bathroom, forced him inside, shut the door and locked it. Then he turned his attention to the wounded man, on his face a serene, happy smile. Pulling a sheet off the bed he tore it into strips. He cut away the blood-soaked shirt and bound up the wound, awkwardly it is true, but nevertheless quite adequately.

This task completed, he took the time to look about him. He became conscious of the note of hysteria in the voices drifting in from the hallways; the semi-circle of faces crowded about the door became distinct. The hint of tragedy had smoked out the secrets of the Gratton House. There they stood—cringed rather—these secrets! Victims of the lack of self-control—cowards all! Afraid to face life as it should be lived—cleanly, sanely! There were rat-faced men nervously biting their knuckles—poor, contemptible creatures without the aid of their usual cheap sartorial splendours. There were painted women who were grotesquely horrible, their ashen faces daubed and streaked with yesterday's complexions. It was a motley crew whose nerves, tortured by the stress of loose, poisonous living, were snapping under the threat of danger.

Mr. Burlingame rose to his feet and folded his arms. He turned his head slowly, glancing at one after another of the abject creatures revealed by the dawn. He shuddered, but the smile on his thin lips widened.

"I do not quite understand why you are all so mortally afraid," he said in his gentle voice. "The would-be assassin is locked up in there; and this poor chap is in no condition to hurt you!"

There was an uneasy stir and a murmuring in the corridor.

Mr. Burlingame turned to the telephone beside the bed and called police headquarters. At the dreaded word the stir in the corridor increased. There came a sibilant rustle and the shuffling of many feet. The rats were scattering.

He filled a glass from an ice-water pitcher and bent over the wounded man.

"Are you feeling more comfortable?" he asked kindly.

The gambler merely groaned as he drank eagerly. The next moment a police sergeant and two officers walked into the room.

Mr. Burlingame told his story so blithely, with such a happy, genial smile, that the policemen looked at each other questioningly for a moment. It was a perfectly straight story, however, with not a detail of importance omitted. He then unlocked the bathroom door and discovered the boy lying on the floor, his head on his folded arms, sobbing his heart out.

"We'll take care of this young feller," said one of the officers, as they raised him to his feet and marched him down the corridor.

The sergeant stayed behind. He bent over the gambler, who lay with his eyes closed.

"The ambulance will be here in just a minute, Brady. I guess you're not so very bad hurt, eh?"

The gambler made no reply, except to groan again.

The sergeant turned toward Mr. Burlingame, who was standing with hands in the pockets of his dressing-gown staring out of the window and smiling at the rising sun.

"This little unpleasantness seems to have tickled you most to death, sir," commented the sergeant.

"This is the dawn of the happiest day of my life!" said Mr. Burlingame enigmatically, as his smile widened.

"Nutty!" murmured the policeman, turning to the ambulance men who were coming in.

They lifted the wounded man carefully on a stretcher and went slowly out with their burden. The sergeant took another look around the room and followed.

Mr. Burlingame was alone at last. He turned again toward the window through which the clean sunlight came streaming and flung his arms wide as though in greeting to the new day. Then he dashed across to his own room and dressed in frantic haste.

He ran downstairs and came to the dining-room as Etta was opening the doors.

"I don't think there will be any need of your services to-day," he said, still smiling broadly. "Have you heard?"

Etta nodded, a bewildered, frightened look coming into her eyes.

"Go right up to your room, put on your hat and jacket and come back here," ordered Mr. Burlingame.

Etta looked at him in dumb amazement. Although his lips were smiling there was a very resolute expression in his eyes. She had never seen him like this. She was going to remonstrate, but something in his glance checked her and instead she found herself running along through the hall to do his bidding. In a remarkably short time she came back, very alluring in her jaunty hat and trim suit.

"And where are we going now?" she asked timidly.

"First of all to my minister!" said Mr. Burlingame with prompt resolution. "After that the whole world lies before us, dear!"

Etta gasped and turned trusting eyes to his—eyes that were suddenly tear-filled.

"J-just as you say!" she stammered in happy confusion as she slipped her hand through his arm.

They walked slowly through the semi-obscure of the musty hallway. Mr. Burlingame stopped and glanced

about him as though bidding farewell to the old house. Then drawing Etta closer he bent to kiss her lips. Her slender arms crept about his neck confidently.

"Why," she said wonderingly—"why, you haven't got on your glasses!"

"I think, my dear, that for to-day I can see my happiness more clearly

without them," he said, as he smiled down at her.

The next moment they had emerged into the sunlit glory of the early morning.

And so these two onlookers, innocent and unsmirched, came forth from the sink of iniquity to meet what life held in store for them—love, decency, happiness, the worth-while things.

TWO MEETINGS

By HELEN FAIRBAIRN

WE met when all the air was blossom-sweet,
And Love was singing;
From every spot that touched his vagrant feet,
Were lilies springing.

"What gift hast thou for me, O Love?" I cried,
Of joy, what measure?
"No dole bring I," the lyrie sprite replied,
"For thee no treasure"!

We met again beside the ripening grain,
And dream-flowers crowned him;
Leaves of the vintage, red with summer slain,
Were twined around him.

"What offering wilt thou make to me?" he cried,
"What homage, tender?"
"Here at thy feet, my heart and life," I sighed,
"In full surrender"!



WHEN GRANNIE SLEPT

BY LAURA A. RIDLEY



It was a gloomy afternoon in November. The schools had closed for the day and most of the children were hastening home, anxious to escape the cold dampness of out-of-doors.

"Do hurry, Margery!" exclaimed a little girl to her companion, a small, wistful looking child of about eleven. "To see you walking one would think you liked to be out in this horrid cold!"

"I wish school kept open till supper time!" was the rather startling reply.

"Why, Margery Stiles, how can you say such a thing! As if school wasn't long enough! Why, I'd just die if I had to stay in that dreary old place all day."

Margery sighed. "It's different for you," she said. "You have lots of company at home and don't have to sit still and be quiet like I do, with no one to talk to but Gran."

"Does your gran make you sit still? Well, I think that's mean!"

"Yes, till it's time to get supper, and then, you see, I have to help with that."

"Poor Margery!" Della Gibson glanced at her companion and noted the sad little pucker in Margery's mouth. "Come home with me," she suggested, "and we'll have some fun. It's my birthday to-day, you know, and I want to show you my new doll."

"Thanks, Della. I would love to, but Gran says I leave her alone too much. She told mother last night that I was always running over to the neighbours, and mother said I mustn't make a nuisance of myself."

Della put her arm round Margery. "Now, see here, Margery," she said, "I am going to tell you something. Mother was only saying last night how much she liked you and this morning she told me to be sure to bring you over to see my doll, so you see how much of a nuisance *she* thinks you."

Margery's face brightened. "Did she really say that, Della? How good she is!"

"Yes, she did. And, if you like, I will get her to write your mother a note, asking if you may come over as often as you want to."

"Oh, Della, you darling! But there's Gran: she wants me to stay with her."

"Well, she can't have you all the time. Come, Margery! It's my birthday and mother expects you."

A pleasant picture arose in Margery's mind of the bright sitting-room in the Gibson home, with the open grate and the comfortable chairs drawn up before it. The brief hours she had spent in her school friend's home were treasured memories which she kept stored up in her mind, to be reviewed in minutest detail when left alone with her grandmother. To Margery, Della's life seemed to be one prolonged paradise, of which she was allowed to have only an occasional glimpse.

"I should love to," she sighed, "but perhaps I had better go home first and ask Gran. Maybe she will let me come."

They were standing at the street corner where their ways parted.

"All right then, Margery. We'll expect you at about four. Now, don't

disappoint us. And, Margery," she called back with a smile, "there's a delicious chocolate cake that Mary made for my birthday. You must taste that."

Margery's mouth watered, for well she knew the palatability of the Gibson cook's cakes. It was rarely she tasted anything so good, as the Stiles lived in such a way that they had to depend largely on bakers' confectionery.

"I guess she will let me," called Margery, as she continued her way homeward with more alacrity than usual.

Margery lived with her mother and grandmother in the rear of a large frame house, which had seen better days, and which was badly in need of paint. Margery's mother who had been left a widow when the child was but two years old, had been glad enough to take refuge once more in her mother's humble home. She secured a position in a downtown cloak store where she worked from eight in the morning until six at night, leaving Margery with her mother. And this was the only home which Margery could remember. It was no wonder, then, that she preferred the school room where she could meet companions of her own age, to the dingy rooms at home, where she had spent so many dull hours with her grandmother.

This afternoon Margery found the old lady seated as usual beside the window in the low-ceilinged parlour, her hands busily engaged with her crochet work.

"Well, child!" she began querulously, "How late you are! I am glad, though, that you didn't go visiting to-day, as I don't feel up to getting supper to-night. This damp, raw air seems to get into my bones and make them ache, and I've scarcely stirred out of this chair since I did up the work this morning."

Margery's heart sank, for she realized now how useless it would be to ask any favour of her grandmother.

"Go, get your wraps off, child, and then come in here and tell me what you've been doing all day. I declare

I feel as though I want some company, even if it's only a child!"

A few moments later Margery was seated beside her grandmother, her small hands listlessly folded in her lap.

"Now talk, child," commanded the old lady.

Margery was not unwilling to tell that which was uppermost in her mind.

"It's Della Gibson's birthday to-day," she began, "and she has a new doll. She wants me to go over and see it, and—oh, Gran! may I?"

Her grandmother ceased her work for a moment and looked severely at the child.

"You want to go and leave me when you've only just come in, and me not feeling well, either? Well, you're a nice kind of a child! You don't care how ill your old grandmother feels, do you, so long as you can go gadding round to the neighbours? But this sort of thing will have to stop. You heard what your mother said last night?"

"Yes, Gran, but it's a special occasion to-day, because it's Della's birthday, and I do so want to see her new doll."

"Well, the doll will keep, I daresay, if it's any kind of a doll. Now, mind, I don't want to hear any more about it. But I guess you won't be any company for me, after all, with nothing but that doll in your head, so you'd better get the Bible and read aloud a bit."

Silently Margery complied, bringing the heavy Bible from its place on the side table, and opening it on her small lap. She found the place where she had left off and began reading aloud in her singsong, childish voice.

The portion she read was from the First Book of Samuel, and she found it more interesting to read about the friendship of David and Jonathan than to be catechized about her work at school. It was after she had been reading for some time that she became aware of the fact that her grandmother had ceased crocheting. Look-

ing at her, she discovered that the old lady had fallen asleep.

Margery watched her grandmother tentatively. How long would she remain thus asleep, she wondered. She glanced at the clock, the hands of which pointed to a quarter past four. Although it was already getting dark, Margery did not light the lamp, for fear of disturbing the sleeper.

But how she hated to sit still in that dreary room!

Her eyes fell on the work in her grandmother's lap. It was a wrap she was making as a Christmas present for Margery's mother—a jacket to wear under her coat. Margery wondered why she had not chosen to make it in pretty colours—pink or light blue would be so much nicer for Christmas than the dull drab which her grandmother had selected. Then she began to wonder what her own present might be. Last Christmas her grannie had presented her with three pairs of knitted stockings, which, although warm, had been very discomfoting to her tender skin. She was still wearing them and found that they improved with age. How she hoped that she would not be made to undergo further torture this Christmas!

Again she glanced at the clock. It was now half-past four and her grandmother still slept. She had known her to sleep on like this for over an hour, and she shuddered as she remembered the solitary times she had spent thus alone. She thought of Della, who would probably have given her up by now. But there was still time. She could reach the house in five minutes if she ran all the way.

And the cake! Would the cake survive, as her grandmother had said the doll would? Margery thought of Della's two hungry brothers, and hesitated no longer. Softly tiptoeing out of the room and carefully closing the door behind her she left her grandmother peacefully asleep in her chair. Ten minutes later she was in the Gibson pretty sitting-room, seated before the open fire, with Della's new doll in her arms, and Della

beside her, both children talking fast. Presently Mrs. Gibson asked Margery if she had had any refreshment since she returned from school.

"No, ma'am. I carry my lunch to school and Gran never gives me anything more to eat until it's supper time."

Mrs. Gibson looked shocked. Her own children had a warm lunch in the middle of the day, and there was always something ready for them when they returned from school, in case they should feel hungry.

"Well then, I am sure you would like some of Della's birthday cake. And perhaps a little currant wine would go well with it. Della dear, get your little friend some refreshment."

Della complied readily enough, and soon Margery was regaling herself with the most delicious cake and wine she had ever tasted.

But somehow she was uneasy in her mind, and could not enjoy herself as much as she usually did on these occasions. Suppose her grandmother should wake up and find her gone! She felt sure that she would never again be allowed to visit at the Gibsons' home. Suddenly she remembered that her grandmother had wanted her to get supper that evening. It was dreadful of her to have forgotten that.

"Will you please tell me the time, Della?" she asked in a troubled voice. "It must be getting late and I forgot that Gran wanted me to get supper to-night."

"Why, you won't have time to get supper now, child," declared Mrs. Gibson. "It's nearly six o'clock. Your grandmother will be getting it herself. She knew you were coming over here, didn't she?"

For reply Margery burst into tears, while Della and her mother looked on in dismay. When at last Mrs. Gibson discovered the cause of her distress she hastened to console her.

"Now, dear child, don't cry any more! There is nothing to fear. I will write a little note to your mother

and explain that it is Della's birthday and that I want you to stay all night, Then, to-morrow, you can go to school with Della, and by the evening your grannie will be so glad to see you again that she will forget to scold you."

Margery felt a little dubious about this last point, but the suggestion sounded so delightful to her that she could not resist it, and she threw her arms round Mrs. Gibson's neck in an ecstasy of gratitude. To-morrow and its troubles seemed a long way off, and, childlike, she forgot the future in the pleasure of the moment.

After supper Mrs. Gibson sent one of the boys out with the promised note to Margery's mother. He had just left the house when the telephone bell rang. Mrs. Gibson went to answer it.

"Yes, this is Mrs. Gibson. Oh, is this Mrs. Stiles? Yes, she's here with us, perfectly safe. I have just sent you a note to ask if . . . Why, you don't say, Mrs. Stiles! How perfectly dreadful!"

What was it that was so dreadful? Margery listened apprehensively, her little face taking on its old anxious expression, and even Della stopped playing with her doll at her mother's last words. Then Mrs. Gibson's voice continued.

"Is there anything I can do? Yes, indeed, I shall be very glad to do so. She can stay all night. Certainly. Only too glad to be of service. Well, good-bye, Mrs. Stiles. I'm very, very sorry."

Mrs. Gibson's face was very grave as she returned to the children. She came and sat beside Margery, putting her arm around her.

"My dear child," she began, drawing her close, "I am so sorry to have to tell you such bad news. You need have no more fear of your poor old grandmother. She passed away in her sleep, while you were over here. Your mother has just returned home and found her."

Margery was overwhelmed. Her grandmother suddenly became very

dear to her, and she herself appeared like a wicked, ungrateful child, who had left the poor old lady in her greatest need. For the second time that afternoon Margery burst into tears.

"Oh, I've been so wicked!" she sobbed. "She wanted me to stay with her, because she said she didn't feel well, and I left her while she was asleep. Perhaps she was dead when I left her. Oh, dear Mrs. Gibson, do you think God will ever forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, dear," comforted Mrs. Gibson. "It would only have frightened you if you had discovered she was dead. You wouldn't have known what to do. Who knows but that it was God's hand that led you over here, so that you should not be frightened."

"But I disobeyed her—that wasn't God!" wailed Margery. "And what will mother say?"

This last reflection led to a fresh burst of grief, and Mrs. Gibson made a determined effort to console the child.

"Now Margery, you mustn't cry like that. You're making Della look quite sad and, you know, it's her birthday. Come, dry your tears! Your grandmother is quite happy, and perhaps she realizes that she didn't let you have enough pleasure in your life. And you are going to stay all night, and all to-morrow with Della. Won't that be nice?"

Again Margery was comforted. She stopped crying and looked at Della, who smiled encouragingly at her. In a little while she, too, began to smile, and it was not long before she had recovered sufficiently to listen with some interest to a fairy story which Mrs. Gibson told the children before they went to bed. But it was the going to bed which really quite consoled Margery. Della's pretty pink and white bedroom, with its snowy curtains, and the bright rug on the floor, fascinated her. And when she finally found herself in bed with Della, and Mrs. Gibson came in and kissed them both a motherly good-night, Margery sighed with contentment.

"I wish I could wake up in Fairyland to-morrow," she whispered to Della. But Della did not answer, for she was already half way to the Land of Nod, and it was not long before Margery joined her there.

The following morning she and Della attended school as usual, and Margery saw nothing of her home that day. The next day, however, her mother came for her. She was to accompany her to the funeral and Mrs. Stiles was already suitably dressed in black.

Margery suffered herself to be led away from her kind friends, her heart sinking with every step she took. What would her mother say to her about her disobedience? And what kind of life would she be expected to lead now.

But her mother seemed disinclined to talk much.

"I suppose you'd like to see your Gran?" she flung out suddenly. "She looks lovely. I had her laid out in her best black alpaca, and she looks as natural as can be—just as though she had fallen asleep."

Secretly, Margery was afraid to look at her dead relative, but she did not like to say so. So she let herself be led up to the casket, and there she took her last look at the poor old lady.

"She looks just as she did when I left her asleep in her chair," she whispered. "Do you think, mother, that she was dead then?"

"Most likely," assented her mother. "She was dead when I got home, and the doctor said she had been like that for over an hour."

Margery shuddered and turned away. She did not want to look at her grandmother again. The rest of the day seemed to drag. The long drive to the cemetery, the interment, and the final drive home, were all like an evil dream, from which she would have liked to awaken once more in Della's pretty room. But it was in her old place in bed by her mother's side that she finally sought rest that night, and it was there that Mrs. Stiles began to speak of plans for the future.

"I've been thinking things over, Margery," she began, "and I've come to the conclusion that we may as well give up trying to keep a home together for the present. I've got to be away all day, anyhow, and it's precious little home life that I ever get. And now that there's no one to look after you, I'm kind of afraid to leave you alone."

Margery's heart beat fast. So they were going to give up this dreary home at last. Well, she was glad of that, at any rate.

"Do you remember your Aunt Hetty, Margery?"

Of course Margery remembered her Aunt Hetty. That summer holiday, two years ago, was still fresh in her memory, when she had visited her aunt in the country, and had run wild with her young cousins for two weeks of untold bliss. And then had come the time to go back to the city, and Aunt Hetty, her kind, brown eyes noting the change that two weeks had wrought in her little niece, had proposed keeping Margery with her. But Margery's mother had demurred. Grandmother had to be thought of. She was too old to be left entirely alone all day, and the child was just beginning to be handy round the house. Thus Margery had had to return to the city.

Now, however, conditions were changed. Could it be possible that her mother was reconsidering Aunt Hetty's offer? Margery scarcely dared to hope so, as she assured her mother that she remembered her Aunt Hetty—oh, very well!

Mrs. Stiles did not appear to notice the tremor in the child's voice.

"Well, Margery," she continued, "I am going to write to your aunt to-morrow, and tell her she can have you whenever she wants you to come. You may as well go there as anywhere else; you need someone to look after you, and I am sure I haven't the time."

"Oh, mother!" breathed Margery. "But where will you go?"

"Me? Oh, I'll stop at the 'Guild'. It'll be mighty handy for my work and will save carfare. We'll just stay

here till the end of the month, then there'll be a sale of the furniture, and off we go. And I guess the country air will do you good, child," she added kindly, "for I've noticed you look kind of peaked lately."

Margery clutched her mother's arm. "I shall hate to leave you, mother," she said, "but oh, how I love the country!"

"Well then, that's settled," said her mother, somewhat abruptly. "It's late now and I've got to go to work as usual to-morrow. I hope they don't dock me for the two days I took off."

Mrs. Stiles was soon fast asleep, but not so Margery. Her mother's words had banished all thought of sleep for some hours, but she was content to lie thus awake, her mind dwelling with rapture upon the joys of her future life. When she did finally fall asleep it was to dream of green meadows and country lanes where she wandered with her happy cousins, and through all her dreams she seemed to feel the kindly eyes of her Aunt Hetty upon her, and to see her ample arms held out to welcome the little city girl into the glad, new life.

YOUNG DAWN

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

DAWN fills the valley with a clean, cold mist,
And bathes her slender limbs and lifts her hair
To heaven, while her frank young bosom, bare
As carven marble, gleams with marble glist,—
Each beautiful breast by kindred beauty kist;
Perfect and pure, her form without compare
Steals into sudden contours, and her fair
Face swims and glimmers with her maidenwist.

She smiles, blushes a little, waves her hand,
And twinklingly they vanish, one by one,—
The drowsy lights dotting the dewy land:
Now is the miracle of morn begun,—
She waits him, worships him, nor would withstand
Her burning lover, the imperious Sun.



A WINTER TAPESTRY

From the Painting by

Lawren Harris.

Exhibited by the

Royal Canadian Academy of Arts



Sifting Millet

The first of eight photographs by Edith S. Watson illustrating homely industries of Doukhobors settled in British Columbia



From the Photograph by Edith S. Watson

Plastering



From the Photograph by Edith S. Watson

Twisting Flax



From the Photograph by Edith S. Watson

Mangling



From the Photograph by Edith S. Watson

Cutting Bread



From the Photograph by Edith S. Watson

Drying Apples



From the Photograph by Edith S. Watson

A Community Bake-oven



From the Photograph by Edith S. Watson

The Straw Lining

WAYSIDE CROSSES AND GARDEN SHRINES

BY VICTORIA HAYWARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDITH S. WATSON



ANISHING roads", no less than "the broad highway" of rural Quebec, are all more or less edged by wayside crosses and tiny garden shrines.

From east to west and north to south the Quebecquois travels *a la rue Calvaire*.

But this *via crucis* is by no means a *via dolorosa*. Far from it. For the habitant does not set up his handmade, roadside cross, abounding with handmade symbols of the crucifixion, in a spirit of sadness, but rather as an expression of a happy life full of rich traditions of such crosses in Old France, brought over by his forefathers, and reproduced here in old Quebec since Cartier's time.

The wayside cross is now part of the landscape, in the habitant's eye, and to his mind, a happy calendar by which to notch events. It is in this spirit that the habitant landholders and heads-of-families in old Quebec set out to carve "the cross" that is the age-old milestone of the roads—the cross by which they will be remembered long ages after they have taken the hill-road to the *cimetière*.

It is winter—evening work begun after the day's work is over, when the *grande famille* have all had *super*. *C'est bon*. All the family is interested in *le père's* intention to make a new cross. The wood in hand is care-

fully gone over and the best pieces selected. Measurements are made "according to the cloth" and the sawing and planning begun. *Mon Père's* ideas are rounded out by suggestions from *la mère et les enfants*. Not one evening but many are consumed, till the winter runs away. And when in the spring all is ready and the new cross is set up, what wonder if it has an individuality all its own. This being the way these roadside crosses grow, there is good reason why not any two are alike.

One sometimes notes these crosses, shrines and chapels in the heart of towns but usually they stand beside country roads in coastal, agricultural and mountain sections.

It is country-folk who set up these rich milestones of the highway, in old Quebec. And whenever they appear in the heart of town or village it means either that some old-timer caused them to be so placed or that they were there before the town, and that the latter encroached.

Such a case as this is to be seen in two little wayside chapels to *bonne Sainte Anne* in Lévis.

Modern town life has encroached upon them to such an extent it is extremely difficult to get even a picture of them clear of telegraph poles, wires, etc., yet these little chapels, built one in 1789, the other in 1822, before electricity was heard of for power and



On a Manitoba Farm
with sheaf of wheat hanging above the sacred figure

light, are still in use for the feast of good Sainte Anne.

What a cyclorama of Canadian history these little chapels could sketch for the pilgrims of to-day looking out from their doorways upon the bosom of the St. Lawrence.

How many a vivid chapter of the olden days was read of these little wayside shrines before it happened. Through what stirring times has the little red light before the altar not pointed the way of hope to men along the road of life? We hope that Lévis will never grow so big but she will have a place for these wayside chapels that belong by right of the years and the things they have seen, to all Canada.

But to the highwaymen of to-day it is their size that points a revelation. How few, he thinks, must have been the people of this parish at the time these chapels were built, if all went to mass at the same hour.

It is a tradition in Quebec that "at first wayside crosses were set up at points where mass was said in the open air and later these little chapels were built". If this be so, here on this spot missionary priests of pioneer times caused "a wayside cross" to be set up long years before the foundation stone of these chapels was laid or Lévis as a town thought of. Another reason why the sacred land should never be absorbed by the town.



A wayside cross, Quebec Province

One reads much and hears much in Quebec of the landing of the great sea-adventurers of the French discovery who invariably brought with them missionary priests. No tale in history appeals more to the imagination than the landing of the Recollect Fathers at Percé and the setting up of the cross on the bluff headland opposite Percé Rock.

If you go to Percé to-day—like “the weathered skeleton of time”, the cross with its extended arms silhouetted against the sky, still stands on the same spot chosen in 1535. A similar wealth of tradition gathers about the head of the little wayside chapel at Tadoussac. To the visitor much of the charm of Tadoussac centres in this chapel, dedicated to “*la patronne du Canada*”—bonne Sainte Anne—and

out of use these fifty years except on special occasions, chief of which is naturally the fête day of good Saint Anne. By the way Sainte Anne holds not only an esteemed but an adventurous enshrinement in the heart of French Canada. It was she who protected the early navigators, she who encouraged, sheltered, finally havened the Breton sea-adventurers in the bays and coves of the Lower St. Lawrence. And the farther seaward reach the highways of this part of Canada to-day, the more popular appears Sainte Anne for wayside shrines. She is a *personality* with a very human and approachable heart to all fishermen; and every little boat dancing in and out of Baie de Chaleur feels the eye of Ste. Anne upon her. *La Protectrice de Pêcheurs!* Every fisher-



Near Saint Féréol, P. Q.

man carries a little figure of the saintly woman whose specialty is navigation, fishing, storms, boats, *la morue*, and a thousand-and-one angles of his life, and then, as if fearing something might be overlooked, clinches all with "*du Canada*".

Therefore, where the abrupt Laurentians fling their beetling brows to the wild gales and dun sea-fog, there on *la montagne*, at the very top, as if to see well, the little boats balance in calm majesty on the quarter-deck of the continent, is a life-size figure of the Saint.

Many a time lingering, after the long steep climb, under the shadow of this figure-of-the-ages looking down upon the weathered arms of the cross upon the headland, I have been struck by the force of allegory brought into being by these two figures in juxtaposition. Out of the heart of the one, protective, evolves the protecting arms of the other. Yet there was no motif or thought of this behind the erection

of these two figures. The cross is simply the cross of the Recollet Fathers and pioneer missionaries renewed continually through the centuries whenever age and decay or some sudden storm made a new one necessary. *Bonne Sainte Anne sur la Montagne* was set up by the local fishermen of a generation ago.

All these things are written on the south side of the St. Lawrence, and as we take the shore-road west many a shrine and high-way cross continues the tale of rural piety and peace. But it is possibly the north shore of the St. Lawrence including Ile d'Orleans where the shrine takes on clear-cut historic importance.

The most famous shrine in all America is situated at Sainte Anne de Beupré. Here Ste. Anne comes in close touch laying her healing power yearly upon the spirits and ill-bodies of thousands of pilgrims hailing from widely separated regions of Canada and the United States, with a sprink-



Recollet Cross at Percé

ling from every other quarter of the globe.

One would think that a region overshadowed, as it were, by so dominant a force as Ste. Anne de Beaupré might easily show poverty in the matter of the simple farmers' crosses and wayside and garden shrines of which we write, but along the Montmorenci and the Beaupré road quite the contrary is to be observed.

Remarking on this and the surprising frequency of the wayside crosses in this region, to a prominent Quebecois, he assured us, to his thinking, there were not so many now as of old. "Why," said he, "when I was a boy every house had one." However, their popularity may have decreased in the eye of the old-timer, backed by a memory reaching back more than three score years, they still recur frequently enough to-day to notch every mile of the twenty-one be-

tween Quebec City and Sainte Anne de Beaupré village. So that to the visitor, without such perspective, it is evident the habitant of these parts has no intention of relinquishing his personal and intimate belief in the mascot of the Cross, Sacre Cœur, and bonne Ste. Anne for his farm, garden, mill, meadows or bit of roadway, because the world has a shrine at Beaupré that rivals Lourdes.

Nor do these milestones cease at the church. Rather they are to be happened on all along the road east to Saint Joachim, and peep out at intervals along the Cap Tourment road into the heart of the Laurentides at 'tite de Cap, St. Féréol, St. Têtes, etc., as far as the road and the habitant home pushes back into the heart of North-eastern Quebec.

In the wayside crosses of this north shore, however, we have fancied finer work in execution, though perhaps not



A Garden Shrine at Ste. Anne de Baupré

so strong and bold a concept, as a rule, as in the sea-coast cross. This finer handiwork is no doubt traceable to the influence of the art in the basilica of Sainte Anne with which the people hereabout are in almost constant contact. At least the church gets the credit till one remembers that these wayside crosses are the handiwork of a long line of carvers dating into Normandy and Brittany, and that to the Tremblays, Giguères, Couchons, Desbarats, Gagnons, as well as other families. The Baupré wood-carving of sacred figures and symbols "runs in the blood" and is an inherited talent handed down from generation to generation.

Whether the inspiration comes from written or at the suggestion of the beauty in *The Great Shrine*, it is certain these wayside crosses, crucifixes and chapels and shrines of this Laur-

entian highway stand out among Canada's finest landmarks. Seldom one of the crosses but has simple wood-carved symbols of the Crucifixion attached—cup, ladder, hammer, hands, nails, the crown of thorns. Not all are present on the very old-timers, but an absent cup, a wind-blown hammer, a broken nail gives them a greater grip. Especially when about the weather-worn "foot" a wild rose has sprung up and been spared by the scythe of the mower. This same St. Lawrence section is also the rambling playground of the tiny garden shrine. It is as if the hand of an aviator had scattered from the clouds these miniature niches of the saints; so that one or more dropped into every garden far and near.

These little garden shrines, many no larger than the bread-box, are the pride of every habitant home-garden-



A wayside Shrine at Varennes, P. Q.

er. The entire household takes an interest — especially *grandmère et grandpère*. It is the old man's fancy that every spring mixes the paint and guides the brush that freshens into new life the old colours.

And are they dun colours that he mixes?

Most assuredly not!

White and light blue—the colours of the heavens.

The touches of life—the blood, the flesh, the hope—are given with *real* flowers, picked fresh every morning from the surrounding garden and set—a tiny bouquet votive-offering before the holy figure of “Mary”, “The Son of Mary” or maybe “Bonne Ste. Anne”.

The private gardens fringing the main street of Ste. Anne de Beaupré rival each other in these happy little

shrines. All stand on elevations of stone or willow-wood post and a clinging vine or tall peonies or ambitious poppies or nestling mignonette tone down the newness of the sky-colours and touch with effective life the tiny figure in plaster or bisque that symbolizes the faith of M'sieu and Madame.

In the garden of the summer home of two American ladies, adjoining the highway of Beaupré toward St. Joachim, is a specially attractive little shrine with a collaret of St. Joseph lillies. Lillies which, appropriately enough, are always in full bloom, for the fête day of bonne Sainte Anne.

Some of the Quebec cross-makers often cut a niche in the cross in which is set the Christ-figure, the statue being protected from the weather by glass as in the case of the garden

shrines. A good example of this is seen in the cross from the Indian village of Caughnawaga across the river from Montreal.

This particular cross is further distinguished by the figure of a cock surmounting it.

On the highways of Quebec one likes the way trade salutes the cross. Men and boys passing in their two-wheeled carts find time to lift their hats and busy pedestrians often stop to murmur a prayer at the foot of the cross by the edge of the road. These things are matter of course in picturesque, thrifty Quebec. They belong as naturally as the St. Lawrence or the Laurentians, but one is surprised on running into Sudbury in Ontario to see there, on the bare rocks high above the tracks, a large grotto, found on closer investigation to contain a life-size figure of "the Virgin" as Regina Gallorain.

Local men say it was erected by an old French Count who had been coming to Sudbury for many years prior to 1914, but who failed to come over during the war. They say the Count sat daily in the grotto at the feet of Mary.

Then came the war.

And the only word of him since has been the receipt by a townsman of a paper edged in black as big as the page of a ledger covered with the names of relatives killed in action.

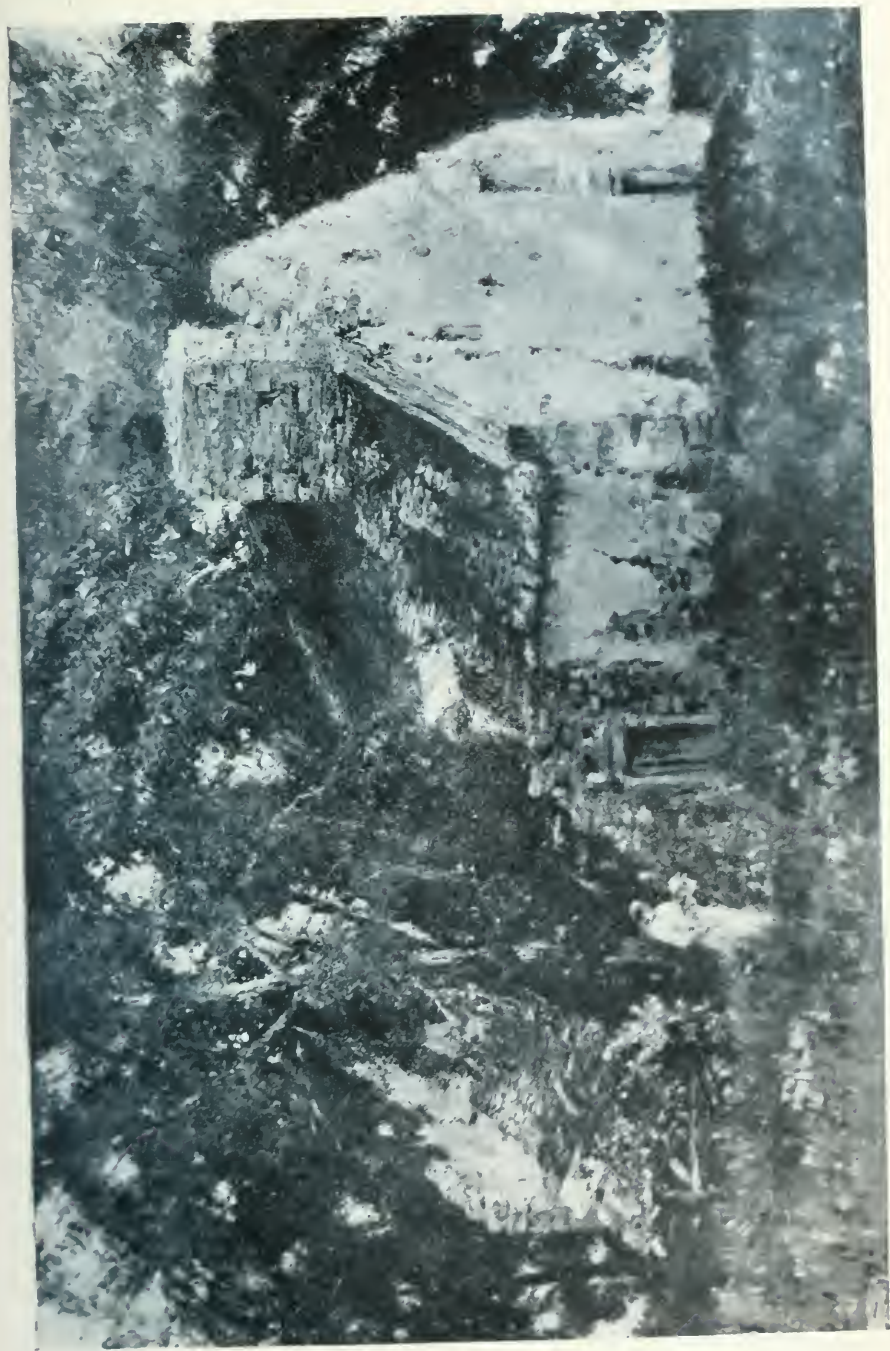
Ontario may be proud of its wayside shrine.

At least two other widely separated wayside crosses are to be seen in Western Canada. One, a large crucifix in the Roman Catholic Hospital at the Pas. The other, a crucifix with figures on a platform in the cemetery at St. Norbert, near Winnipeg. There is also a shrine in a little wood at St. Norbert to which it is said small pilgrimages are made. However, it is undoubtedly rural Quebec which carries off the palm for wayside shrines and crosses. Somehow her "milestones" are an historic "part of the landscape", belonging both to yesterday and to-day.

It is worthy of note, too, that the Quebec farm which has set up a shrine or cross somewhere along the road, invariably appears prosperous. And those localities most particular in the observance of this old custom brought from France by the first settlers are never down-at-heels. It is evident it is the industrious, thrifty landowners who have inherited their demesnes from industrious, thrifty and religious forefathers who look most carefully to the old cross. The milestone of the years as well as of the road.

Straight back without a break these old weather-beaten shrines of the seacoast and the narrow farms trace their lineage to that first Cross, where all roads meet.





OLD LA SALLE HOUSE

From the painting by Georges Delfosse. Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND OTHERWISE

BY HON. JUSTICE LONGLEY

III.



COME now to deal with a question which caused great interest and profound feeling in Canada, which has died out entirely in the public mind, yet which needs some person who was behind the scenes to treat it exactly as it existed and make its features prominent as they should be.

When the Liberals were defeated in the election of 1887, one of the difficulties they were faced with was the fact that Mr. Blake had retired from the leadership of the Opposition. Furthermore, the failure to break down the National Policy of Canada in two general elections, even by means of a divided vote on Quebec on the Riel question, led the Liberals to seek for another and important issue upon which they thought the country could be carried. Times were not especially good in 1888-89 and besides that quite a number of leading men in the United States and Congress had spoken on the subject and uttered sentiments that were considerably appreciated here in Canada. Mr. Goldwin Smith, who was known to be a writer of marvellous skill and ability, had advocated a policy of reciprocity, unrestricted in its character, between the United States and Canada, and Mr. Erastus Wiman, who was still a Canadian citizen, although a resident in New York, had caught the sentiment in the air

and was devoting all his great energies to the promotion of such a question among the people of Canada, and therefore it was that in the session of 1889-90 the Liberal party was steadily favouring by resolution and otherwise a policy of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States. By "unrestricted" is meant that there should be no limit to the extent to which they should go. They would adopt a policy of trade with the United States as liberal as the United States would grant. Reciprocity had always been advocated and supported by Canadians. We had the advantage of a Reciprocity treaty which lasted from 1854 to 1866 and great prosperity had existed during that time. It was terminated in 1866 and it was thought by men who had an interest in terminating it for the purpose of getting even with Canada for the manifestation of sympathy with the rebels, which had been exhibited in many parts of Canada. After 1866 both parties made great efforts to get the question of reciprocity brought to a successful issue. It was tried by Galt and several others. A representative was sent to Washington in 1875, in the person of Mr. George Brown, and a reasonable treaty was framed, but it did not get the assent of the American Congress. Therefore, there was no reason for the Liberals to suppose that this question of unrestricted reciprocity would be otherwise than

favourable to Canada and that people would be disposed to welcome it with joy.

I had an interview with Mr. Wilfrid Laurier, who was leading the Opposition in 1888, in which he rather apologized on account of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons not having clearly put on record its attitude on this question. I, however, was not necessarily in favour of the Opposition adopting that as a policy because it was opposed to the general principle which an opposition had of proposing a question which is definite in its character and has to be sustained on all points alike.

I considered it sufficient if the Liberal party had rather favoured the policy without having committed themselves to it as a policy and received the support from Mr. Wiman and Mr. Goldwin Smith and many others who were advocating it, and gone to the country without such a clear issue as Unrestricted Reciprocity and carried the elections on it; but that is a question which is scarcely here or there because it was adopted as a policy by the Liberal party, and when the elections were to be held in 1891 it was fairly flung to the people as an inevitable issue upon which the party would stand or fall.

It must be understood that the Government were apparently afraid of the issue because they announced, on going to the country in February, 1891, that they were about to send a delegation to Washington to arrange for the subject of reciprocity and that they could not go until after the 4th March, and they desired to have the support of the people of Canada in sending such a delegation. It turned out that there was nothing at all in the statement of such a deputation being received. They had received a letter from the Secretary of State stating that the Government were not prepared to discuss the matter, but would be prepared to hear it some time after the 4th March and no delegation was sent for that pur-

pose until long after the 4th March, and it was then purely purposeless and received no consideration from the American authorities. This is evidence that the Government felt the necessity of placating the people on the subject of reciprocity with the United States at that time.

Those who were in favour of the policy of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States had in the back of their minds a fear that it would be regarded as having too little regard for British interests and place Canada in the position of asking and receiving favours from the United States rather than from Great Britain, but it required some special circumstance to create the impression in regard to this question which would make it inimicable to the loyal interests of Canada. It was not undertaken by the Liberal party with any such aim in view. This may be gathered from the men who were supporting it. Sir Wilfrid Laurier strongly supported it, and he was known to be thoroughly British in sentiment. Sir Louis Davies strongly supported it and he is known to be intensely loyal, and it was advocated and supported by Sir Oliver Mowat in the Quebec conference held in 1887. It was maintained and supported throughout by men who would sacrifice anything rather than the loyal attitude of Canada toward the British Empire. No thought of carrying the matter to an extent which would jeopardize the thoroughly cordial relations between us and the Empire occurred to one of the supporters and furtherers of this scheme. It is true that Mr. Goldwin Smith was quite prepared to advocate annexation with the United States and some others had that idea in view, but that represented but a mere fraction of those who gave their adherence to the principle of Unrestricted Reciprocity.

It was, however, as the election was approaching, necessary to get some method of fastening the taint of disloyalty of the advocates of Unre-

stricted Reciprocity, and Sir John Macdonald, by a singular circumstance, managed to get access to a pamphlet that was prepared by Mr. Edward Farrar for use in the United States, in which the whole question of the relations, political and otherwise, between Canada and the United States was left entirely open for free discussion and Mr. Farrar occupied at that time a conspicuous position in the Liberal party. Sir John Macdonald went to a great public meeting held in Toronto and in great excitement referred at length to this pamphlet and declared that a motion was on foot to deprive Canada of her rights in the British Empire and those who would seek unrestricted reciprocity with the United States were bending their energies towards weakening the ties which bound us to the Motherland and strengthen the tie which would bind us to Washington, and soon after Sir John Macdonald issued an address to the Canadian people in which he used these words:

"As for myself, my course is clear. A British subject I was born—a British subject I will die. With my utmost effort, with my latest breath, will I oppose the 'veiled treason' which attempts by sordid means and mercenary proffers to lure our people from their allegiance."

This was taken up by the press and public men of the Conservative party all over the country and the matter was propagated to such a degree that a great feeling of distrust was created in regard to the attitude of the Liberal party on this question, and the result was that the Liberal party was beaten at the polls in March, 1891, and the question from that time died out of the public mind entirely.

I may state that I had a leading part in working up the feeling between the two countries on this subject. At the instance of Mr. Erastus Wiman I was invited to participate in a banquet at Boston at which more than two hundred gathered at the Hotel Vendome, representing two hundred millions of money. Some

of the foremost men of the country were there. Senator Macdonald and myself were present on behalf of Canada, and Mr. Erastus Wiman, Hon. Mr. Dingley and Hon. R. R. Hitt were the chief speakers for Canada, although Senator Hoare was present on the occasion. The speeches were all of a high order and commanded the close attention of all. My speech on that occasion, by accident or whatever else you may choose, was perhaps the most successful of the lot. I had always born in mind the great speech that Howe had delivered in Detroit, which led the audience in the midst of it to rise to their feet and give him prolonged cheers. I never supposed another Nova Scotian could succeed to the same degree, but I am happy to say that when I closed my remarks the audience rose as one body and for a period of a minute or two cheered in an uproarious manner.

Another occasion was at a banquet of the New York Chamber of Commerce, when there was an equal number present, and the speakers were Hon. George Graham, Hon. T. B. Bayard, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and myself. The most unfortunate incident occurred at this meeting. The first speaker called upon was the Hon. C. G. Gresham and he spoke with wonderful power and force. I had never heard him before and I could not express the feelings which I had on hearing him declaim in that brilliant and successful manner. As he took his seat, he reached for a glass of water in front of him and raised the glass, but before he could drink of it he fell dead. His seat was only the second from mine and he fell so that his head came opposite the rear of my chair. He was dead in an instant and the effect of his death prevented the other speeches from being made.

In Louisville, Kentucky, in January, 1891, I accompanied Mr. Wiman to a great banquet of the Chamber of Commerce in favour of this system, when Henry Watterson was present

at the meeting and took part in it, together with Wiman and myself. While the banquet was being held, a telegram was placed in my hands from Mr. Fielding, the Provincial Secretary, and Premier of Nova Scotia, announcing that the elections would be held on the 5th March, which made it necessary for me to go home immediately after the banquet. We were taken there in a private car owned by President Norton of the Louisville National Railway, who accompanied us on the occasion. It was but thirty-six hours before I arrived in Halifax and prepared to take part in the contest.

The contest which followed on February 5th, was a memorable struggle in Canada. It may be stated emphatically that the mass of Canadian Liberals supported Unrestricted Reciprocity with no thought of doing anything against the best interests of the Empire. Occasionally some leading citizen got away from them, but that was but a rare exception. It was a tremendous struggle. In addition to the fact that the question was a commercial one that was being fought, the Liberals were reinforced by the changed attitude of Quebec. In the first place, Wilfrid Laurier had become leader in that Province and his name was a great name throughout the country, besides, the execution of Riel, had created a revulsion of feeling among great numbers, which led to the division of Quebec, and as many members were elected in Quebec to oppose the Government as there were to support it, whereas the result of the previous elections had been that the Conservatives commanded fifty seats and the Liberals only fifteen. The general result was pretty decisive—Ontario and Quebec came out even, but all the western provinces gave a majority for the Government and all the eastern or Maritime Provinces, gave a large majority for the Government, and they were sustained by a trifle more than thirty majority.

It was considered at first that I should give up my office of Attorney-General and contest the county of Annapolis in the Liberal interests on Unrestricted Reciprocity, but, after fully consulting with Mr. Fielding and other friends, I reached the conclusion that the circumstances would hardly justify it at the time, and I arranged for a convention and selected Mr. William A. Chipman as the candidate and ran the election as vigorously as it could be run (and put all the merits of Unrestricted Reciprocity as well as they could be put, but we failed by about a hundred majority, and I went back to Halifax from that contest feeling sore at heart. The simple fact was that so much stress had been placed on Unrestricted Reciprocity all over the country, and I had myself so completely thrust myself in the very foremost of the fight, that I felt the defeating of that question was an annihilation of any hopes or expectations I had in Dominion politics.

The effect of this question was to create a strong feeling in Canada of moving this country along on lines that were favourable to our connection with Great Britain, and to create a distrust of anything that savoured of making our relations with the old Mother Country dependent in any way upon the United States. At that time it must be understood that the feeling toward the United States in Canada was quite different from what it is to-day. The effect of the war and the uniting of military forces with the British and French in carrying on this vast undertaking has created a strong sympathy between us and the United States to-day, which was not in existence in former times. For myself, I have no hesitation in stating that at that time I was not opposed to considering the question of Canada forming a nation by herself independent of Great Britain but in close alliance with that country. Such a sentiment avowed to-day would not meet with any degree of sympathy or

support in this country, where we have been for four years associated with Great Britain in a great war and sending four or five hundred thousand of our troops and incurring enormous public debt for maintaining the honour and independence of the Empire against the military forces of Germany. A feeling of intense loyalty and devotion has sprung up, and, at the present moment, is at its zenith in this country, and no one would pretend to advocate the views which I announced as my own twenty years ago. What will come of it all, it is impossible now to foresee. We have achieved victory and it is not unlikely that the present sentiment in favour of union with the interests of the Empire at large may become so part and parcel of the Canadian thought that any idea contrary to that would be received with repugnance. The part which Erastus Wiman took in the matter and his unfortunate career will be remembered by those who are older in politics, but such matters pass along into history and leave scarcely any trace on the times to come. The Government was sustained and business went on as usual, although all attempts at Reciprocity with the United States were a mere farce and were intended to be a farce. The session of 1892 became a somewhat important session because of certain scandals which were brought up, touching members and prominent supporters of the Government. An investigation had scarcely been more than started before an event occurred of very great importance.

Sir John Macdonald was exhausted and his health impaired by the result of the midwinter campaign of 1891. He was taken seriously ill, and, as the result of his long connection with the Conservative party and his success as leader, the news of his illness was received with the greatest concern in all parts of the Dominion, and finally, on June 6th, he died. The Conservative party were in considerable difficulty to know what to do for

a leader. Their choice fell upon Mr. J. J. C. Abbott, who was then in the Senate, as leader, and he continued in that position for fully a year. Mr. Abbott was a gentleman of some considerable power, but he did not rise to the strength and dignity of a leader, and after a time, his health failing, he being an old man, he retired, and then by general consent, Sir John Thompson became the leader. The party was in fairly good shape under Sir John Thompson's leadership with all the opposition that could be brought against him, but he went on to England at the close of 1894, and being about to be received in Her Majesty's Privy Council, he went out to Windsor with a certain number of his colleagues, and at a luncheon there he was suddenly seized with a fit and died. His remains were brought home in one of Her Majesty's ships and he was given a public funeral in Halifax, and so we have to write the last of Sir John Thompson. His body lies buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery in Halifax.

The Conservative party now had considerable difficulty in determining the leadership, and it was finally arranged that Mr. MacKenzie Bowell should go to the Governor-General and talk over certain matters, and on the strength of this it should be determined what course should be pursued. It appears, however, that he consented to be leader himself, and came back and informed his colleagues that he had been entrusted with the formation of a Government. It is no disrespect to Sir MacKenzie Bowell to say that he was in no respect fitted for the discharge of duties which rested upon a Premier of Canada. At that time it was requisite that there should be a man of considerable force of character at the head of affairs because Canada was at that moment grappling with the Manitoba School question. A judgment in the Privy Council had recently been given which, in effect, rendered it possible for the Government of Canada to pass

a remedial bill in regard to Manitoba. Mr. Foster became the leader of the Government in the Lower House, and Mr. MacKenzie Bowell, who was in the Senate, became the leader in that body.

The session of 1895 was passed without any very great effect, but it was agreed that if Manitoba should determine to do nothing, that a remedial bill should be introduced into the House of Parliament and carried. There was also some considerable difficulty in the appointment of vacant seats in the Government for Quebec, which were vacated owing to the refusal of the Government to pass remedial legislation in the session of 1895. One would have thought that MacKenzie would have been conscious of how much depended on getting this bill prepared, but, as a matter of fact, matters were allowed to drift without doing anything at all until the day of the next session had dawned. The mover and seconder of the answer to the address had made their speeches in the House and then, all of a sudden, a certain portion, all the portion who had any particular strength or weight, resigned in a body. They consisted of Foster, Dickie, Haggart, Tupper, Ives, Montague, and Wood, and this led to a tremendous climax in the history of the party. By a singular providential circumstance, Sir Charles Tupper had been summoned from England to Canada in order to discuss and give them positive knowledge as to how far he had succeeded in getting some arrangements made in England for a fast line of steamships, which was at that time a burning question, and Sir Charles Tupper left England and arrived in Canada just after these resignations had taken place, and both parties at once went to him as the proper person to take the management of the matter into his own hands and secure a method of going on with business and saving the Government for the elections of 1896, which would have to come off not later than June of that year. Sir

Charles addressed himself to this task. He saw Mr. Foster and he saw Mr. MacKenzie Bowell and at last it was compromised that he should take a seat in the Government, that the remaining members who had resigned should come back and fill their places and that he should carry on the Government as leader of the House of Commons during the session of 1896, and that when that session closed Mr. Bowell should resign his leadership and retire from active participation in public affairs and Sir Charles Tupper become the Premier of the Dominion.

Sir Charles Tupper had to run his election somewhere, and Mr. David McKeen, one of the members for Cape Breton, resigned his seat in order that Sir Charles Tupper should run in that county, and which was considered then a very safe one for the Conservative party. Mr. George Murray, who was then a member of the Provincial Government, resigned on account of insistent demands of all parties, to run against him, and the greatest furore existed in connection with this election. Mr. Charles Devlin came down, and I also devoted myself from beginning to end to that county, but the result of it all was that Tupper was returned by a majority of eight hundred, and we were left in disappointment. He went to Ottawa and at once arranged for the Remedial Bill, which he proceeded to carry into the House of Commons, and was met by an overwhelming system of obstruction from Dalton McCarthy and by members of the Liberal party as well, and they pursued this system of opposition to such an extent that time drew near when it would be impossible to carry it and still provide the necessary arrangements for other matters, and Sir Charles Tupper was compelled to admit that the Opposition had been successful and that the Remedial measure should be dropped for the present session, and that voting of supplies be gone on with; and finally the session adjourned and

Sir Charles Tupper formed his Government and the elections of 1896 were held.

Then came the great event—the election of 1896, which was fought with all the vigour and resource which can be brought to bear upon anything in the way of a political contest for Canada.

The great question at issue was the Manitoba School question, on which it is not necessary to dwell at any great length at this stage. It was a great question and involved very important interests, but I may be permitted to state my opinion that it was not the determining factor in the elections of 1896. The real was that the Conservatives had been in power then eighteen years; that Sir John Macdonald in 1892 had died, that there was not the same controlling force in the Conservative machine as when he was alive; that they had had frequent changes in the head of the administration; that under MacKenzie Bowell there had been great differences; there had been considerable scandals brought out against them, and Sir Hector Langevin had been compelled to resign, and beyond that Wilfrid Laurier was exerting an enormous influence in Quebec which would give the Liberals of that Province a tremendous majority, as everything combined to point inexorably to the defeat of the Government, no matter how fully and completely the situation was handled by Sir Charles Tupper.

I was induced myself to resign and run in Annapolis county. The Manitoba School question had scarcely anything to do with the result of the election there. They had endeavoured to induce Mr. Fielding to resign and run for the Dominion also, but he considered it wiser to wait and see the result. I ran without any definite assurances of a position in the new Government, in case one should be formed, but I had very strong assur-

ances from the Liberal leaders of such a position, in case it should be formed and I had been elected. If I had been elected in 1896, I should, no doubt, have had the position in the Cabinet which Mr. Fielding occupied for fifteen years. I had a communication from Mr. Laurier, written only the day after the elections, in which he urged me to hold myself in readiness for a position in the course of a few days, and I did hold myself free, but it appears now that the powers that be in the other provinces exerted an influence on Mr. Laurier to induce Mr. Fielding to come in. Although I had run an election with all the chances and risks and he had not, I had not the slightest occasion to find fault with my friends for so determining nor in forming the opinion that Mr. Fielding was better adapted than myself for such a position. I make no complaints and offer no objections, suffice it to say that Mr. Fielding did get a place and I did not. I took the office of Attorney-General, which had been vacant since my resignation, in less than a month from the election. It was offered to me by Mr. Murray, whom Mr. Fielding had selected as his successor, and I held the office until June, 1905, when I was appointed to the Supreme Court.

So ended my dream in connection with Dominion politics. Whether it was better for myself or worse is of no consequence whatever. The chance came and it passed me by, and I accepted the inevitable without uttering a word of complaint.

The result at all events of the election was that the Liberals carried about thirty or forty majority and Sir Wilfrid Laurier was called upon to form a Government, and thereby we had fifteen years of Liberal rule, in which no episode in the forming of the Government was of special interest to me except that on the 23rd June, 1905, I was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court.

(To be continued)

THE JUNGLE CAT

BY F. ST. MARS



RREDERICK CHAUS, (otherwise Baby-Face Chaus, or the Jungle Cat, according to whether you were his friend or his enemy) stood staring mildly—this was as near gloominess as he ever permitted himself to show—with his big, innocent, child-like blue eyes down upon the silent street.

Now, as a type of intrepid big-game hunter and trapper of fierce beasts, Baby-Face Chaus—half English, half Welsh, by birth—could not do other than strike the most casual observer with anything but a smile of incredulity.

Baby-Face Chaus was still wondering—and mentally wandering—at the window, when one of those discreet-looking, dark, clean-shaven men, with bowler hat and black tail-coat and umbrella all complete, who have special Government messenger written all over them, came up the street, stopped, and then knocked at the front-door.

Baby-Face watched him; then, crossing the room, took down the little grinning bronze devil who lived atop of the mounted elephant's foot on the mantelpiece, and turned him round three times for luck. "An answer to my application for special service," quoth he, and next instant his housekeeper entered the room with a letter.

Chaus broke the seal, took out a sheet of paper, stared at it, turned it over, stared at it again, shook out from the envelope a visiting-card and

a Government railway pass, regarded the paper again, and, "Mrs. Sangstone," quoth he, "my fishing-kit, please. I shall be away for a day or two."

Then he took one of his own visiting-cards, wrote on it the one word, "Right", put it in an envelope, sealed it, and handed it to his housekeeper, a tiny, gray mouse of a woman. "The answer," said he, and the woman left the room.

Baby-Face picked up the paper, and slowly squeezed his chin with his left hand; it was a habit he had.

"Tigers. Harantworth. Go and kill them. Report result as per enclosed card," he read, and that was all. No signature, no address, nothing. And it must be admitted, I think, that no man ever started upon a stranger commission with stranger instructions.

Baby-Face looked up Harantworth on the map, and found that it lay up at the top of one of those lost harbours on the coast of Southshire that shall be nameless. Then he put on a pair of rubber top-boots which strapped round the calf, slipped his trousers neatly down over them so that they looked more like a pair of ordinary patent-leather boots, put on a Burberry coat and hat, and, going to a locked cupboard, took out a rifle-case.

At this moment Mrs. Langstone entered the room, carrying a partly filled fishing-bag and an empty fishing-rod case, and a cup of coffee and Plasmon biscuits. Baby-Face took from the rifle-case the stock of a magazine rifle and slipped it into the fish-

ing-bag, and next the lean barrel of a magazine rifle, which he slid into the empty fishing-rod cover, and strapped all up snug. From the cupboard he then fetched a belt already filled with rifle-cartridges, and strapped it on under his waistcoat. Then he consumed his refreshment and counted out for Mrs. Langstone—silent as a mouse, too, but I take it she had got beyond surprises years ago—some money to go on with, and ten minutes from the receipt of his mysterious instructions left the house. And that was Baby-Face Chaus all over.

*

Harantworth appeared to be a small town with red-tiled roofs and its feet in the water. It was owned, apparently, entirely by children and starlings, and three dogs that slept in the sun on the pavement and wouldn't get out of the way. An old man lurking in the dark behind the counter of a boot-repairing shop said that the Army and Territorials and Navy between them had taken the rest.

This much Baby-Face Chaus noted before he entered one of the fourteen inns, and invited the proprietor to drink with him while he fed.

"Fish?" grunted the landlord. "Lor' bless ye! there ain't none. Nor won't be till this war's over. All the fishin' fleet's laid up, so they says."

"Not that sort," Baby-Face smiled. "Fish here—to be caught—in the harbour. I'm sent down here to recruit—"

"Ho, you hare, hare you? Then it's no good your a-comin' 'ere, 'cause there ain't none left to recruit."

"Not men. (Won't you take another with me, landlord?) To recruit my strength; and I reckon, after the roar of guns, fishing is about the most peaceful."

"So 'twould be if there was any to take ye out in a boat, but I doubt if there be."

"How about along shore?"

"Oh, you might get one or two that way when tide's up, but 'tain't fishin'.

But, as you've come for rest like, that don't matter."

"No," said Baby-Face pensively. "That, as you say, doesn't matter. How about working along eastward?"

"Um! Well, yes; but there's Tarring Manor 'bout a mile along would stop ye."

"How stop me?"

"There's a great 'igh wall there runs down to the beach, 'cause Mr. Oving, what rents th' place, goes in for what they calls 'climatizing' animals."

"Oh!" murmured Baby-Face Chaus, and stared with wide blue eyes. "What sort of animals? Tigers?"

"Gawd an' Mr. Oving, they knows. I don't," protested the landlord. "Nobody ain't never been in there. They daren't. Mad game I calls it."

The round pink-and-ivory outlines of Freddie Chaus's face stood out like the painting of the face of a child against the old oak of the door as he bent low over his bread and cheese. His long eyelashes flickered ever so slightly, while he quietly answered, "They do, you know. There are one or two landed proprietors about England who acclimatize foreign creatures, or try to—ostriches, zebras, beavers, kangaroos, European bison, American wapiti deer, and the like; and I believe there is, or was, one chap who kept a lion or two walking about loose. How long has your Mr. Oving been at this ga—hobby, may I ask?"

"Since about ten months afore this 'ere war begun."

"Ah! Foreigners?"

"Dunno. None o' us 'as seen 'im much. Scientific sort o' gent 'oo keeps 'isself much to 'isself; though they do say as 'e 'as a lot o' gen'lmen friends—professors, they looks like—down to see 'im at times. Very gen'rous 'e is to the people like—very generous indeed, I'm sure. There'd be many as 'u'd miss 'im if 'e ever left."

"Really?" Baby-Face Chaus was finishing his meal at speed. He was thinking about his orders, and was

sorry for the poor people of Harantsworth who would miss the studious, retiring Mr. Oving and his "climatized" beasts.

Down an old, old lane—Puck's Lane, they called it—flanked with towering cliffs of elm-trees where the rooks cawed, and, for a little space, by the wall of a garden as old as Old England; by forgetting cow-yards awash in high grass; by hawthorns, where the mistle-thrushes quarrelled gratingly among the berries, and a great, gaunt, brown rat foraged in the ditch; past eaves under branches through which shone glimpses of sun and of fields; along a tunnel of hedges that had not seen a chopper for many years, went Baby-Face Chaus to where the lane folded down on the pebbles of the shore of the harbour, and the shallow tide spoke at his feet in whispers.

But Baby-Face Chaus, though he was—strange thing—gifted with something of the artistic temperament, had no illusions. His gentle gaze wandered over the church spires, the tall chimneys, the gasometers, the giant cranes of the great dockyard town, visible dimly in blue-gray haze far to the east; over the bald, bold hills, fort-capped and frowning, to the north; over the still waters to the surf-fringed harbour-bar to the south; and over all the mixture of white-sided sea-wall, whale-backed mud-bank, green-yellow marshes, and smudged lone waters to the west. His powerful prism glasses revealed, at the mouth of the harbour, khaki dots that doved and were Territorial guards, but near him for miles was nothing human alive at all. He might have been on the west coast of Ireland, instead of within eight miles of a big Royal Naval dockyard town, by the loneliness of the place.

"Yes," said Baby-Face to himself, "guarded to the south, guarded to the north, and guarded all round; but never a pair of eyes to look here. It'd be hard to get in, but once in, a—Yes, and I'm here for tigers."

His glasses took within their range a spiked wall running down to the beach and well but into the water, but Baby-Face Chaus removed himself to that wall quietly, keeping as much as possible in the shelter of the tamarisks, and treading with care. He found it a high wall, too high to climb, too far out into the water to wade round, spiked atop, running away back over the long, bent, whispering, coarse grasses, away behind the hedges, and broken only by one door close at hand—one little iron door sunk deep in the wall, that showed no signs of opening to anything short of dynamite.

Baby-Face pursed his lips with the pout of an displeased child, and sat down on the seaside of the seabank, the tamarisk-hedge behind, and behind the tamarisks the door in the wall, and stared out at the wheeling silver gulls far over the diamond-spangled water. He lit a cigarette, and seemed to have forgotten time completely.

Even the ghostly swish of boots in long dry grass is plainly audible at a little distance in that silent, flat, marshy land, but Baby-Face had needed no grass hint to tell him that someone was coming. Before ever the sound was audible he had vanished, quick and silent as a cat. And he lay flat and motionless as any average stone, hidden past all finding.

The human proved to be a man, a big one, in a lounge suit, with a flat, smooth face, tow hair, and the eyes of a fish. He was a fine specimen to look at as regards size. And Baby-Face was kicking himself with irritation that he could not remember for the moment where he had seen that man before. Then he did. The man had shaved Chaus at the Great Southern Railway Company's terminus in London four hours before.

The man went straight to the little iron door, opened it with a key, passed in, and banged it to vigorously after him with a deep and heavy clang that startled a hare that had been crouched

all the time in the grass watching, no doubt, first Baby-Face Chaus, then the man, so that it fled like a fawn streak into the sun-bathed landscape.

As for Baby-Face Chaus, he stared at the uncompromising door with lips pouting more than ever; and then, in a second, he was on his feet, crouching, tense, motionless—no longer Baby-Face, but quite obviously Jungle Cat—watching the door with alert eyes.

Then he crept forward. He examined the door. He listened outside of it, one hand in his jacket-pocket—in case.

Then he pushed the door, and it gave—gave to his touch. It was open. It was not locked. Being one of those doors that lock automatically on being shut, it had—as you may have noticed they will do sometimes if slammed to with great force—jarred open, or rebounded if you like, too quickly for the lock to catch, by reason of the force with which it was swung shut. And Baby-Face Chaus peered in.

I am sure I don't pretend to know what he expected to see—fields and sun, most likely, on the other side of the wall, the same as on his side. So he did; but he could not have had much time to note it, for he nearly fell into a deep concrete ditch which ran along the inside base of the wall as far as he could see, to where it disappeared among some distant trees. And crowning the top of the other side of the concrete ditch for its whole length was a row of bars that looked as if they were strong enough to keep in anything.

At Chaus's feet dangled a rope-ladder down into the ditch—it was still moving slightly—and about twenty yards along the ditch to his right, but on the other side, he discerned a door, a little door, of iron also, let into the solid concrete, and leading apparently into the bowels of the earth.

The innocent wide orbs of Baby-Face noted all these things in one instant, comprehensive glance, before he

let himself down the rope-ladder—verily spider never negotiated with more silently—into the ditch, and, creeping up to the door (how he blessed those rubber boots of his that made no sound) gave it a quick, gentle push.

Whatever might be said about the mechanism of the lock of the other door, rusted probably from lack of use, there could be no doubt about this one. It had forked perfectly, and the door was fast shut.

You picture to yourself this slim, gentle-seeming enigma, Chaus, standing there in the two inches or so of water that had collected at the bottom of the ditch, pouting like a naughty kid at the door that would let him see what was inside, but you may find some difficulty in realizing at first the risk he knew by then he must be running in being there at all.

Next he retraced his steps, and carefully placed the first door precisely as he had found it. Then, starting to run as far up as he could on the slope of the ditch, he raced across the bottom, up the far side as high as his momentum carried him, and sprang upward, just managing to clutch at the bottom of one bar with his extended left hand in the leap. To fling up the other hand, get a hold, pull himself up, and straighten with his toes between the bars on the top of the concrete was the work of a moment.

The rest was not so easy. But Baby-Face Chaus the resourceful had expected bars and spikes, and had taken the precaution to relieve his friend the landlord of a few corks for fishing-floats. Pulling himself up to the top of the bars—really this slim man was as deceptive about strength as in all else, for he worked with apparent ease—he stuck a cork on the top of each of four spiked bars, cast his coat on top of the corks, and climbed over. Thence to behind the cover of the nearest bush he slid, snake-fashion, and paused to see whether anything happened.

He quietly and swiftly put his rifle together and charged the magazine. Then he stole to the tamarisk-hedge bordering the shore, and crept along on the sea side, where he could not be seen except from the water. He was just prospecting—looking, if you like, everywhere for hint or sign of tigers, which his orders had told him he would find at Harantsworth, and his instinct told him he would find here.

Here, by Jove! Baby-Face had not gone two hundred yards, when, with uplifted foot, literally 'twixt stride and stride, he stopped dead, and stood like a bull at gaze. His big blue eyes, wide open and surprised, were staring down at the muddy, narrow strip of sand left at the bottom of the beach by the tide, which had turned and was beginning to fall. And well might he stare, for there, bang in the glare of the westering sun, deep in the mud, were the footprints of a large and heavy beast, and they had been so recently made that the water was still oozing into them.

So motionless did Chaus "freeze" that a big, spotless old ruffian of a herring gull, beating up along the shore on the hunt for stranded loot, did not see him. The bird came straight toward him, high up over the tamarisks, its long, thin wings beating their shallow half-beat steadily. Frederick Chaus's eyes never left it. He knew his game, this sphinx of a man. And quite suddenly the bird swerved. At fifty yards it flung up and round, with a quickly uttered *Check! check! check-check!* and started to fly and beat and swerve and curve rapidly above that one spot, and—

"Thanks, old chap!" muttered Baby-Face Chaus. "You make a very passable scout"; and he moved—as a man might move who is walking on the glass roof of a conservatory—along the muddy sand, till he was level with the spot where the bird had checked and was now wheeling with its querulous alarm note, scolding something.

From the water's edge up to the pebble beach Chaus crept in wonder-

ful silence, only to be appreciated by those who have tried to do the same, to the top of the seabank, and, on hands and knees, peered through the tamarisks.

A less experienced man would have scanned the grassy waste ahead, and looked too high; but that was not Chaus. He glanced down first to the marshy ditch at the bottom of the seabank, and stiffened from head to heel. He was looking straight into the inscrutable, unblinking, indescribably fierce yellow eyes of a full-grown male tiger. Wide-whiskered, frilled, heavy-jowled, loose-bellied, bow-legged, with great head thrown up, the massive brute stood there in the wet, staring up at him with fire, insolent, malevolent intensity, motionless as a statue in red sandstone.

For perhaps as long as it takes a man to inhale a long breath and let it out again slowly, those two, man and beast, remained thus motionless as the chalk-clumps around, eye meeting eye; but it was the beast who lowered his gaze first.

And Baby-Face Chaus's rifle was at his shoulder. Goodness knows how he managed it. He certainly never appeared to have moved an inch. Probably, though he had been moving all the time, lifting his weapon slowly, slowly, incalculably cautiously, so slowly as even to deceive the beast; and you can take my word for it that wants some doing.

Slowly he aimed, it seemed, but very quickly really. The trigger was squeezed, not pressed, and —Heaven help the man! There was the click of the released striker, and *no report*. The snap of the striker, and just a gentle little smoke-like hiss; nothing more. Ye gods—a misfire!

Up went the rifle again, snap went the striker, a second time devoid of the report that should have been one with it—oh, help! another misfire!—and, quick as light, Baby-Face leapt aside, came a crash and splintering of riven tamarisk-boughs,, a shower of the fleshy-leaved sprays, a stench

of hot, carrion-scented breath, and Baby-Face Chaus was standing up, ejecting the empty cartridge case, and coolly looking down over his shoulder to where the tiger, in the last wild, awful flurry of death, was threshing and rolling on the muddy sand below.

In a few seconds the big striped body was still, the massive head dropped with a choked, tremendous growl, the long banded tail gave two or three terrific whacks on the mud, and all was still.

"Let me see," chuckled Baby-Face Chaus, bending over the beautiful tawny body, and staring with wondering, gentle eyes of innocent amazement. "Lungs. Heart. Spine. Um! Not so rotten for a quick snap-shot. Now we will proceed." And he did.

But unless you happen to be up in these matters you may not be aware that there is such a thing as a report-silencer on the market, a little light metal cylinder which you screw on the muzzle of your rifle, and which smothers the report, turning it into a harmless hiss. One of those Chaus had on his rifle. It explained the apparent misfire. Under certain conditions—conditions like the present, for instance—he found that the contrivance came in useful.

Baby-Face Chaus, however, was not a man to lose time in gloating over victories. He took them as mistakes, not gifts, of fate, and was suspicious that they might be a trap. Thus you never caught him napping, or anything else than, as it were, under arms. Never was there a man so constantly prepared for trouble, so ever-expectant of attack.

In seven minutes, moving always from cover to cover—be it no more than a fold in the ground—he was far out across the rough lands of Tarling Manor, and it would have taken a very sharp eye indeed to detect him or follow his movements when detected.

The tracks of another tiger—the right third claw missing, had this one—he found behind a bush under a little tree loaded well with red berries

among which the thrushes and black-birds feasted riotously. The beast had evidently made a regular basking-ground of this place, for the grass was all beaten down and worn off, and there were bones; and the tiger itself he sighted almost immediately after, as he rounded the bush.

The beast was standing right out in the open with its back to him, watching, with extreme intentness, something invisible that moved in the short grass ahead of it. The impression was as if the brute was observing a ghost, for the grass was very short just here, and there was nothing, absolutely nothing, to be seen, even through Chaus's powerful prismatic binoculars.

Nor was that all, however, for another tiger, just ahead of the first, was trotting up and down a line also invisible, watching, like the first, the same something that you couldn't see, but whose movements it followed, at times growing so excited that it broke into a trot. It was exactly as if the animal were in a cage, and was pacing up and down against the bars, watching the keeper moving about with its meat; only there were no bars, and nothing at all that one could see to check it or for it to watch.

Baby-Face Chaus stepped back to cover, aimed swiftly, and squeezed the trigger. There was no report, only that odd, uncanny little hiss as before; but the nearest tiger to him turned a complete somersault, and lay where it fell on its back, paws stuck out stiffly at all angles to heaven, as rigid as if it had been dead a whole day.

"Brain," snapped Baby-Face mechanically, as if he were used to making beautiful "bull's eyes" like that every day, while he jerked another cartridge up from the magazine.

The second tiger had whipped round quick as a snake, and was standing erect, glaring first at its dead companion, then at the bush which sheltered the shooter, and Baby-Face's bullet got it fair in the neck, and it

fell as if the life had been snapped off from it as one snaps out an electric light. As a matter of fact it was not dead, though. Chaus knew that, but it only needed the second bullet—which came almost at once—right through the head to slay the fine beast before ever it came round from the effects of the first shot. And from first to last neither tigers nor rifle uttered a sound.

He crept forward with a ready rifle. His tread made no sound, and his shadow, long in the grass behind him, frightened only field-mice.

Past the first tiger he went—lying as if it held the weight of all heaven on its rigid out-stretched paws—and on to the second—superb in its strength even in death—and on, one stride. Then he stopped, swayed forward with almost overbalanced momentum, recovered with difficulty, and opened his eyes very wide indeed. He was on the brink of another concrete trench, deeper than that he had crossed before, and covered—"blinded" would be correct—as to its top with wire, on which light twigs and grass were laid. It was too wide for a tiger to jump over, and if he did he could be stopped by the wire fence on the other side, and if he jumped down he could be held prisoner by the strong wire fence which guarded, as has been said, that side. Evidently, thought Chaus, this was a hint taken from the New York Zoo. But he did jump down, or slid rather, and then—and then—he stopped short, half-sitting, with a gasp of sheer stupefaction.

He found himself looking at a big sunken chamber, as it were the concrete basin of an empty artificial lake, roofed as to its top with wire, on which grass and stuff lay to mask its identity from above, and surmounted with a strong wire fence close to its wall. At the far end, away from Chaus, the outer wall, swinging inwards, crossed it. There were wide iron rolling doors there, and the concrete floor was continued under them.

To his right, about twenty yards off, was a little iron door, now half-open, which evidently communicated with an underground passage, leading to the door in the wall by the shore through which the German had entered.

But it was none of these things that astounded Baby-Face Chaus. It was the things which occupied the floor of the space itself that fetched him up all standing, so to speak. "One, two, three, four, five—*five* aeroplanes, and—and I was sent to kill tigers, too," whispered Baby-Face Chaus. And he was right there. Five aeroplanes there were in that place—army aeroplanes, not B.E.'s, but such as they use in—Germany, shall we say? Five very fine and powerful aeroplanes, monoplanes—not British—there in that place, where you couldn't see them if you flew over them, and where the tigers would have taken jolly good care you shouldn't see them any other way.

Then Baby-Face Chaus climbed over the wire. This was the most risky part of the whole proceedings perhaps, because to do so he had to show himself very openly, and ran the chance of getting caught like a cat up a clothes-prop. He accomplished it, however, and crouched among the wheels and the "tails"—listening.

The place was as still and echoing in its hollow silence as an empty church. But still Baby-Face Chaus waited "frozen", listening. "Where," he was wondering, "is that blamed German hairdresser?"

But there was only the twitter of a meadow-lark on the parapet without, and the hum of the southwest breeze which nearly always blows in that land, through the wire above. Only that, and nothing else. And—

"Ach, my dear friend! und 'ow vill you have your hair out, eh?"

Baby-Face Chaus had straightened a little, and was moving to examine the sliding doors by which the machines could be taken outside, free of

the tiger-guard, when the voice fetched him round as if some one had stuck a knife between his ribs. He found himself staring almost point-blank into the neat ring of a Browning automatic pistol-muzzle, with half the face of the German hairdresser-man staring overtop.

"Ho," said Baby-Face coolly, his eyebrows crawling nearly up to the top of his forehead, above his amazingly big, baby-blue eyes, "it's you, is it?" And he regarded the man wonderingly, half-reproachfully, altogether innocently as a child would say "Oh uncle! how *could* you?"

"You're a dead man if you moof," replied the face above the pistol-muzzle harshly.

"And you're another, anyhow," snapped Chaus—every inch the Jungle Cat in a flash—falling flat with such amazing suddenness that the bullet from the German's pistol, fired as he moved, passed clean over him.

He never had time to fire another, that spy man, nor ever another shot from an automatic. He was dead before he could release and press the trigger a second time, hit nearly through the heart with a .75 grain bullet from the Jungle Cat's Webly-Scott .32 automatic pistol, which had simply gone off from a mysterious somewhere about his person, almost as he reached the ground. It was a wonderful exhibition of quick thought, instant action, and fine shooting.

"Aeroplanes, aeroplanes, aeroplanes, and every one of 'em with her bombs in all ready. That boulder seems to have been putting 'em in now. And petrol-tanks all full. Evidently the merry little picnic was timed to take place very shortly," mumbled Baby-Face, popping from body to body of the big, silent flying machines, after having relieved the corpse of the late hairdresser of his weapon. "What a game, eh! What a game!"

Baby-Face knew that the sound of these shots might be calculated to

bring some one upon the scene mighty quick, and he was faced with the responsible alternative of putting the machines at once out of action with bullets for them intact. He chose the latter course, because he conceived that five extra aeroplanes, with bombs, petrol, and hangar complete, would be a very welcome acquisition to our army.

Wherefore, when the sound of running shod feet sounded on the concrete without, he promptly flattened himself against the great iron sliding-doors. And this, you will admit, was a strategic position, since any one looking through them would have to come in and show himself at a disadvantage before he could see Baby-Face.

Very slowly the doors rolled back about six inches, and in the tense, aching silence that followed he was aware—rather by intuition than any other form of knowledge—that some one was peeping in and scanning the situation.

For perhaps three minutes nothing more happened, and the suspense became like a taut wire in his head that must snap. It was awful!

Then a nose, a black moustache, and a chin appeared. A head followed very, very cautiously. The head looked straight in front of itself first, then turned and looked along the inside of the doors to the right, where Baby-Face was *not*; then turned again quickly, and looked along the inside of the big doors to the left, where Baby-Face *was*. And at the instant the head gave a start, and made to draw back, but stopped.

This was natural, because it had felt the cold impression of the Webly automatic's muzzle against its temple, and heard a voice whisper in its ear, very softly, almost lovingly, "Keep still."

And it was still—very still.

Then—well, nothing further happened. The head just kept where it was, and the pistol-muzzle just kept where it was (and that was all; while the silence grew, and grew, and the

strain with it, till you could have seen great beads of cold sweat breaking out upon the head's forehead and running down to its nose. It was only a question of time and waiting. And the sound came at last.

There was a shuffle without; then an impatient whisper through the narrow opening between the big doors, "Vat is wrong, Max?"

"Silence, or this'll blow your head off!" The words were barely breathed by Baby-Face into the ear of the head, but it heard them.

"*Mein Gott!*" it muttered, and then again, "*Mein Gott!*" and you could hear the rasp of dry lips being moistened with a dry tongue.

The Webly-Scott automatic's muzzle screwed itself a little more against the temple of the head, and "if your friends try to open the doors any farther, say your prayers," whispered Baby-Face again.

And the head shivered visibly.

Came then more whispering without, and a new voice joined in. Evidently there were at least two of them outside, and by the same token Baby-Face's position began to look precarious.

Meanwhile the seconds ticked on—you would hear them doing it plainly from the watch in Chaus's waistcoat-pocket, so still everything was—and the face began to turn a clammy gray.

"Max," came the whisper from the outside again, "we will open de door—es. Somedings is wrong gone. We know id."

The .32 automatic gave a nudge, and—

"No, no!" gasped the head aloud. "Everydings is all right. For the luf of Gott do not moof now!"

Followed silence, broken only by the impatient shuffling of feet. Once Chaus caught a glimpse of a nose trying to peer in over the head, but it could see nothing.

As for Baby-Face, the sweat was beginning to trickle and trickle all down his back, and he felt his hair sit up and creep all under his soft tweed

hat. He knew this mad position could not endure much longer.

Then suddenly it was all over. Without warning, or preparation of any kind, there came from outside a short, sharp challenge, "Hands up, there!"

Followed a volley of German curses, a scuffle, the bark of a Browning pistol-shot, the butting crack of a rifle, a ghastly yell, and—silence.

Then the orderly tread of shod feet rang on the concrete without, the doors rolled back, and, "Good perishin' 'eavens above! Look at 'ere, sir!" gasped the amazed voice of a corporal, at the head of half-a-dozen khaki figures, with rifles and fixed bayonets, who dashed in, and halted, with mouths and eyes wide open, staring at the scene, with Baby-Face Chaus, his weapon still glued to the head of his bowed and livid prisoner, in the foreground.

An officer pushed through, stared, choked, and was dumb.

"If," begged Baby-Face Chaus, wearily, "you'll have the goodness to take over this prisoner I shall be much obliged." Then he stepped forward and saluted, handing his orders and the card to the officer. "I've carried out my orders, sir," said he, "and should like to report to name on card, as requested."

"And that's me," laughed the officer. "We heard the firing, and I received telephonic instructions to give you support if necessary. But what about the tigers?"

"I've got them too, sir."

"How many?"

"Only three."

"Only three! Good Lord, man, you speak as if you shot wild beasts every day before breakfast for a pastime!"

"Not for a pastime, sir," corrected Baby-Face quietly. "For a living."

"Yus," echoed the corporal in a stage whisper, "an' give 'im little white wings, an' a bow an' arrer, an' strip 'im, an' 'e'd fly away as a bloomin' Cupid. 'Eaven 'elp us judge our fellow-men, says I."



CANADIANS ON THE RHINE (BIVOUAC)

From the Painting by Inglis Sheldon-Williams in the Canadian War Memorial Records

WHEN A TEACHER PLAYED SCHOOL

BY ROY R. TARVIS

IT happened one evening during the week of Christmas holidays. My father, mother and sister were seated round the dining-room table reading the newspaper and magazines; the three little grandsons were spending their holidays with us, but they with my young brother had gone sleigh-riding on a nearby hill. I had never known home to be so quiet. Restlessly I strayed into the library, and half-unconsciously I selected my favourite book of childhood, "Uncle Tom's Cabin", and began looking at the pictures or reading short paragraphs selected at random.

But my promiscuous ramblings over the pages eventually brought me to a place of interest. Do you remember Tom's journey, seated in the back of that little cart, when he was taken from home to be sold 'way down south, by that unscrupulous slave-dealer Hailey? And do you recall when they unhitched the horse to take it into the blacksmith shop, as Tom sat there with feet and hands bound, how the young lad, George, came up at full speed to give the old darkey the last dollar he had?

When I was a boy, I marvelled at the unadulterated qualities of that friendship; now I was being held again just as strongly as in days of childhood. I recalled how, sometimes, I wished that I were George

so as to have a friend like poor old Tom, or othertimes, wished that I were even Tom so as to have a friend like that boy, George.

Absorbed as I was in this thought, I had not become aware of the prolonged shouting of "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah," from the boys without, until my father, laying down the paper and removing his glasses, reflectively remarked:

"Well, well, what's wrong now? What brings our prodigals home so early? Why it isn't eight o'clock yet."

Reluctantly, my attention was torn away from the story, as the noisy feet came over the kitchen floor and the door leading to the dining-room opened with a bang. Truly the "prodigals" had returned, and they brought with them some six or eight more of their kind.

"Say, Roy," several at the same time shouted, as they approached me. "We want you to do us a favour—will you?"

I wasn't in the mood for granting favours, but I asked them to name it.

"Well, will you, first?"

Then I tried to guess, but every time the re-enforced answer came:

"Not right, yet."

It was then they told me that they wanted to "play" school; that they had it all planned in fact, and that I was to be their teacher.

"Of course, I answered, 'No.'"

I pictured seeing them when on the hill, endorsing the plan, when it was suggested to play school with one that was really a teacher.

At once they began to coax, and finally I found it necessary to give them my reason for refusing.

"You see, boys, it's this way," I began. "You do not really want to play school—the trouble is you do not know what you do want. You took half an hour coaxing to be allowed to stay until nine o'clock on the hill; finally consent was given, but you are at home before eight. If I consent, we should no more than get started, when you would be talking of starting something else. No, I refuse, and that's reason enough."

Ronald, the oldest of the crowd, a boy of fourteen, and a particularly good chum of my brother, ventured to establish a rule.

"I'll tell you, Roy, what we're willin' to do. You tell us how long you'll play and we'll stick to what you say. But—Murray, and Ken, and myself—we want to get trimmed good."

Just then, Murray came and stood beside their prospective teacher of the evening, and in the way that only brothers can, began.

"Say, Roy, do you—or, when you trim the youngsters, do you take your glasses off first?"

And then Kenneth, my nephew, not to be out-done, took his stand.

"And, Roy, when some big fellow as big as me shoots a spit-ball square at you, and you see he's big, what do you do—do you pretend you didn't see him?"

Again I pictured how they had planned for such a fine time.

"All right, I'll take you on Ronald's offer, if you are all willing to play for one hour."

They all agreed.

In five minutes school was to be called, and in the meantime they were to get everything in readiness. They

selected one corner of the parlour for the school; instead of having chairs, they were to sit on the rug. Out in the middle of the room, they placed a chair and in front of it a small table for the teacher's desk; then they made the dunce's cap.

Right on the minute, I rang the bell, and everything, as if by magic, assumed a school appearance.

"Good-evening, everybody," I began.

"Good morning, sir," they heartily responded.

"Now it's the usual custom when a new teacher comes to a school, to first learn the pupils' names, assign the lessons for the coming day, and then dismiss. But that is not my style; I believe in work, and work hard from the word go."

Then I bethought myself, "That's not what they want, this was to be 'playing' school."

"However, to-day," I resumed, "I shall of necessity need to follow another plan. It has been circulated far and wide what a rough school this is; you have the reputation for being the most daring lads of the country; it has been prophesied that I'll have a hard time to hold my position here, so I'm going to use a different method. But I am ready for you."

"This morning I stopped over at the undertaker's to order seventeen coffins to be sent up to this——"

"Here, here, here, what kind of talk is that," broke in my father who had apparently been listening from the other room. "That'll do of that." So I didn't finish that familiar scare-story.

I went on again.

"To-day, I am not anxious to do any book work." (Even yet, I see the well-known smile that stole across their faces.) "In fact, we shall not so much as open a book, but I am going to teach you how to behave yourselves."

Then I gave the orders.

"Fold your arms. Sit with your feet close together. Eyes front.

Now that is being in position. The first one who gets out of position will get the strap."

I saw that my method was pleasing them. It seemed to be just what they had been wishing.

Kenneth was the first to get smart.

"Please, sir, while I was up sleigh-riding some snow got stuck in the ribs of my stocking and now it's melted and it makes my leg itchy. If I have to sit with my hands folded who's going to do the scratching? Will you?"

This was serious, so he got the promised punishment.

Clifford, the little boy, not quite six years old, was the last to get the strap in the first round, but he was the first to take the punishment to heart. He was going to tell his grandfather right at once.

"I won't play any more," he said.

"Look here, my boy," said the teacher, "you do as I say. Come right back here, you bad bad boy," and taking hold of him I sat down rather substantially on the stool by my desk, telling him at the same time that he was no good, and that if he dared to move off that chair, right to bed he must go.

He sat there, but every time I looked at him, up would go his little nose, and then he would turn the other way. It was quite evident that the fear of having to go to bed was all that kept him in his place.

Thus it went until as the punishments became more severe, less frequent were the offenses. They had all taken about as much as they could stand. They were as sick of their bargain as anyone could be. If only someone would suggest to quit, how relieved they would be. But each waited for someone else.

Just then a rap came at the door. It was my mother.

"Say, Mr. Grizzly Bear," she began, "would you be so kind as to let me address your school?"

Before I had time to consent or refuse she began:

"Pupils of this school, it is a long time since I addressed such meek and patient little angels as I see before me now."

Then with great deliberation she continued:

"When I was going to school, if we had had for a teacher such a crank as that fellow there, we would have very soon taken him out and ducked him under the pump."

"Meek little angels" With one accord they made a bound toward me. I raised my hand and shouted:

"Who'll fight for the teacher?"

Very soon I was being trailed along the floor. Then I shouted once again: "Who'll fight for the teacher?"

In the tumult that followed I could distinctly hear one little baby voice make answer. "I will, I will, I WILL."

I realized that if it were possible to conquer such a crowd it would be a "big feather in my cap" so to speak, but I must candidly admit it was not in my power; yet I made the task as hard as I could for them. I think there were twelve in all, ranging anywhere from nine to fourteen years of age, and all the help I had was Clifford, and he not quite six years old.

But didn't he fight! Many a time he pulled the very biggest to the floor, when his little hands once got into their hair, and every time his reward was a good kick or knock. Soon they had me to the door. When the little fellow realized that it was not in his power to save me from the ducking, he then turned to his grandfather and pleaded with him to give assistance. In broken sobs, he pleaded:

"Oh, granddaddy, please don't let them, please, don't," followed with "Oh, granddaddy, Roy has such a cold and he'll get worse."

But his pleadings were of no use. Then back again he went to fight. It took two of them to hold him while the others tugged me, bumpy, bump, down the steps.

It was not until right beside the pump that they began to break down on their resolution.

"Maybe we'd better not," someone said, just as the water was about to flow from the spout.

After the least splash, I was quickly pulled away, and allowed to stand free.

"Who's to pay for this?" I shouted, "school isn't over yet.

I reminded them of their agreement to stay one hour.

"But I can't stay another minute," said Ronald. "Mother said I was to be home early."

"And I've got to go, too," another said.

"Now look a' here, Roy," retorted Ken, his home being ten miles away and knowing he had no choice from staying. "You shouldn't ought to hit so hard: I'll tell you, will you use a folded-up newspaper this time?"

I agreed to use nothing other than the folded paper for a strap; and then Ronald looking again at his watch was surprised that it was much earlier than he thought it was, so decided to go back into the house and finish the game.

"I'll go upstairs and hunt up an old cane," I suggested, "and I'll come back to school in three minutes—that'll be called to-morrow—and I'll be, as you fellows like to call it, 'very much the worse of wear.'"

The suggestion suited them, and they decided to eat apples until I came back.

Passing through the kitchen, I rubbed my hand across the bottom of the kettle and when I arrived at the top of the stairs blackened one eye and tied a red handkerchief across it. Finding a bottle of red ink nearby, I put a few drops across the back of my hand and then wound it up with a bandage. One of the boys started upstairs, but I hurried him down by telling him to ring the school bell and get in their places. I stuffed the folded newspaper in an old valise, and

also the big Union Jack, and taking the cane went down the stairs and limped into the school-room.

My appearance did cause a sensation. After allowing time for a hearty laugh, I gave a very gentle rap on the desk.

"Position, everybody," I called. "Clifford, you are out of your seat."

Without a word he took his place on the little stool in front of my table. I noticed a long deep scratch down his little red cheek.

"You young gaffers, you're a rough pack," I continued.

That tickled them through and through.

"But don't you think for a minute that you hurt me yesterday. If it hadn't been for my rheumatism and lumbago, I would have trimmed every last one of you. And don't you think for a minute that you hurt me. I say, for this sore eye and lame wrist, I got myself, last night, by slipping on the ice when I took the cow down to water.

My excuses amused them greatly. I never heard children laugh more heartily in my life.

"Yes, and you may laugh; I guess you think I can't hurt you, and that's just when you get fooled—because to-day—to-day, I'm not going to try. I'm going to wait until I get better, and then woe betide every last boy that's here. As for to-day, I am going to teach my first lesson.

Now, I really did have order. After introducing my subject and getting their curiosity well aroused, I took the old flag from the valise and proceeded to tell its story. Judging from effect, (and where is there a better test than the twinkle of the eye?) I can say that it was a splendid lesson. Then carelessly I let the bandages fall off.

I could not say who the first was to notice my black eye and blood-red hand, but Clifford was the first to speak. Tears started down the little fellow's cheeks as he sobbed out:

"Oh, Oh, I knowed they'd hurt you. I told them to quit but they wouldn't listen to me."

On I went with my story, apparently taking no notice until I had finished; then I told them school was dismissed, apologizing at the same time for having kept them more than half an hour past the time.

I regretfully learned, from their silence, that there was not one but looked upon that black eye and wounded hand as a reality. Big tears stood in their eyes—yes, even in Ronald's—as they came forward in a very timid but brotherly fashion to express their sorrow; and did I not mournfully regret that I was not deserving of those tears? Could I tell boys with such big hearts that their shedding of tears was only a great big joke? Could I show them that in the game of "play" school that they had really been conquered by my "playing" that the teacher was hurt? On my life I could not; instead, I took the first opportunity and literally sneaked to bed.

My mother and sister prepared a lunch for the boys and not long afterwards I heard their parting good-nights.

Presently, the hall-door opened and a little voice called. It was Clifford.

"Roy, I'se comin' up."

All alone in the dark, muttering to himself, he mounted step by step. Soon he was in my room. His little hands felt around for mine and then, that big, big sigh.

"Say, Roy, when you said I ain't no good and you don't like me, was we playing then or did you mean that I ain't no good and you don't like me?"

"Clifford, you're a brave little lad. You did fight hard for me, and I'll never forget it."

He sighed again.

"I thought you's just playin', but I don't know what the others thought. You didn't tell them you didn't mean I ain't no good, did you, Roy?"

Just then his grandmother came with the light to take him off to his bed, and no one has made mention since of the night we played school.

I often wonder if, in everyday life, we give children all they deserve. It is not enough to merely refrain from condemnation, but we must practise commendation. Oh, that common, ordinary, everyday boy, with Heaven shining right out of his eyes, and that great big heart, do we often sadly disappoint him?

We hear of those who follow teaching as a profession. Pause one moment. Would it not be far better to pursue it as a golden opportunity?



GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

XII.—SIR GEORGE ROSS



SIR GEORGE ROSS, for many years Minister of Education in Ontario, and later, during a short and inauspicious epoch, Premier of the same Province, was born near the City of London in the County of Middlesex, on the eighteenth day of September, 1841. He was of Scotch ancestry, a fact which, in later life, he never forgot, and indeed often turned to uncommon political advantage. He received a common school education, at the close of which he became a public school teacher, and taught for some years in the neighbourhood of his birthplace. Public school teaching such as that to which rural Ontario was accustomed half a century ago was an occupation which did not call for the exertion of the highest mental powers. Mr. Ross no doubt discovered this to be true before he had spent many months at teaching, consequently he early forsook that calling, and assumed the editorship of a weekly country newspaper. In the different departments of the newspaper office he laboured industriously for several years. From newspaper life he advanced to the position of a County School Inspector, thus assuming a post of considerable responsibility and no little importance and influence in the community. Being always of a studious nature, and of a genial disposition, he easily made a large number of friends, and also an extensive circle of admirers. He had

natural gifts of speech, which his position readily enabled him to cultivate and develop. On occasions, too, when the opportunity was presented, he participated in local debates and discussions, in connection with literary, debating and other societies. While yet in early manhood he thus grew to be recognized as a speaker of promise and ability, and a debater of whom much might be expected in the future.

It was natural, therefore, for him to go into politics, and in the general elections of 1872, by defeating a strong opponent, he became a member of the Dominion Parliament and thus achieved the first of the many successes which followed him through much of the remainder of his career.

Mr. Ross retained his seat for West Middlesex in Parliament on the occasion of the overthrow of the Mackenzie Administration in 1878, and again at the general elections of 1882 he was once more returned to the House of Commons. On this occasion, however, a protest was filed against him, and his seat was declared vacant by the court which tried the bribery charges. He did not again contest the riding, but a fortunate opening occurring at the same juncture in that constituency for its representation in the Provincial Legislature, Mr. Ross was at once appointed by Premier Mowat to the position of Minister of Education for the Province of Ontario, and was forthwith elected to the vacant seat in the Provincial Legislature. That was in the year 1883.

The new position he held for the ensuing sixteen years. They were important years in legislation as well as in education, and the political battles which were waged during that time were over vital issues, and were fought with uncompromising energy and masterly ability. Contests with the Conservative Opposition, contests with the Governments of other Provinces, contests with the Government of the Dominion, contests in the Courts to give authority to Provincial legislation, were of exasperating and continuous occurrence. Men of intellectual powers, and of oratorical gifts were needed constantly, for there was but little quarter either asked or given in the strenuous encounters of those memorable years. In the legislature and upon countless platforms throughout the country Mr. Ross was an oratorical power on behalf of the Government. He was never apologetic. He was never timid. He never sought a truce with his opponents. Shouldering the gigantic part of the political burden, he voluntarily assumed the greater part of the defence of the acts of the administration, whenever defence was necessary, and entered into the attack with the same undaunted intrepidity whenever the necessity was apparent for aggressiveness.

Throughout Ontario Mr. Ross was in ceaseless demand at general election campaigns, and by-election contests. On these occasions, with simple, but illuminating, oratory, flaming with intensity and burning with conviction, he impressed thousands of people dwelling in that broad territory from Lake Erie to the Ottawa River, and from the silvery St. Lawrence westward to the golden harvest fields which flung their splendour out along the Manitoba boundary, that the priceless destinies of a Province which contains all the elements of national greatness were secure while committed to the care of the Mowat Administration.

During these years Mr. Ross was

achieving a reputation as an orator which was being gained by few in Ontario. His methodical habit of preparing with scrupulous industry everything which he said, and thereby preserving that accuracy which is so frequently absent from much of extemporaneous speaking, made him effective upon the platform, both in expounding the measures which had been undertaken by the Government and in repelling attacks which were made upon it by powerful and eloquent opponents. He, too, was possessed of an abundance of irony and could be as satirical as the occasion demanded. Perhaps one of the most fitting illustrations of his occasional thrusts is to be found in his reply to his opponent, a Mr. Currie who contested West Middlesex against Mr. Ross in 1878. Mr. Currie had referred to himself as a farmer, and proudly boasted that farmers were the "bone and sinew" of the country. Mr. Ross, exasperated by an invidious comparison which had been instituted disadvantageously against himself, retorted: "If the farmers want to be represented by bone and sinew only, then I know of no person better fitted to be their choice than Mr. Currie". A brilliant flash from his lips on one occasion in his later years, when age was imposing its marks upon him, is found in these words, which I have often thought to be worthy of preservation: "Uneasy lies the head which wears a crown, and many a head without any crown, and many a head without any hair on top of the crown, lies very uneasy too." Almost equally brilliant was his allusion to an applicant for the charter to build the Canadian Pacific Railway, whom he contemptuously described as having been a "brewer of beer in British Columbia and a brewer of trouble at Ottawa".

In 1896 Sir Wilfrid Laurier achieved his memorable victory at the polls, and became Premier of Canada. He called to his cabinet a number of Provincial administrators, and later on also Sir Oliver Mowat, for many

years at the head of the Government of Ontario. Mowat was succeeded by Arthur S. Hardy, a brilliant lawyer and an able politician, whom circumstances a little later compelled to abdicate the high office to which he had succeeded. There is tragedy at this juncture. The pen has not yet placed on paper the reason for Mr. Hardy's resignation, although ill-health was the convenient reason vouchsafed to the public. Perhaps, however, it masked the true situation as well as any other word could have done. At all events it seemed to suffice, for it silenced further inquiry for any additional reason. Mr. Ross became Mr. Hardy's successor. That was in the year 1899. In 1898 there had been a general election in Ontario. Corruption on a gigantic scale, extensive and systematic, organized and diabolical, and chiefly on the side of the Government, prevailed throughout much of the Province during that campaign. By a narrow majority the administration had been sustained. Election trials, and the scandals which are the customary companions of electoral dishonesty, marked the history of the earlier years of the Ross premiership. Language seldom previously used in public was resorted to by both Government and Opposition, both in attack and in defence. Intellectuals fitted for something nobler and needier were constantly employed in these continuously recurrent and ignominiously degrading discussions. Then came the beginning of the end. Then appeared the darkest blot which ever stained the political annals of the hitherto spotless Province of Ontario. At length the Government was openly accused of bribery, and following these accusations, especially one by

Mr. R. R. Gamey, the floodgates of public indignation were opened and the Government was compelled to resign.

Cast into opposition Sir George Ross was a different man from the resourceful minister he had been during a long tenure of high office. He was possessed of eminent administrative gifts, and these languished when he was denied the opportunity of their use. It is perhaps verging too closely upon current politics to discuss here the events which marked the powerful inauguration of the Whitney Government, and the lasting and beneficial effect which many of his deeds left upon the Province. It is enough to say that for a short time Sir George Ross, after his party's defeat, led the Opposition, giving it all the inspiration of which his ability and oratorical powers were capable. He did not flourish on the opposition benches of a provincial leader, however, and in January, 1907, two years after he ceased to be Premier, he was appointed a member of the Senate of Canada. There he advanced immediately to a first position. His oratorical and legislative gifts at once furnished him with eminent qualifications for a foremost place in the nation's highest counsels. He soon became leader of the Senate. But not for long was his service to continue. The end came suddenly, while yet a pall was resting over the world. At the age of three score and ten years this brilliant man, whose oratorical renown spread over a generation and over a Dominion, passed away. He occupied a large space in the eyes of men during the last thirty years of his career, and History is not done with him yet.



FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

The United States is developing social and industrial tendencies in direct conflict with those that prevail in Great Britain. American employers are organizing against the "closed shop" and against recognition of labour leaders in adjustment of industrial disputes. Whitley Councils are opposed because they involve organization of workers and negotiation with unions. It will be remembered that in his speech in Toronto a few weeks ago Mr. Hoover argued that such councils were inapplicable to conditions in the United States where workers are not so thoroughly organized as in Great Britain. But there is among American employers a disposition to favour plant councils and to bargain with committees of their own workmen.

So Mr. Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labour, opposes a political Labour party. He finds support for this position in the results of the November election. According to his reading of the returns fifty Congressmen hostile to Labour were defeated and between fifty-five and sixty friends of Labour elected. But Mr. Gompers and other official leaders of organized Labour spoke for Mr. Cox from many platforms and there seems to be ground for the contention of Republican leaders that there will be a predominant majority of members in the new Congress who were opposed by Labour and that the Labour lobby will be less powerful than it has been under the Wilson Administration.

In the election the American people manifested little toleration for extremists. The "Red" element of Labour and even the Western agrarians made no headway. Governor Allen of Kansas had a majority of votes in all but three counties of the State although he was opposed by Labour because of his action in breaking a strike of miners by organizing an army of volunteers to dig coal and because of the legislation which he fathered to compel adjustment of disputes by arbitration. The Non-Partisan Farmers' League which has dominated North Dakota failed completely to extend its control over Minnesota, South Dakota, Colorado and Idaho. Not only has the Republic no Labour party such as commands the allegiance of millions of workers in Great Britain but the farmers apparently are not favourable to a political party such as has been organized in Canada. The United States has had many new parties but they never get far from the cradle. Even the Progressive party was on its deathbed before Roosevelt disappeared. In sixty years only the Republican party of all new political organizations born in the United States has survived.

The United States has prohibition but Great Britain has not and the voting in Scotland indicates that there is a long hard march ahead of the restrictionists. It is conceivable that before prohibition prevails in Great Britain the United States may have become weary of "bone dry" legislation.

All the facts suggest how powerfully we in Canada are affected by American example or at least indicate that socially and industrially we have the outlook of our neighbours while politically we cherish with ever-increasing ardour the connection with the Mother Country.

II

It is a pity that a few professed champions of the soldiers should use such extreme language on public platforms and pour out so much denunciation upon governments. The truth is that Canada is anxious to treat the soldiers not only with justice but with generosity. There may be claims which have not had full recognition. There may be grievances to be redressed. If so it is certain that Parliament will not be unresponsive or neglectful. But much has been done and one feels that ministers and members of Parliament should not be denounced as though they were unconscious of the country's obligation to the army and determined to be shabby and unjust. There is nothing that its financial resources will permit that Canada will not do for the soldiers and no Government would be allowed to forget their losses and sacrifices. But there is danger that continuous attack and denunciation will lessen the great and universal sympathy for the veterans which prevails and that the masses of the army will be held responsible for the actions and utterances of some of their self-elected spokesmen. Nothing can be gained by disturbances at public meetings or by demands made in the spirit of detraction and menace. It may be that the time has come for responsible leaders among the veterans to remonstrate with the few turbulent agitators who are misrepresenting the temper of the great body of returned men and taxing the patience of the public which knows that governments and parliaments in Canada are not only anxious but determined that no reasonable appeal which can be made in behalf of the soldiers shall go unanswered.

III

Mr. Drury declares that he would drive out of the country all those who make trouble between Ontario and Quebec and between English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians. This may not be bad advice, although it may be difficult to give effect to such aggressive teaching. Unfortunately the Premier leaves the impression that only English-speaking people offend. The intolerance of Ontario was supposed to be represented by Regulation Seventeen which prescribes the conditions under which French may be taught in the schools of the Province. But we have no intimation that Mr. Drury means to abolish or amend this regulation. If it is as oppressive as it has been said to be by many of those who applaud his appeal for a good understanding between French and English-speaking people in Canada, it should be repealed and his language on the platform has no very definite meaning unless he demands action by the Legislature. If Mr. Drury thinks the regulation should stand, his attitude towards French teaching is exactly that of Sir James Whitney and Sir William Hearst and he is open to all the denunciation which fell across their shoulders.

According to the judgment of the Imperial Privy Council, which Quebec regards as the citadel of French rights and privileges, the French language has absolutely no constitutional position in Ontario. Any recognition of French in the schools, therefore, is a concession to the French element and a proof of goodwill which is not required by the constitution. Even under Regulation Seventeen there is an extension of privileges and not a denial of rights. One does not suggest that the sheer letter of the constitution should

govern all the relations between French and English in Canada but it is certain that majorities will respond to an appeal when they will resist a demand. If there was less of menace and attack in the writing of those who agitate for greater recognition of French in the English Provinces it would be less difficult for the Governments to make concessions in legislation and far more easy to interpret the school regulations with complete sympathy and toleration. But only trouble arises when actual concessions are denounced as oppression and aggression.

IV

This is a two-language country and will remain so throughout the centuries. Anyone who thinks that a common language can be established by legislative suppression of French or preference for English is blind to the teaching of the past, the facts of the present and the certainties of the future. As *The Regina Leader* bluntly declared a few months ago this is a bilingual nation. We have not one but two official languages and three millions of French people. There is very little prospect that the French minority will decrease in proportion to the total population. Nor is it conceivable that they will abandon their language or learn English by compulsion. For many reasons it is desirable if not necessary that all nationalities who are represented on this continent should have knowledge of English. For those who cannot speak and write English are thereby excluded from many of the best places in the commercial and industrial activities of the continent. But as *The Regina Leader* contends it is also of high importance that English Canadians should learn French, for as long as the population is divided into two distinct sections there is bound to be "a condition of things certain to result in misunderstanding and friction."

The Leader therefore suggests that it would be in the national interest to make both English and French compulsory in all the schools of the country. It asks if fifty years hence the French-Canadians of Quebec could all speak English and the English Canadians all speak French would we not all be better off, would we not have put an end to many misunderstandings and would we not occupy a stronger position both at home and abroad and be able to maintain that position with greater assurance. "Individually," asks *The Leader*, "would any citizen be in a worse position, indeed would not all be in a better position?" No doubt other languages would also demand consideration, but French and English have an official recognition in the constitution which other languages do not possess and for which no equal claim can be established. French, too, is the pioneer language of Canada and for generations has been peculiarly the language of diplomacy and of literature. If the two languages were common in this country we would have advantages which few people possess and a real distinction among other nations. The French newspapers of Quebec would circulate throughout the Dominion and those of the English provinces be widely read among the French people. We would have a national press which we cannot have so long as the nation is divided by language and we would have as no other country has had or is likely to have the common treasure of two literatures. We may be far from any realization of *The Regina Leader's* ideal but surely supreme national considerations require that the French language shall not be subjected to hostile and repressive legislative regulations in any of the Provinces of Canada.

V

For some weeks in Quebec there has been a vigorous controversy over the position of English in the schools of the Province. Monsignor F. X. Ross, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Rimouski, has been writing a series of

letters in which among other changes in the system of primary education he urges less attention to English or at least delay in giving any special attention to the language. But from the French press he is not getting much support. *Le Pays* says that the Abbé "does not want our children to become familiar with a language which is absolutely indispensable". *L'Événement* declares that: "A whole Anglophobe school is systematically working to combat the teaching of English in the elementary schools of the province. Here is a new object of spite which a certain press is seeking to exercise. We must watch that campaign. From it may come another racial quarrel that will revive the bitter spirit of the enemies of British institutions in Canada." *La Presse*, the most widely circulated of all Canadian newspapers, of which it is understood Sir Lomer Gouin has become political director, discusses the question with singular insight and a far and broad outlook. "We submit," it says, "that an adequate knowledge of English constitutes for each and every French-Canadian in this bilingual country a fundamental idea that is essentially necessary, and one that cannot be acquired too early, since upon it reposes the edifice of the individual's future prosperity and the influence he or she will exercise amongst their fellow citizens in the political sphere as well as in business affairs."

What could be better than this further statement by this influential French journal: "We maintain that the profound and practical knowledge of English obtained by French-Canadians will allow them to play in Canada a role that they could not fill otherwise. We maintain that this knowledge of English, begun in the first school years, will contribute in the formation of a purer patriotism and a better one than if French had been the only and exclusive medium of teaching in the primary grades. Why? Because our children will not become slaves of the English language after they have learned it but will rather be its masters. They will have cultivated and enlarged their own national genius while assimilating that of their fellow citizens, with whom they must constantly live. Let us learn, therefore, how to look at the question as it presents itself in reality. Those people who consciously or unconsciously push our race into a group separate and apart, appear to us to ignore the importance of the influence which French Canada can exert on this Dominion. If we wish to fulfil our mission, our whole mission, we must be greater, stronger, better equipped mentally, than others, because it is by this development of our personality and not by our numerical strength that we will find the force that will give us victory."

Although in Manitoba the French language receives less consideration than in any other Province of Canada, *The Winnipeg Telegram* takes a position very like that of *La Presse* and not so different from that of its Liberal contemporary at Regina. "Can we feel," asks *The Telegram*, "that we have received that education which enlightens when we do not know and speak the French language? A delicacy in this connection has been forced out of a political misconception into which the beauteous and expressive French language has been waylaid. So long as we may claim to be Provincials we may have little use for any language but English. But are we not to travel? Are we not to enjoy any discourse with the other half of our Canadian population? Are we not to imbibe the literature of the brightest thinking people? Are we not to be outclassed in diplomacy, unintelligible in foreign intercourse, and deprived of an educational equipment which ought almost to be obligatory upon election to Parliament? To be taught French is not to be seduced into any political or religious laneway down which we should not wander. To comprehend it is a part of the sign manual of a liberal education. To be cultivated in it is to remove much ignorant prejudice. To know it is almost as much a

patriotic duty in our dual-language land as it is commercially necessary for French-speaking citizens to acquire a knowledge of English."

VI

Many educationists contend that it is difficult if not impossible to have two languages upon an absolute parity in the primary schools. If so the object of legislation and school practice in the English Provinces should be to give French as much attention as is compatible with adequate teaching of English. This is not and will not be made a one-language country. French and English for many generations will be the two dominant elements in the Canadian population. English Canadians cannot be satisfied to have only one language while French-Canadians more and more will have two languages. Since it is impossible by any system of legislative coercion to abolish the use of French among those to whom it is the native tongue, why should we not consider more seriously and anxiously how best to extend knowledge of French in the English communities without detriment to English as the natural language of the people. We would hear no more of the political isolation of Quebec and demagogues would lose their power to misrepresent English writers and speakers in the French Province if those who were the victims of misrepresentation and misunderstanding could go into Quebec and into the French communities of the other Provinces and speak to the people in their own language. It is not true that French in Canada is denied any right which may fairly be claimed for the language under the letter or even under the spirit of the Constitution, but it is highly desirable in the common interest that French should have greater recognition in all the secondary educational institutions of the English Provinces and should be recognized also to the utmost degree that may be practicable in the system of elementary teaching.

VII

The Prairie Provinces are united in the demand for the restoration of their natural resources. All three Provinces are under Liberal Governments and one does not forget that the situation against which they protest with so much vigour was created by a Liberal Government at Ottawa with the support of many of the politicians and newspapers now leading the agitation for release from federal control. It is even suggested that if the federal Government resists the demand of the aggrieved Provinces there will be a direct appeal to Imperial authority. This would not be altogether consistent with the agitation for abolition of appeals to the Imperial Privy Council and general protest against Imperial meddling in the affairs of Canada.

But no such appeal should be necessary to secure for the Western Provinces control over resources of which they should never have been deprived. It is fair to remember also that if a Liberal Government gave emasculated constitutions to Saskatchewan and Alberta the Conservative party in Parliament opposed the Autonomy Acts and insisted that the new Provinces should have full control over education subject to the provisions of the British North America Act and such complete control over their natural resources as the older Provinces possess. No one in Eastern Canada can desire to revive the educational controversy or to discover grievances for the Western people. They are handling the problems of education with vision and vigour. Difficult as their situation is in some of its phases—for they have to deal with many racial elements—they seem to avoid either weak compromise or intolerant action and despite a dual school system in Saskatchewan and Alberta, public control over teaching and textbooks seems to be exercised with firmness and discretion.

The West perhaps was slow to discover the value of its natural resources. These are greater than any of us believed and in that very fact is the strength of the Western demand. In these resources lie great potential sources of revenue. But so long as they are held by the Dominion the West cannot enjoy the full advantages of its natural heritage. Nor is it conceivable that they will be as energetically or wisely developed by the federal Government as they would be if they were restored to the Provinces. As was contended when the Western Autonomy Bills were before Parliament fifteen years ago retention of the natural resources of the Prairie Provinces by the Dominion means that we have inferior and superior Provinces in Canada. All the Eastern Provinces and British Columbia control their lands, timber, and minerals. That was the condition of the compact of Confederation. Upon no other basis could the Provinces have been united under a central Government. By holding the resources of the Western country the central Government violated the spirit of the constitution and required those communities to accept a lower status in Confederation.

It is true that the money subsidies to the Western Provinces were adjusted so as to give compensation for the resources of which they were deprived. But it was manifestly impossible to have the element of finality in such a contract since the true value of Western resources could not be established, while new discoveries from time to time would alter the whole balance of the agreement. For example, Northern Manitoba is found to have natural wealth of unexpected richness and variety, which in older Canada would be controlled and developed by Provincial Governments. In the East all such resources inure to the direct benefit of the Provinces; in the West the Dominion possesses and controls. There is something in the contention of *The Manitoba Free Press* that the federal compensation for resources which have been alienated is not a subsidy, but an equity due to Manitoba from federal usurpations of fifty years ago. This applies also to Saskatchewan and Alberta although when those Provinces were created there was a deliberate acceptance of money subsidies for surrender of natural resources.

No doubt the older Provinces have contributed heavily to open the West to settlement, provide railways and organize the general machinery of government. But the West gave land subsidies of great value and when all is said the expenditures for settlement and transportation have been of general advantage to Canada. In voting cash subsidies and guarantees to railways we were thinking of the national interest and not of any sectional interest, as the original purchase of the Western Territories from the Hudson's Bay Company was a national and not a sectional investment. One is not impressed by the argument that the other Provinces should have some "proportionate allowance" if the Western communities have their natural resources restored. What of the revenues enjoyed by the other Provinces of which the West has been deprived? It will be admitted that the West should not have its land, timber, and minerals and also a higher cash subsidy from the federal Treasury, but against general federal subsidies determined by population and like control of their natural resources by all the Provinces there seems to be no convincing argument.

The whole question lies between the Dominion Government and the Western Legislatures and not between the Western Legislatures and those of the other Provinces. By the Western Governments there will be more active development of natural resources than can be had through a Government at Ottawa. There will be greater incentive to discovery and more direct and practical effort to attract capital and ensure production. As it is Provincial expenditures necessary to discover and develop enhance the value of resources

which the Dominion controls and bring no adequate return to the Provincial Treasuries. But primarily and chiefly equity requires that the Prairie Provinces shall have just such control over their resources as the older Provinces exercise, and shall be raised from the status of colonies to equal partners in the Confederation, and subject to contracts into which the Crown has entered and an equitable readjustment of cash subsidies the Federal Government should concede the Western demand without further evasion or delay.

VIII

THE KING'S PRISONERS

The King hath a frowning Castle,
And the children have been told
Behind its walls are captive thralls,
Whom he doth guard and hold.

They look through the gates of the Castle
With eager rounded eyes,
But they hear only happy laughter
And a woman's lullabies.

For the King hath a wife and a baby,
A woman all his own,
The child pulls at his silken robes,
They lean his knees upon.

And his arms go round about them
As they lie upon his breast,
And he whispers low they shall not go
To North or East or West.

For the North is cold and the wind is bold,
The East hath a hard wind too,
While the West is far where the mountains are
And the stars shine coldly through.

So they whisper low as the South winds blow,
And the birds their nest-mates find
While the sun rides high in an open sky,
And the trees and the flowers are kind.

Still the children wait at the Castle gate
And hear neither cry nor fret,
But God is kind and hath in mind
They shall know the secret yet.

For never was such a gaoler
Nor captives such as these;
He fears so much to lose their touch
That he keeps them at his knees.

And know you that Love is the Castle,
Where they with the King would be,
For a Man, a Woman and a Child or two
Are God's own Company.

FROM THE JAPANESE

By BEATRICE REDPATH

Illusion

IN my garden to-night
The trees are heavy with snow,
And tiny candles are alight
On every bough;
But I smell apple blossoms,
And the wings of a firefly
Touched my hand.

Before the Storm

Heat . . . tenseness and heat,
The sky seems stretched too tight,
While massed gray clouds
Are as packed feathers holding back the air.

Early Snow

The leaves hung black,
Limp blossoms without scent
Drooped pitifully;
But in the night the earth has laid
White sheets above its dead.





A PASTORAL

From the Painting by Homer Watson, P.R.C.A. In the collection of the late Glenholme Falconbridge.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF ODETTE

BY MARY LOVETT CAMERON



It was under the bella-combra tree that Odette stepped into life, a dainty, coquettish little figure, quite out of keeping with the ancient mauresque building, whose high walls and shadowy arcades surrounded us.

Detained at the Spanish seaport of La Puerta by circumstances which have nothing to do with this story, I sought the common refuge of unprotected females in that country, and transferred myself from the racket of the casual hotel to the calm shelter of a convent. I was directed to one where the inmates kept a girls' school, and possessed a spare room or two which they were ready to let to ladies in need of temporary shelter. The building, like many others in Southern Spain, had once been the dwelling of a wealthy Moor, and the signs of past magnificence contrasted strangely with the simple requirements of its simple inhabitants. I passed from the street, under a deep vaulted gateway, into a large courtyard surrounded by a colonnade of slender marble figures supporting horse-shoe arches outlined by delicate tracery. Giving on this court or *patio* were spacious halls, now used as class-rooms and dormitories, and in the place of swarthy and turbanned Moors, slight girlish figures and white-capped nuns flitted to and fro over the pavement of many-coloured tiles. To reach my room I went through a second arch-

way leading to an inner court, at the end of which was a secluded pavillion, in which, of old, the ladies of the Moorish household were confined. Here the relics of bygone luxury were even more apparent than in the outer *patio*. The cage in which the old Moor kept his woman-kind was at least well gilded. Cedar-wood ceilings, elaborately carved, still bore traces of delicate colour and rich gilding, iridescent tiles lined the walls, and the windows looked on a garden planted with earuba and bellacondra trees, whose deep shade made a cool retreat, even at noon-day. Masses of the scarlet cactus and geranium glowed from the dark-green background, and the high encircling walls were clothed with clusters of flowering creepers. On one side, under a sculptured canopy, a flight of shallow steps led to the marble baths, into which water trickled from a carved spout with a cool, refreshing sound. Reclining in a rocking-chair amidst these surroundings, I felt as if transported to another age, and could hardly believe that an hour or two previously I had been in the commonplace *salon* of a seaport hotel, with advertisements of Transatlantic liners and circular tours staring at me from the walls.

The day after my arrival, the Sister who waited on me volunteered the information that among their boarders was a young lady who spoke French, and who would be very happy to make

my acquaintance. As my knowledge of Spanish was limited, and as I was feeling somewhat lonely and bored, I hailed the proposal with satisfaction, and thereupon Odette appeared. Odette came to me framed in the twisted arms of the great tree, and thus abruptly, and without the slightest intention on my part, I became an actor in a drama, which, for being brief and episodic, was none the less stirring and eventful while it lasted.

My interest was excited from the moment that my eyes fell on her. She was a little person I should have expected to meet on a Parisian boulevard rather than in an old Spanish convent. Possibly my imagination was stimulated by the unusual surroundings in which I found myself, and prepared me to find romance in my path. Certain it is, that I became immediately possessed with a vehement desire to find out what caprice of Fate had fixed her in so incongruous a setting. Her vivacious manner had none of the languor of the Andalusians of La Puerta, and the natty touches by which she made her plain black frock give the impression of careful toilette could only have been given by a Frenchwoman's fingers. My curiosity was not destined to remain unsatisfied. I experienced little difficulty in giving the conversation a personal turn.

Odette was enchanted to find a patient listener to her prattle, and I was soon made aware of how tired she was of the convent, how the other girls were little girls, while she, Odette, was past eighteen, how *maman* always promised to come and take her away, but never came.

"And where is your mother?" I asked.

"In France. *Maman* is French. My father was a Spaniard, but he is dead. *Maman* put me in the convent two years ago, and went to France to see her friends, and has remained ever since in Paris or Nice, or sailing in the Mediterranean in the yacht of one of *ses messieurs*. It is very dull for

me, is it not, madame, to be shut up here, when I might be having such a lively, amusing life with *Maman*?"

I admitted that it was so.

"I cried very much and *m'ennuivais horriblement* at first, but now something has happened which will make things different. Perhaps the Sister has told you." Odette smiled a knowing and mysterious little smile.

"Indeed, she has told me nothing."

"Well, I will, then; it is no secret. I have had a proposal of marriage. A young man of this town, Don Ramon de la Vega, loves me."

"Do tell me about it," I cried; I am absurdly romantic, and a love affair rouses my sympathy at once. "*How* could you manage to annex a lover in a convent?"

"I am sometimes invited out, and I met him at the home of some friends. We met there several times, and then—" Odette hesitated, but encouraged, I presume, by my benevolent aspect, in a burst of confidence; "There is a little grated window in the tool-house, away yonder in the far corner of the garden, it is only about a foot square, but it is large enough." And Odette laughed a childish laugh of mischief and triumph.

"Ah! I have heard of the Spanish custom. *Peleando la pava* they call it. So even in a convent love finds a way, and you and Don Ramon made love through the grating of the tool-house window."

"*C'est ca.*"

"But you say it is no secret. Did the nuns discover your rendezvous, and were they shocked?"

"No, it was Ramon who, a week or two ago, plucked up courage to tell the Superior he wished to marry me."

"And she?"

"Oh! *la Madre Angela* is very kind. She called me to her and questioned me, and then told me that as I had no religious vocation—ah! no *bien aûr*, I have not—it would be a good marriage, for she had made inquiries through Don Gregorie, the confessor of the convent, and found that Ramon

is a good, respectable young man, and though not rich, he is in a position to marry."

Odette pursed her pretty red lips, and looked very prim as she repeated the Superior's words.

"She wrote to *maman*," she continued, "and *maman* wrote giving her consent, but excusing herself from coming to arrange the marriage, as the Superior had desired, because she has very pressing business at Monte Carlo just now."

I agreed with the Superior that a speedy marriage was most desirable for the daughter of this very frisky widow. Suddenly, with a little imploring air, which, no doubt, Don Ramon had found irresistible, Odette cried; "There is music on the Alameda this evening. Could we not go together? The Superior will let me go, I know, if you ask her." I agreed and an hour or two later we left the convent, and wended our way to the promenade, or Alameda, beside the sea, where the citizens took the air in the evening. Between the branches of the great acacia and palm trees, the dark blue waters of the Mediterranean stretched, meeting the arching sky far away in a mist of golden haze. As we emerged from the narrow streets, Odette grasped my arm with a sudden movement.

"Look, oh, look! A yacht."

It was so, amidst the feluchas, the Spanish tugs and fishing boats at anchor in the bay, the tall masts and graceful hull of a yacht stood out.

"Monsieur Maxime's yacht." The words escaped her in a murmur.

"And who is Monsieur Maxime?"

"A friend of *maman*. Monsieur Maxime de la Roche. He used to come here on his yacht before *maman* went away."

I felt vaguely that the plot was thickening.

We walked on.

Then, moved by the same impulse of confidence which had inspired her throughout our short acquaintance, Odette said, half in a whisper but very

distinctly: "The day before *maman* sent me to the convent, Monsieur Maxime found me alone crying, for I did not want to be left behind, and he—he comforted me, and he said that he would come one day when I was grown up, to carry me away—and he has come."

And all at once I realized that I was just at the very knot and crisis of the love affairs of Odette.

We reached the spot where the band was in the habit of playing. Under the trees here, thickly planted round a square open space, groups of chairs were scattered. Odette and I seated ourselves a little apart from the throng, on the edge of the deep shadow cast by the spreading branches of a great tree. Lamps were lit around the band-stand, and they shot rays of yellow light athwart the fading twilight. It was soon evident that our arrival was not unobserved. A young man approached us, and, stopping a few paces away, seemed to await our notice. In the stream of lamplight, his figure stood out clearly, while, perhaps, only a lover's quick eye would have recognized us in our shady nook. This must be Don Ramon, and swiftly I divined that Odette had drawn a prize in the great lottery. He was not only handsome, there was also force and character in his firm lips and broad brow, and honesty in his clear earnest gaze,

I turned to Odette: "If that is Don Ramon, you can sign to him to join us. With me as a chaperon, there can be no objection."

She started. One would have said she had not recognized her lover. Her eyes were fixed far away beyond the crowd of shadowy figures moving round the band. However, she made a little gesture with her hand, and Don Ramon drew near and was presented to me. Soon we were chatting friendly, and my first impression deepened. His manner was charming, his remarks witty without flippancy, and there was a boyish frankness in the open way he showed his devotion

to Odette which won my heart. She was strangely silent, his eyes sought hers inquiringly; and, suddenly rousing herself, she asked him to find out the name of a waltz the band was playing. He left us for a minute. Leaning towards her, I was about to tell her how well Don Ramon pleased me, when I became aware of someone standing in the deep shadow a few paces behind our chairs. He moved away, and, passing into the lamplight, I saw a tall man, dressed with the scrupulous care of a French dandy, his pale, determined face worn with the life of the Boulevards and Casinos, a mocking smile on his thin lips. I needed no one to tell me his name. This, then, was Monsieur Maxime. And now began one of the most trying hours of my life. Don Ramon returned and took his place beside us again, and the Frenchman drew back into the shadow. Ramon's eyes were fixed on his little *fiancée*, he seemed a little puzzled by her manner, and strove, with a mixture of tenderness and gaiety, to rouse her from the silent abstraction in which she was plunged.

And all the time, close to us, wrapped in the dark shadow, stood the figure with the sneering smile, motionless, biding his time. With a sudden effort, Odette roused herself, and began to chatter with feverish animation, but the little hand grasping her fan trembled as if an ague had seized her, and presently, turning her face away from Ramon towards me, I saw her eyes were brimming over with tears, and two great drops escaped and ran down her cheeks as I looked. She dashed them away with the back of her hand, and began to fan herself vigorously, but I felt the situation becoming intolerable. I got up.

"We must go back to the convent. It is late."

Ramon pulled out his watch and begged for another half-hour. But Odette objected. She was tired, she said, and the Superior would not let her come again if we were late.

We walked towards home, Ramon beside us—and the other following a few paces behind.

Now a fresh terror seized me. Suppose Ramon perceived the stranger—I knew what a Spaniard would do. While with us he would give no sign, but once we were within the convent gates he would pick a quarrel on no matter what subject, and the drama might end in a tragedy.

Ramon was leaning over Odette, speaking earnestly in her ear; they were absorbed for the moment in each other. I let my purse slip from my hand, stopped, suddenly turned back, and was face to face with Monsieur Maxime. I looked full in his cold blue eyes. "If you are a gentleman and a man of honour, leave us. You compromise this young girl. Will you risk a public scandal?"

He was so surprised, so taken aback, at my sudden attack, that, with a muttered apology, he turned away. I caught up the others who had stopped, surprised at not finding me beside them.

"I dropped my purse. Let us hurry on." I took Odette's arm and almost dragged her forward. She seemed to understand, and soon we were before the heavy cavernous gateway of the convent.

Ramon's good-nights were mingled with requests to me to bring Odette out the following evening. Hastily, I promised anything—everything, and at last the great gates closed behind us.

Never before had I felt so glad that men were excluded from the precincts of convents.

"Will you come to my room and let us have a little talk?" I felt the girl wanted a firm hand to support her at this critical moment.

"I think not," she said softly. "Madame will excuse me, I have much to think about to-night."

I had no right to insist, and I watched the fragile little figure flit away down the long vaulted corridor with a foreboding of disaster.

What malicious fate had brought this cynical world-hardened man here, just at this crisis? Why not stay his hand, or did it enter his ideas of egotistic pleasure to entrap the poor little butterfly, break its wings, and then cast it away to flutter crushed and maimed to earth? I resolved to use all my efforts to foil his designs, if such they were.

But when the Sister came to call me next morning, she brought me a letter. It was from Odette, and only said, "You have been very kind, read this."

The enclosure was a long letter beginning, "*Ma petite fée bien aimée*," and signed "Maxime". As I read, I learnt that it was the discovery that he was making love to the then sixteen-year-old girl that led *maman* to decide hastily to leave her in the convent. The writer enlarged on the distress the separation had caused him, and declared he could never bear to see her married to another. Then came a witty and cruel picture of life in a dull little Spanish town with a jealous, narrow-minded husband, its limitations and its absurdities; and, on the other hand, a glowing picture of the existence of fêtes and toilettes, balls and theatres, which he could offer her. Paris and the Riviera, contrasted with La Puerta. The fashionable world against a jog-trot provincial seaport. He ended by assuring her of his life-long devotion, and stating that a boat would lie by the jetty all day on the look-out for her, and pull off at once to the yacht at whatever moment she could escape.

I rang for the Sister, and begged her to send Odette to me at once.

"She has gone out."

"Out! How? With whom?"

"When Sister Teresa goes out to market, she often takes Odette with her. It amuses her, and is a little change for the child," was the calm reply.

While she was speaking, I turned to the window, and as I looked the yacht set sail, and, courtseying to the

waves, flew forward, shaking out its plumage to the breeze, swifter and swifter out of the bay, towards the blue line of the horizon.

I leaned my head on my hand, crushed by the sense of my impotence to control the course which Odette's love affair had taken. Short as was our acquaintance, the lonely child had drawn me to her, and it was with real anguish that I reflected on the shipwreck of her young life.

An hour passed, and I began to wonder that no one came to inform me of her disappearance. It was impossible that she should not be missed, when Sister Teresa returned from market. I still held Monsieur Maxime's letter in my hand; would it be my duty to make it public? A knock at my door. I hastily concealed the tell-tale paper, resolving to be guided by circumstances.

The door opened, and instead of the veiled head and quiet face of Sister Monica, Odette, flushed and bright-eyed, walked in!

I seized her in my arms and kissed her.

"You naughty child! What a fright you have given me!"

"Ah! You saw the yacht sail away Dear Madame, I did not go in her, for I love Ramon. Last night, as we sat under the trees, it came to me, and I knew that I loved him, and not all the pleasures that Monsieur Maxime offers me could make up for losing him."

"But, Odette, you rash and foolish child, why risk so much? Why bring that man here; why endanger all your happiness for a caprice?"

Then, with a wicked little shrug and a toss of the saucy head: "I was not *quite* sure until I had seen Maxime again; and, besides, to marry Ramon just because he was the only one, to have no emotions, no excitement over by marriage, that seemed flat and dull. I wanted, just for once, to feel my heart beat as it did under the trees on the Alameda last night. Now I am content."

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE CONQUERING HERO

BY JOHN MURRAY GIBBON. Toronto:
S. B. Gundy.



HIS is the first novel with an exclusive Canadian setting by the author of "Hearts and Faces" and "Drums Afar". It does not suffer because of this setting; and, indeed, it disproves the opinion, sometimes expressed, that no novel could be interesting if its action took the reader to such a city, for instance, as Toronto or Montreal. But the setting for this novel is at the beginning in the wilds of New Brunswick and at the end in a new settlement in British Columbia. The scheme is at once bold and captivating. Donald MacDonald, a returned soldier, who is acting as guide to sportsmen in New Brunswick, meets in the wilds, very unnervingly, even romantically, a Polish princess, a movie star, who has come to Canada, accompanied by her manager and press agent, to relax and perhaps discover the setting for a film production. The princess is an unusually buoyant creature, and when she complains of the cook attached to her party and readily accepts the hospitality offered by the other party, there is considerable consternation in camp, especially when it is revealed that she has had a chequered career, with at least one auspicious *amour*. Nevertheless she and Donald became friends, and after she returns to New York, Donald, through the machinations of her press agent, who has stolen his medal in order to use it in connection with an advertising

"stunt" he is planning unknown to the princess, is induced to go to New York. Donald's chief purpose is to recover the medal, which he believes was stolen by the princess. He visits the lady in her apartments, and while he is there the press agent comes in, and is offensively pleased with a newspaper story he has concocted about the famous Polish "vamp", the princess, who has unconsciously "vamped" a New Brunswick guide, and also unconsciously lured him into following her to New York. But the princess, who really is a very admirable person, is so shocked at the press agent's audacity that she actually horsewhips him, and then Donald assists him to depart in haste. Having recovered his medal, Donald returns to his ranch in British Columbia. Some amusing incidents are related of his experiences, especially with a neighbour, an Old Country colonel, and his wife and daughter. It all reveals in a light vein the common experiences of some settlers in British Columbia, and at the same time paves the way for the permanent attachment of Kate, the colonel's daughter, and Donald. But not, of course, without some setbacks. One in particular is the publication in a Calgary newspaper of the press agent's story about Donald MacDonald being "vamped" by the princess. It so happens that the princess, who has married her manager in the meantime, comes to Banff on the honeymoon; and as both she and her husband are fond of Donald, they insist on his meeting them at Banff. As a result of this meeting, the princess meets Kate, and succeeds in bringing

about a reconciliation. The book is engagingly written by one who has an intimate knowledge of everything that he describes, from fly fishing in New Brunswick to the building of a mushroom bungalow in British Columbia. It is a relief in this respect from some recent novels that pretend to give a Canadian setting, but that are only flights of imagination. Mr. Gibbon has succeeded in producing a perfectly natural story, and he tells it naturally, without affectation and without a fine literary discrimination. "The Conquering Hero" should have a big sale.

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LETTERS OF TRAVEL

By RUDYARD KIPLING. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

FROM this interesting little book of typical sketches by a master hand we quote the following on Canada:

Have you ever noticed that Canada has to deal in the lump with most of the problems that afflict us others severally? For example, she has the double-language, double-law, double-politics drawback in a worse form than South Africa, because, unlike our Dutch, her French cannot well marry outside their religion, and they take their orders from Italy—less central, sometimes, than Pretoria or Stellenbosch. She has, too, something of Australia's labour fuss, minus Australia's isolation, but plus the open and secret influence of "Labour" entrenched, with arms, and high explosives on neighbouring soil. To complete the parallel, she keeps, tucked away behind mountains, a trifle of land called British Columbia, which resembles New Zealand; and New Zealanders who do not find much scope for young enterprise in their own country are drifting up to British Columbia already.

Canada has in her time known calamity more serious than floods, frosts, drought, and fire—and has macadamized some stretches of her road toward nationhood with the broken hearts of two generations. That is why one can discuss with Canadians of the old stock matters which an Australian or New Zealander could no more understand than a healthy child understands death. Truly we are an odd Family! Australia and New Zealand (the Maori War not counted) got everything for nothing. South Africa gave everything and got

less than nothing. Canada has given and taken all along the line for nigh on three hundred years, and in some respects is the wisest, as she should be the happiest, of us all. She seems to be curiously unconscious of her position in the Empire, perhaps because she has lately been talked at, or down to, by her neighbours. You know how at any gathering of our men from all quarters it is tacitly conceded that Canada takes the lead in the Imperial game. To put it roughly, she saw the goal more than ten years ago, and has been working the ball toward it ever since. That is why her inaction at the last Imperial Conference made people who were interested in the play, wonder why she, of all of us, chose to brigade herself with General Botha and to block the forward rush. I, too, asked that question of many. The answer was something like this: "We saw that England wasn't taking anything just then." Quite reasonable—almost too convincing. There was really no need that Canada should have done other than she did—except that she was Eldest Sister, and more was expected of her. She is a little too modest.

*

THE AFFABLE STRANGER

By PETER MCARTHUR. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

HERE is a book dealing with international relations that is highly entertaining, and, having read it, one is convinced that it contains, apart from entertainment, some sound common sense. Mr. McArthur is somewhat of a philosopher, at least he makes some philosophic observations, and he is as well a genial on-looker. This book is the result of a desire he had to learn the cause of the many expressions of ill-feeling between Canada and the United States. He took a trip to the States to see and hear for himself, and the book is his account of what he saw and heard. We should like to quote at length from it, but we are limited to this paragraph:

"During the last years of the war there was a wonderfully friendly feeling among the Allied countries. Since the signing of the armistice the friendship has been vanishing and a growing cleavage becoming evident. For over a year I have been watching the matter closely, and now that I have

had a chance to investigate on both sides of the line I feel safe in making a few definite statements. To begin with, I found in Canada that dislike of the United States is confined very largely to the press and platform. The plain people—the farmers and all classes of people—have very little feeling in the matter. They simply want a chance to put their affairs in order after the war. What I have been able to learn while visiting the United States has convinced me that the attitude of the farmers and workers of that country is either friendly or indifferent to the people of Canada.”

WESTWARD HO!

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY. Toronto:
The Copp, Clark Company.

IT would seem that at last this delightful book of the voyages and adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, of Devon, has been illustrated not only with charm and interest, but also with sympathy. As everyone should know, it is a tale of adventure in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the great British sea rovers and explorers penetrated into the new world, but not everyone knows the splendid artistic embellishment of Mr. N. C. Wyeth, and in this instance it is the decorations and sumptuous setting that make the volume especially attractive.

✱

SIXTEEN NEW POEMS

BY CONTEMPORARY POETS. London:
The Poetry Bookshop.

THE October issue of *The Chap-book*, a most interesting monthly miscellany, is devoted entirely to poems by nine authors: Camilla Doyle, Marguerite Few, Fredegond Shove, E. G. Twitchett, R. Howard Spring, Edward Davison, Mary Morrison Webster, N. M. Hardy, and H. Stewart. We like the swing of Camilla Doyle's poems and quote three stanzas of "A Barge Girl in Cashio-bury":

To see you walk as yesterday,
Down such a path in spring,
In such brave colours, in such haste,
It seems an unreal thing.

With blue beads twisted up your neck
In tight unnumbered strands—
A skirt of red and dark blue stripes
With two great scarlet bands—

With a curtained, flapping hood of black—
A crimson shirt washed pink—
With an apron blue and a shawl of plaid,
You dyed the mirroring brink.

✱

OUR ABSENT HERO

BY MRS. DURIE. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

THERE is the dignity of grief, the beauty of sadness and the majesty of devotion in this book by Mrs. Durie, written in memory of her son Captain William Arthur Peel Durie. We quote one of the poems:

A SOLDIER'S GRAVE IN FRANCE

Here lies a widowed mother's only son,
O gentle winds! temper the airs of heav'n
That they blow softly where his young head
rests

In friendly soil, rich-carpeted with bloom:
Scarlet and gentian blue and butter-gold,
Flecked with an English daisy here and
there.

He was no dreamer, though he soundly
sleeps,

Rather a man in whom the joy of life
Foamed sparking to the brim; and when
great France

Sent forth her bitter, wailing cry for help,
(That France which holds him here en-
clasped in earth)

Eastward he turned his face and crossed the
seas,

Laid youth and glorious manhood in the
dust,

And so stepped into immortality.

✱

CHANSONS OF OLD FRENCH CANADA

A COLLECTIONS OF FOLK SONGS. Que-
bec: The Chateau Frontenac.

HERE are put together in most attractive form eleven of the most popular chansons of old French Canada. The accompaniments are by Margaret Gascoigne, the script by James Kennedy, and the illustrations by Ethel Seath. There is a very interesting and informative preface by

C. Marius Barbeau. Most of the songs are selected from "Chansons Populaire du Canada", by Ernest Gagnon (1865). There are examples of cradle songs, songs for dancing, ballads for festive occasions, sacred songs, and songs of the open: "A la Claire Fontaine", "D' où viens-tu, Bergère", "Dans les Prisons de Nantes", "En Roulant ma Boule", "Hier, sur le Pont d'Avignon", "Isabeau s'y Promène", "La Fille du Roi d'Espagne", "Marianne s'en va-t-au Moulin", "Sainte Marguerite", and "Sur le Pont de Nantes".

The illustrations are unusually attractive, and they, with the type and arrangement are sufficiently quaint to be in keeping with the spirit of the text.

*

OVER THE BRAZIER

By ROBERT GRAVES. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

THIS book is attractive just as a thing to look at, like all the output of its publishers. It is a collection of more or less whimsical, light verse, slight in form and in quantity, and is all the time readable. We quote three stanzas of the title poem:

What life to lead and where to go
After the war, after the war?
We'd often talked this way before
But I still see the brazier glow
That April night, still feel the smoke
And stifling pungency of burning coke.

I'd thought: "A cottage in the hills,
North Wales, a cottage full of books,
Pictures and brass and cosy nooks
And comfortable broad window-sills,
Flowers in the garden, walls all white,
I'd live there peacefully, and dream and write."

But Willy said: "No, Home's no good.
Old England's quite a hopeless place;
I've lost all feeling for my race:
But France has given me heart and blood
Enough to last me all my life—
I'm off to Canada with my wee wife."

BOOKS RECEIVED

—"What Religion Is," by Bernard Bosanquet. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"Social Idolatry," by George W. Pacaud. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

—"The Lady Latour" (Verse), by W. Inglis Morse. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

—"Son of Power," by Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

—"In Chancery," by Johns Galsworthy. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

—"The Prairie Mother," by Arthur Stringer. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

—"The Romantic," by May Sinclair. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"The Elfin Artist" (Verse), by Alfred Noyes. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

—"Neighbours" (Verse), by Wilfred Wilson Gibson. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"Enslaved" (Verse), by John Masefield. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"The Girls of Miss Clevelands," by Beatrice Embree. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

—"Stronger than His Sea," by Robert Watson. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

—"The Turnstile of Night," by William Allison. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

—"Dennison Grant," by Robert Stead. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

—"The Limits of Socialism," by O. Fred Boucke. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.



THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE CHOIR

*Effect of
Early
Training*

BEING young and therefore enthusiastic, I always arrived early at church, and oftentimes I was the first member to take his place in the choir. I mention this merely to show that we had no high-toned notions as to wearing surplices or entering in a body. Some of us came early and some late, taking our places as we came, but each one was imbued with the determination to sing his *possible*. I was the only juvenile member. Perhaps that is not a noteworthy distinction, but it is not every man who can boast that he was a boy soprano and sang in a village choir at the age of ten. As to myself, if I had any quality at all as a singer I attribute it to ancestry and early training. For my grandfather used to sing the baritone part of "Larboard Watch" with me on his knee, and my mother taught me the scale before I could read. Consequently my attainments were discussed at apple-paring and quilting bees, for there was some local pride in the fact that I could go up to high C until I reached the age of fourteen, when my voice cracked; that Henry Perkins, our well-known basso, could go down to low C if in form, and that when we struck these two notes, these two extremities, together, as frequently we succeeded in doing, especially at tea-meetings and socials, the sound produced, as Maria Smith confided to my mother, could be likened only to the hosannas of the blest. So that whatever honour there might have been, it was divided equally between Henry and me.

Henry, like an astute politician, always arrived a few minutes late, but always in time for the first hymn. I can see him now coming through the door, patting his hair into shape and feeling to make sure that his dicky is inside his waistcoat. He is slightly bow-legged, and his toes turn outwards as he walks up the aisle.

*Hosannas
of the Blest*

The minister is announcing Hymn 146, to be sung to the tune of "Balerna". Henry steps on to the dais erected in

one corner as an elevation for the choir and takes his chair, which is just across from mine. Then he makes a peculiar noise in his throat, clearing it for action, and his Adam's apple, which is much larger than Abraham Lincoln's, responds with evident relish. The organ sounds the opening bar, and we rise. The congregation rises also, a moment later. We are fortunate in having with us all the members of the choir. The most prominent, if one could sufficiently detach oneself, would be Lizzie Lavery, perched upon the organ stool. Lizzie is the organist. As we see her, she is an accomplished musician. She has taken ten quarters, and still is taking. In describing her appearance, as she sits on the stool, the word "round" should be used freely. For she is the very antithesis of thinness. To say that she is plump is merely to beat about the bush. But I do say it, and at that I leave something for the imagination. Imagine, therefore, Lizzie sitting upon the stool with an air of authority, and, during the brief pause that follows our rising, contemplating the minister and the congregation with every appearance of compassion. For, short and plump as she is, she can look over the top of the organ, which is of the low, square variety, and, be it remarked, is almost new. I have to confess that it is not a pipe organ, nor is it heavily stopped. But by being one octave narrower than some organs we have heard of, it does not occupy much space. It is so simple also that Lizzie, short as she is and plump, by sitting forward on the stool, can pump it with the tips of her toes. Perhaps you have heard of organs that are pumped by hand. Ours is pumped by foot, and we are pleased. Because it has a sweet, although not sonorous, tone, and it is admirably constructed for droning a paraphrase or playing an anthem. To its lead we can sing with gusto "Old Hundredth", "Cole's Hill", or Psalm CXIX, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that it cost only eighty dollars and that the whole amount was raised at the Thanksgiving Awakening, except the twenty dollars given by old Mr. Johnston.

Mr. Johnston is with us this morning. As to voice, he is, if anything, neutral. He thinks he sings tenor, but if we had our way he would be singing on a higher plane, where it is to be hoped the greater volume of sound would dulcify the great falsity of his notes. Still, twenty dollars is next to nineteen, and at the best organs cost money. You will sympathize with us, we hope, and understand, should a discord reach you, that it is not to be charged against any other member of the choir, not even against Miss Pringle.

*Lizzie is the
Organist*

*Mr. Johnston
is Neutral*

*Miss Pringle
is with us*

For Miss Pringle also is with us this morning. And although I do not wish to besmirch her with an aspersion, it must be confessed that on one or two important occasions—the Ladies' Aid concert and the Harvest Home Festival, to be precise—she fell flat on some of the high notes. It was for me a valuable lesson. But we have forgiven Miss Pringle. We cannot forget her many estimable qualities. And, quite apart from that, she is now up in years, years that have been devoted to the choir, the church and the community. She lives alone, in the little house with the silver maple at the gate. She had a lover once, if any faith can be placed in long-forgotten gossip, and—can you believe it?—that lover was Henry Perkins.

You already have observed with us, strange as it may seem, that Henry is with us this morning. Happily he is in good form, and if you listen with discrimination you may hear him go down to low C. See now how he is affecting ease, standing rather slouchily, with his toes pointing outwards and his ears hanging away, like plantain leaves. But if he is like the rest of us he is bracing himself to do the best he can, because we are conscious that all eyes are on us and all ears open. For we are about to sing "Balerna". But, before we begin, it is my privilege to tell you that the comely young woman from whom you have scarcely taken your gaze ever since she walked proudly to her place is Susie Taylor.

Susie is our only contralto, and even if for a personal reason, a reason that should concern nobody but Susie and myself, I have mentioned her last, she is by no stretch of imagination the least. I am proud that she is with us this morning. She completes our number, and as we stand, ready to take the first notes, a wave of confidence comes over us, over us individually, but perhaps over the organist more than anyone else. For Lizzie has great faith in her own ability, and she never appears to be discomfited with the thought that she is about to perform in a triple capacity, playing the organ, pumping, and singing. Indeed, she sings with a fervour that would do justice to any camp-meeting. Perhaps it is due to the fact that she imagines herself the leader, which is not at all singular, because every one of us, deep down in heart, looks upon himself as leader, if not nominally at least actually. Young as you see me, you see me old enough to imagine myself in that capacity, and anyone who has sung in a church choir will sympathize with me in this confession. Because a choir never inflates as a whole. It inflates its individual members, so that whenever a soprano solo part is sung the ones who do not sing

*Choirs
Inflate
Individuals*

it could do it much better than the one who does. Likewise as to the other solo parts. Nevertheless, as I look at it now, I can see that the palm surely goes to the organist. For in her triple capacity, Lizzie must be the leader. At any rating, you will be delighted to see the vim with which she will attack "The Waters of Babylon", which is to be our anthem this morning, and you must not miss the rapture of her expression, should it be our good fortune to burst into "Antioch". For she has a soul that moves to any concord of sweet sounds, and she actually becomes enthralled whenever the concord is sonorous, uplifting or profound. Witness with what evident relish she now plays the prelude bar. The minister has read the first stanza. Then, as the organ begins again, the choir leads the singing, and the congregation falls in, always a note or two behind. Miss Pringle is not singing with as clear enunciation as usual, because she still retains, between cheek and gum, part of a peppermint lozenge which she slyly slipped into her mouth the moment she sat down. The practice is not without precedent.

Peppermint, you will remark, is here as incense is elsewhere. We all are more or less addicted to it. Its aroma, which perhaps is rather bucolic than elegant, can be detected the moment you enter the church, and it will remain with you long after you have departed. For here and there in every row of seats you can see lips pursed in the act of extracting its flavour. Some use it to clear the throat, and all agree that it sweetens the breath, alleviates heartburn and prevents drowsiness.

Drowsiness is our common enemy. Old Mr. Johnston is its worst victim. He has tried extra strong Scotch mints, sassafras, and licorice, and lately he has been chewing coffee. As we sit down, having finished "Balerma", he surreptitiously takes a bean from a waistcoat pocket and begins to munch it. The noise distresses Lizzie until she turns in her seat and scowls at the old man. By this time the minister is rising to announce the anthem, "The Waters of Babylon", and the congregation is assuming its most appreciative posture. Old Mrs. Pigeon has her hands, encased in black lace mitts, folded on her lap, and her face, with eyes closed, presents an expression of supreme resignation. Her daughter, Mary, who, joining the carpenter in wedlock, became Mrs. Butler, is obliged to leave because her baby, only three months old next Tuesday, has started to cry. All eyes except the grandmother's turn round and watch her to the door.

*Lizzie must
be the
Leader*

*The Baby
Starts to cry*

*The Waters
of Babylon*

During these few moments Lizzie has played the introduction to "The Waters of Babylon", and we have risen as one man. We practised this anthem pretty thoroughly on Thursday night, and Miss Pringle and Susie tried the duet part over again on Saturday, with Mrs. Ted Smale playing the accompaniment on her melodeon. So that we embrace with equanimity this opportunity to produce it. Miss Pringle and I support the soprano part, and it is just a question whether our volume in the fortissimo passages, supplemented by Lizzie, who, as I have observed, sings at least with animation, is not too great for Henry's bass and Susie's 'alto, not of course overlooking Mr. Johnston's neutral interjection. I may be too critical, but it always has seemed to me that Henry's tone is raucous and that, therefore, the more we can submerge it the better. Naturally, in doing so, the tendency is to submerge also Susie's sweet, mellow tones, which is a pity. But in any case you will hear her at her best in the duet, for Miss Pringle has the goodness to modify her volume so that the blending of the two voices may be gratifying.

The duet, naturally enough, is the *pièce de resistance*. I have a secret ambition to sing it—some day—with Susie. For our voices blend perfectly, and the occasion, I feel sure, would supply a topic of conversation important enough to last a fortnight. Important enough, in any case, it is for our present consideration, but we must set it aside and finish the anthem, for Josiah Wilson and Ed. Bake are reaching down for the plates, ready to make the collection, a serious business, especially in these times, when money is tight and prices low. Therefore our voices come together again in the *tout ensemble*, and we finish with what I am bound to believe is a very effective climax.

And as we sit down, the two collectors rise. The plates pass down the side seats and up the middle. The smallest offering is a cent and the largest a quarter. Most of the well-to-do give five cents. Joe Martin fumbles for his usual amount, and, finding only a ten-cent piece, he places it on the plate and takes five cents off. The quarter is given by Hugh Holden, a prosperous bachelor farmer, who makes but little pretension in a religious way, but who lives, nevertheless, a godly life. In all the collection amounts to four dollars and thirty-one cents, and the two plates that contain it are placed very solemnly on the table beneath the pulpit.

*The Minister
in Distress*

The pulpit receives now its full measure of attention. As we fix our eyes upon it, we notice the minister in distress:

he has forgotten the manuscript of his sermon. From a seat near the front he summons his only son, a lad of twelve years, and we can divine that he is telling the boy to run to the study, which is only a short distance away, and get the precious document. Meantime he himself engages in prayer. Miss Pringle, old Mr. Johnston, Henry Perkins and perhaps half of the congregation turn round and kneel with bowed heads. Lizzie and Susie and I, who maybe are not quite so devout as the others, merely lean forward, looking at the floor. We have gathered, however, from motions that have been made, that it is the minister's purpose to pray until the boy arrives with the manuscript. Already he has gone through the usual routine and is fairly wallowing in pleas. He has called for blessings on the Queen, her ministers, plenipotentiaries, ambassadors, and all the Royal Family. He has included the Parliament at Ottawa, the Legislature at Toronto, and now he is coming nearer home. From where we sit, at our elevation, looking through our fingers, we can see the boy peeping in at the side door, afraid to enter while his father, who is intolerant of interruption, is still praying; while the father, thinking the son will come in with the document the moment he arrives, is afraid to stop, fearing he will not have any sermon to deliver. Thus we see the minister, waiting for the boy's return, praying away for anything and everything, and the boy waiting for his dad to stop, peeping in at the door. Miss Pringle, who never has been known to move during prayer, now actually turns her head to see whether there is any visible cause for this unusual outburst. Others, in the congregation, look around slyly, wondering what is the matter. At length the minister, obviously perturbed, ends the prayer with the plea that our pilgrimage here below may lead us all at the last to a better land up above. And as he sits down, wiping his brow, the boy enters and places the precious document in his hand. Apparently much relieved, he rises and announces the text of his sermon, which he reads from the thirty-third verse of the twelfth chapter of St. Luke: "Sell that ye have, and give alms".

Giving alms never has been practised by us to excess, but nevertheless we are pretty fair listeners, even if the effect on us of such exhortations is, as the blacksmith has expressed it, "Like water off a duck's back, in one ear and out the other". I have to confess that I never enjoy sermons on giving, and on this occasion I fear my interest is wandering to the names of the tunes Lizzie is considering as she turns over the leaves of the book in front of her: "Ajalon", "Winchester", "Dennis",

*He engages
in Prayer*

*A Sermon
on Giving*

*All Good
Old Tunes*

"Happy Day", "Coronation", "Sawley", "French", "Martyrdom", "Dunfermline", "St. Bernard", "Consolation"—all good old tunes sung by us from time to time with becoming fervour and devotion.

Devoted as I am to a proper appreciation of the service, especially the sermon, my attention is distracted by exterior things. For it is early autumn, and the window in front of me is open. Through it, from our elevation, I can see the village lying in Sabbath quietness, even somnolent, with apples mellowing on the ground and tomatoes ripening on garden fence and window sill. Presently old Charlie, the agnostic, rises from his accustomed snooze under the apple-trees and walks slowly into the house. Geordie McLaughlin is leaning over the sty, estimating the growth of his hog since last Sunday. He is not given to churchgoing; he prefers to read *The Huron Expositor* or the latest almanac. Now he is talking over the fence to Mrs. Butler, who was Mary Pigeon, and whose baby cried her out of church this morning. Their kitchen gardens adjoin each other, and it is interesting for them, as it should be interesting for everybody, to see the cucumbers forming, the citrons growing, the onions seeding, and the lettuce, all of it that hasn't yet gone to seed, still sending out crisp, curling leaves that make a wonderful background for slices of spring-cooled tomatoes and pickled beets. Sparrows chirp in the trees, and in the beaver meadow great flocks of blackbirds alight and whistle. In one of the back lanes Miss Pringle's Jersey, Mrs. Johnston's brindle, and the miller's red heifer are cropping grass where it grows most succulent in the fence corners, and the doctor's bay mare is renewing its hoofs in the pasture lot down by the mill. A scene of homely quality. And as I behold it, framed by the open window and stretched out before me in the autumn sunlight, I turn perhaps with reluctance to the singing of the closing hymn, which after all must reveal an uncertain measure of artificiality. But I forgot these things in the arch naïveté of Susie's smile, and I am reminded of life's belated beneficence as I see Henry Perkins, when all heads are supposed to be bowed during the pronouncement of the benediction, covertly squeezing Miss Pringle's hand, when, later on, I come suddenly upon these two erstwhile lovers talking confidentially, after long years of estrangement, yet rapt and unsuspecting, down by the garden gate, under the silver maple.

*Under the
Silver Maple*



CANADIANS ENTERING MONS

From the Painting by Inglis Sheldon-Williams in the Canadian War Memorial Records



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THE GREAT OIL SCRAMBLE

BY CHARLES LUGRIN SHAW



It is too early to speak in definite terms about the oil production situation in Canada, but it is not too early to make it clear that the future is full of promise. This is a statement that has often been repeated by eminent geologists and practical oil men. Whether the optimism that exists in many quarters is fully warranted time alone will disclose. But this much is certain: With oil at a premium anywhere, with the big powers scouring the world for a share in its production, and with almost unlimited capital eager for investment in any oil proposition that seems reasonable, the next few years will bring about development of Canada's petroleum industry to a degree never before approached, and we shall soon know our status as a producer of industry's most essential auxiliary.

One often hears the question: "Is there any oil in worth-while quantity in Canada?" The answer depends a good deal on whom you happen to ask. Walk down a business street in one of our Western cities and wait

until your eye strikes an oil stock office. You probably won't have to walk very far or wait very long to reach something of this kind. Then walk in and ask the man behind the counter precisely the question that leads this paragraph. He will probably tell you something like this:

"Oil? Well, I should say so. Just look here." And your informant will hand you a sheaf of literature, big-typed and elaborately illustrated, describing the sure-thing proposition offered by the Dying Cow Valley Oil Corporation, Payembig Petroleums, Ltd., or some similar concern, which hasn't struck oil yet, but which is likely to do so almost immediately.

"We got a report from the fields just yesterday," your informant may volunteer. "They tell us that they expect to strike pay oil at 950 feet, and they're 800 now. All we needed was capital at the start, but a lot of people like you came in and helped us out, and soon we'll be paying back dividends that will give you the laugh on everyone. Down the street here Jim Murray, of the Sell & Beatit outfit, told us a while ago that our wells

would turn out to be dusters. Now we're going to show 'em up. We're going to prove that we've the nicest little packet this side of Burkburnett, Texas, and that's saying something."

Perhaps, by quoting this man I am unfair to the many solid oil-boring concerns now operating in the West and in other parts of Canada and which probably have a sound investment offer to place before the public. I do not mean to be unfair; but what I have said will go down as an illustration of the confident sort of talk handed out at a majority of the oil stock offices. Much of the talk may be based on facts. It is obvious that a good deal of it is based on supposition and exaggeration. But do not get the idea that only the oil promoters show optimism as to Canada's oil producing capabilities.

It is a fact that so far Canada's production of petroleum may be regarded as insignificant. According to Dominion Government statistics, Canada's annual oil output up-to-date stops short of 310,000 barrels (90 per cent. from the Ontario fields), as against over 330,000,000 barrels produced by the United States.

The possibilities for oil development in the Dominion of Canada are very much greater than these figures would indicate. Big scale prospecting for oil has been going on in Canada for comparatively few years, and there has been insufficient time to make a comprehensive statement as to what this country of ours is likely to produce. However, there are a few pretty definite phases of the oil situation and I am going to try to present some of them in this article.

First of all, we may be unable to determine just where oil exists, but there are certain factors that guide us in ascertaining what territory is barren of oil, and by investigating according to this theory we arrive at an idea as to what parts of Canada are potential oil fields. If we take a map of Canada, for instance, and very roughly draw a line from the east of

Great Slave Lake, passing through Lake Athabaska, down to the north end of Lake Winnipeg, along the east shore of the lake to its southerly end, thence to and along the north shore of Lake Superior to the Soo, and from that point along the northern shore of Georgian Bay to Parry Sound, and finally due east to the St. Lawrence River and along the northerly bank of that river to its mouth, we shall have divided the Dominion into two vast areas. The country lying north of the line may be classed as generally hopeless for oil prospecting, while that lying westward and southward is regarded, owing to its geological formation, rich in promise for the finding of productive oil fields.

Although there are countless localities in which there are strong indications of the presence of oil, investigations have been carried out principally in several clearly defined regions. Without going too much into detail regarding the geological and technical phases of the proposition, let us review a few of these regions, note what they have done in the past, are doing now and what they are likely to do in the future towards making Canada a world figure in the oil production business.

Let us take Ontario first. The so-called Devonian formations of this province are at present producing the greater part of the output of the Dominion and have been producing since 1857. The Mosa oilfield in Middlesex County has been leading for a long time. The prospect was abandoned as hopeless some years ago, but careful study of the formations, followed by practical drilling, resulted in finding a pool which contributed in 1918 108,988 barrels of the provincial total of 288,760 barrels. There are eleven other fields in the province, and while the output appears to be declining and many of the pools are almost drained to emptiness, there are indications of the presence of an extensive oil reserve which hitherto has been untapped.

There is a narrow basin along the St. Lawrence valley that is likely to yield considerable oil, although the area is not large. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia people have been interested in oil production for more than sixty years, although competition with the adjacent states has been pretty stiff and has discouraged development. In 1900 the New Brunswick Petroleum Company drilled seventy wells in the southeastern part of New Brunswick and obtained a small flow, but more important are believed to be the oil shale deposits in Albert county which may become of immense value when modern methods of distillation render the recovery of shale by-products commercially possible.

It is in the western provinces, however, that Canada seems destined to find her fortune in oil. Not much has been done, comparatively speaking, in the way of oil prospecting in these western provinces, but enough has been done to give us a cheering outlook. Attention in the past has been divided mainly between the possibility of commercial development of the bituminous sands exposed on the Athabaska River, commonly known as "tar sands", and the search for petroleum in the vast stretches of the Mackenzie River basin, north and south of Edmonton, in northern central and southern Alberta, in the Peace River and Great Slave districts, while during the past few years wells have been sunk in the Fraser River valley and the Kootenay country, British Columbia.

Suppose we discuss the Athabaska "tar sands" first. They were discovered by Sir Alexander Mackenzie in 1789 and he called them "bituminous fountains". They appear here and there throughout an area of about 8,000 square miles. Certain of these outcrops will eventually prove of great value, provided that market and transportation conditions are right. The sand is a bed of ordinary sandstone 100 to 200 feet thick, sat-

urated almost through with heavy asphaltic oil. The Athabaska valley has cut its way through this deposit, so that it is exposed in the cliffs and bluffs on both sides of the river for a distance of a hundred or more miles. It is, in fact, the largest natural exposure of oil in the world. Some experts maintain that this sand extends over an area of 15,000 miles. It contains fifteen per cent. of bitumen, and when heated it yields fifteen to twenty-five imperial gallons of oil to the ton. The experts, basing their calculations on the supposition that the average thickness of the deposit is fifty feet and the average yield ten gallons a ton, compute the oil content of this field at 300,000,000,000 barrels of oil. This is an enormous quantity—600 times the world's annual production.

Well, how can we get at this tremendous oil reserve, and what could we do with it? Leaving out of consideration the possibilities of refining, it has been proved that the crude material may be used as an excellent road surface. It has been tried with success in Edmonton. At the present time Canada imports all asphaltic materials used from foreign countries. The Athabaska valley presents to us the largest known deposit of solid asphaltic material in the world. Freight rates will probably determine the ultimate success or failure of this great potential industry.

There is another point regarding this tar sand country. The tar sands evidence the upwelling of some remote period in history of petroleum on an immense scale. The more valuable constituents of the petroleum have long since disappeared, but this probably applies only to the sands close to the surface. Under cover conditions may be vastly different. A railroad now passes through a portion of this region and oil prospecting there is not the excessively costly enterprise that it used to be. Several test wells have been drilled with varying results, and while commercial oil has

not been struck, gas in large quantities has been proved. Wherever the tar sands underly, there is gas in the beds above. The government test well at a place called Pelican struck a great flow of gas which has been escaping into the atmosphere for twenty years. At present this gas is too far from the market to be commercially valuable, and the pressure is low, but the field is probably extensive and the advance of population and industry may render this gas of immense value. Within the past few weeks an Anglo-Canadian syndicate has commenced important exploration in this section and has sought acquisition of gas franchises there.

Farther west, in the Peace River country, considerable development is going on. Several large oil companies are interested here and active drilling has been carried on for quite a period with encouraging results. The oil is tarry and very heavy and occurs in beds believed to be a continuation of tar sands of Athabaska. The Shell Transport Company, British offshoot of the Royal Dutch Shell combine, and capitalized at \$50,000,000, has already spent large sums of money in this section and is prepared to spend more. The Anglo-Persian Oil Company, through its subsidiary known as the D'Arcy Exploration Company, has sought important concessions in the Peace River country and its representatives have declared the company is ready to spend millions in exploration work. The region is said to resemble the Taurus plateau in Asia Minor, which is rich in petroleum.

There are signs of oil in the country bordering on Great Slave Lake and farther north in the Mackenzie River basin. Much of the lake shore is low and swampy, so there is not sufficient exposure for the structure to be clearly determined, but oil rises to the surface of the water in several places and there are small pools of thick, dark oil on the land, with occasional cavities in the dolomite-limestone con-

taining light yellow oil. There are many indications of oil in the Mackenzie River region, some of the chief seepages occurring beyond Fort Norman. The shales in this neighbourhood smell very strongly of oil and the structure of the strata is favourable to the accumulation of extensive pools. Test wells are now being bored and very recent reports state that the results are highly satisfactory.

Going south again, we come to the better oil fields of Alberta. In the extreme southwest corner of the province, on the west side of Waterton Lake at a place once called Oil City, we have the oldest oil field in Alberta. About twenty years ago several wells were drilled here and in two of them a very promising amount of oil was found. One well is said to have flowed at the rate of 100 barrels a day, and small tanks were filled with oil. A short time ago the well was cleaned out and many barrels of oil were baled out into a tank. A new well will soon be sunk alongside this old producer.

Authorities believe that the best chances of striking oil in Alberta are in the foothold belt. Some fifty wells have already been drilled in the foothills and it might be considered that this would be an ample test. In the opinion of Dr. T. O. Bosworth, chief geologist of the Imperial Oil Company, this is not so, however, for with few exceptions the wells have been located without proper regard for geological structure and have achieved no useful purpose at all. Most of the wells have been bored in one section, too—the Okotoks fields, a comparatively small area, yielding oil of remarkably high grade in considerable quantity. The annual production in 1918 was about 18,000 barrels. Not far away there is a valuable flow of natural gas. One of the wells gives about 2,000,000 cubic feet a day. The gas is fairly rich in gasoline, which is extracted by an up-to-date plant for the purpose—the first to be operated in Canada.

Saskatchewan has not been overlooked by the oil prospector. Near Fusilier, close to the Alberta line, a well has been sunk to a depth of 3,000 feet. In several other wells nearby small seepages of oil have been encountered.

And then we come to another vast virgin field—British Columbia. According to Dr. D. B. Dowling, of Edmonton, who is in charge of the geological survey in Western Canada, there are so far only a few oil seepages in British Columbia, and he is not particularly optimistic as to the prospects of finding oil in paying quantities in the newer mainland section. Quite the reverse, however, are the opinions of the men engaged in drilling wells in British Columbia. Several independent outfits have established themselves in the lower main and have been encouraged by the geological indications. Reports of the Dominion Government Geological Society show large outcrops of carbonaceous limestones, elsewhere a prolific source of oil, in the Kootenay country, and petroleum has actually been found in the neighbourhood, and verified by Dr. Selwyn as far back as 1891. The oilfields of California are not unlike the prospective fields in Kootenay, and it would lead to a boom there similar to the famous gold rush to that section in the 'sixties, following close upon the heels of the gold excitement in California.

There are many men who have faith in British Columbia as an oil producer. That portion of the province that is drained by the Peace River is at present being explored at the expense of the provincial government with a view to ascertaining the oil possibilities, and a British corporation has applied for concessions there.

Within the last few years oil has become a super-essential to modern industrial activity. This is the age of petroleum. The country that controls the most extensive petroleum reserve will be the master of the world's industry. And so to-day we

witness a gigantic scramble among the leading powers for a conspicuous place in the sun, this time represented by that familiar and all-important commodity of commerce.

As a matter of fact, is there actually a shortage? And what of the future? Last year the United States alone consumed 436,000,000 barrels of oil. Five years from now the annual consumption of that country, it is estimated, will reach 650,000,000 barrels. Why? New uses are constantly being found for petroleum products. Take the situation throughout the world and examine some of the causes. One of the consequences of the war was the dislocation of some of the largest and most productive coalfields of Europe. The mines of the United Kingdom were seriously affected, and in finding substitutes for British coal attention was necessarily first directed towards liquid fuel. Another important factor arising out of the war is the appalling destruction of animate horse power and the high cost of its maintenance due to the rising cost of feed, causing farmers and other pre-war users of horse transportation to avail themselves of internal combustion engines for traction and other purposes. In Canada and the United States the growth of motor traction on farms has been nothing short of phenomenal. The automobile is no longer taken as an indication of wealth on the part of the owner, for almost everyone nowadays seems to possess one, especially in the more prosperous sections. The savings of many families, frugal for years, have been expended during the last two or three years on cars and gasoline. To own a car has become an obsession and a hobby to be indulged in by all classes seemingly, whether the individual can really afford the luxury—sometimes the car is that—or not.

When the Earl of Curzon, speaking before Parliament, declared not long ago that the Allies floated to victory on a wave of oil chose an unusual

way of telling the truth. There is a tremendous transition going on to-day. It represents a movement that steadily carries fuel oil towards greater eminence as a factor in industry. A year ago the prediction that the oil tank would take the place of the coal bin in residences would have been laughed at. Now it is merely a matter of installation and erection of the necessary storage tanks. Many of the great railways are using or are contemplating the use of fuel oil instead of coal. Only the other day it was estimated that the saving by the use of oil as against coal amounted to \$1,500,000 annually in the case of a railway operating in the southern states. Many of the Canadian pulp and paper plants rely on crude oil, and a while ago there was talk of a paper famine on the Pacific coast because the pulp mills out there were threatened with cessation of their fuel oil supply from California. Mexican crude oil displaced about 2,000,000 tons of coal per annum in the New England States. Pittsburg's consumption of fuel oil for the next twelve months is estimated at between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 barrels.

Then we have hardly mentioned at all the tremendous demands on the oil supply of the mercantile marine and the navies of the world. The programme of the United States Shipping Board alone calls for 80,000,000 barrels of fuel oil a year if all the ships are to burn oil, as originally planned. Sailing the seas to-day are probably fifteen hundred oil-driven merchant ships, representing a tonnage of practically 8,000,000. The oil-burning boiler is no longer a novelty and an untried theory. It has passed the experimental stage and is obviously making good. The main incentive to use oil on ships is the high cost of coal, but there are other reasons. Oil bulks considerably less, is cleaner, more convenient and cheaper to handle, gives out a greater percentage of heat and saves labour. All these are important items.

There has been a lot of alarming talk lately about who controls the oil market. Sir E. Mackay Edgar, a Canadian who is now an important figure in Old Country business and financial circles, not long ago wrote an article in which he declared that Britain held in its hands the secure control of the future of the world's oil supply, and that Britishers were "sitting tight on what must soon become the lion's share of a raw material indispensable to every manufacturing country, intimately bound up with maritime power, and unobtainable in sufficient quantities outside the sphere of British influence".

A very pleasing prospect for Britishers, no doubt, but was it based on facts? Whether the Edgar statement started it or not, it is now a matter of recent history that a number of American gentlemen who are inclined to become suddenly agitated and very noisy when they hear reports favourable to Britain got busy a few months ago and commenced that ever-popular but time-worn and usually ineffective practice of "viewing with alarm". A California senator, hearing that Britain was out for a monopoly of the world's petroleum, introduced a bill for "American defence", proposing to protect Americans in the development of petroleum resources outside the United States. The senator told his colleagues that England was said to control 60 per cent. of the oil potentialities of the world, and he pointed out that England was making it her business to see that these potentialities were properly developed and preserved for the Empire. Excitable American newspapers took up the cry and for days the news agencies carried over the country reports about Britain's alleged attempt to become mistress of the oils, as well as of the seas.

So widespread was the propaganda—for it amounted to little less than that—that Sir Auckland Geddes, newly-appointed British ambassador to the United States, saw fit in one

of his first public utterances, after accepting the post, to deny many of the statements broadcasted.

Of course, there is a good deal of cause for alarm in the United States about that country's future oil supply. The United States Geological Survey recently disclosed that foreign countries which use only one half as much oil as the United States have seven times as much oil in the ground. Not counting oils to be obtained from shales and distillation, a process hardly given a trial as yet, the world's supply is estimated at 60,000,000,000 barrels. Of this amount 43,000,000,000 are regarded as "in sight", as demonstrated by drillings with successful results. The rest covers the available oil which it is believed will be found in other regions in which oil seepages, asphalt deposits or other favourable geological conditions point to the presence of oil, although there may be no producing wells existent. The total represents thirteen times the amount of oil already taken from the ground in America, and eight times all the petroleum yet produced in the world. About 7,000,000,000 barrels are believed to be left in the United States and Alaska, and the remaining 53,000,000,000 in other countries. The supply is said to be about evenly distributed between the old world and the new. The returns indicate that countries other than the United States are now using 200,000,000 barrels of oil yearly, but have resources large enough to last 250 years at this rate. The production figures for the United States at the present rate of 400,000,000 barrels a year indicates only an eighteen-year supply—not too hopeful a prospect.

What has disturbed the Americans about Britain and the oil supply is mainly this: Whereas the production in the United States is available to all other nations on equal terms with the United States, the production under the control of Great Britain and located in the rich fields of the Near East is available only to British

nationals. American citizens were excluded from the Bermuda fields in 1884, and the principle then established has been consistently followed as new fields have been developed. Briefly, that is the situation as viewed by Captain Paul Foley, director of operations of the United States Shipping Board. A disinterested point of view would, in the writer's opinion, be that Britain had been simply following a mighty hardheaded and farsighted business policy. It requires only the statement of Sir Eric Geddes to convince the unprejudiced that Britain's policy has not been shrewd and practical, but more than justified by conditions.

Sir Eric referred to statements in certain American papers that Britain had acquired an oil monopoly and now proposed to hold the world to ransom. He pointed out that 70 per cent. of the world's output was from American soil, and 16 per cent. from Mexico, American capital controlling three-fourths of the Mexican yield. In addition, he pointed out, Americans were seeking oil in at least ten other countries. The United States, he asserted, held 82 per cent. of the present world supply under its control. The British Empire total production was about two and a half per cent. of the world's supply, while the Persian oil supply, controlled by British capital, was about two per cent. In time of emergency British interests controlled but five per cent. of the world's output.

This sort of thing hardly suggests a monopoly. Sir Eric denied that Britain sought rights over undeveloped oil and a future monopoly through control of Baku, Batum, Palestine and Mesopotamia. Surveys and acquisition of oil rights had been forbidden by Britain in Mesopotamia and Palestine, he said, until these nations could deal with the matter themselves. British oil rights in Persia, he emphasized, were of the purely commercial kind, dating from 1902, and he wound up with the declaration

that the only section of British territory where foreign interests were excluded from exploitation was the British Isles, where oil was "a geological curiosity and not a commercial proposition".

All factors considered, though, Britain appears to be pretty well fixed in regard to the oil future. Within the past six months negotiations have been completed for all-British control of the famous Royal Dutch Shell group. This is a combination regarded in many quarters as being more powerful and aggressive than ever was the Standard Oil Company even in the palmy day of unrestricted trusts. This is the combination which, in 1914, its directing head, Mr. H. W. A. Deterding, said would dominate the fuel oil supply of the world by 1924.

The British Government already controls the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and it has shown a commendable willingness to co-operate with private capital in extending the Empire's petroleum possessions. Further than that, the British Government intends to see that these possessions are not allowed to slip away into foreign hands. British diplomatic and business sagacity is applying itself to the oil question with a resolution unapproached by any other nation, and is accomplishing results that seem destined to be of tremendous importance and lasting benefit to the Empire.

It is unpleasant to think where the Empire might be to-day had it not been able to draw from the coal deposits of the British Isles in building up and safeguarding its ocean commerce. The British Government, in co-operation with private enterprise, seized the opportunity offered by this coal wealth to dominate the world's marine transportation, and coal has given Britain mastery of the seas. But the age of coal is passing and the age of oil has dawned. The rivalry between the two commodities grows keener steadily. Four years ago

Walter Runciman, then president of the Board of Trade, told the British House of Commons that the future policy of Great Britain would be not only to control the coal of the world, but the supply of oil as well. In saying this he voiced recognition of the basic thought that the British Empire is far too great to risk dependence on any modern power for its supply of such an absolutely vital adjunct to modern industry.

United States government engineers who have kept in close touch with the petroleum situation have estimated that, if the country goes on using oil at the present rate without developing new resources, the last drop of gasoline and the last pound of lubricating grease will have been used within the next thirty-nine years. In thirty-nine years some new form of explosive for internal combustion engines probably will have been found. But the trouble is that consumption will not stand still. This year, for instance, more than 2,000,000 new automobiles are being manufactured and more than 400,000 new trucks and tractors. The railroads want 200,000 new locomotives and they are fitting them to burn oil. Countless thousands of internal combustion engines are being manufactured for pumping and many other purposes, and all of them will require gasoline and other mineral oil products. At this rate of increase in consumption, it is estimated that the present known oil resources will be consumed in a decade, and in the meantime governments may be forced to pass laws prohibiting the use of fuel oil under boilers.

Well, these facts should indicate that the world is on the threshold of an honest-to-goodness oil shortage, unless it is perhaps waist-deep in it already and going down. And what is the old world going to do about it? With the rapid resumption of more or less normal conditions everywhere there can be little doubt that the production of petroleum will speedily in-

crease. Production and export from Mexico are rapidly growing, and South America is likely to start production on a large scale shortly. Other vast territories remain to be explored. Some people think that China may some day yield a wealth of oil. Africa, with the exception of Egypt, has not yet disclosed any oil-fields, although Nigeria and other parts of Western Africa are said to warrant closer investigation. Australia's prospects are still unknown, although wells are being drilled. Europe and northern Asia may have new sources of oil tucked away somewhere, and then, of course, there is Canada.

As to the known oil reserves already extensively developed, there are abundant indications that they are beginning to be played out. To-day the United States controls 66 per cent. of the world's oil supply, but a recent report of the United States Geological Survey predicts that there is not enough oil in the ground to last thirty years, and later reports put the duration of the country's domestic supply at no more than twenty-two years. In sixty years, according to one au-

thority, the United States has run through a legacy which, if properly conserved, should have lasted at least a century and a half. Just when Americans have become accustomed to using twenty times as much oil a head as is used, for instance, in Great Britain; just when invention has indefinitely expanded the need for oil in industry; just when the point had been reached where oil controls money instead of money controlling oil—the United States finds her chief sources of domestic supply beginning to dry up. Already, though few people appreciate the fact, the United States has become an importer of oil. The annual imports from Mexico are in the neighbourhood of 40,000,000 barrels of forty-two gallons each. There have unquestionably been over-statements regarding oil wastage. One of the north Texas fields developed a production of about 3,000,000 gallons a year within twelve months of the drilling of the first well, and it is doubtful whether the wastage in that field has amounted to more than five per cent. But there can be no doubt that slowly the oilfields of the United States are approaching exhaustion.

THE PILGRIMS

By HELEN FAIRBAIRN

NOT mine to ease a burden you may bear,
 Not mine to lift a stone from out your way,
 No morning song or noontide heat to share,
 Nor ministry of peace when dies the day!
 I cannot tell if well or ill you fare,
 Or if you keep the path or go astray;
 My wanderer's garb with wistful face I wear,
 And tears are pearlèd on its threads of gray.

But when Night weaveth deep her robe of rest,
 In shadowy folds beneath the excelling glory
 Of all the kindly stars in heaven's dome,
 I kneel and cry to Him whose way is best,
 "O Thou who knowest each human heart's poor story,
 Bless whom I love and lead Thy pilgrims Home!"

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND OTHERWISE

BY HON. JUSTICE LONGLEY

IV.

IN 1885 I was in Toronto finishing my law studies, and I had then a supreme desire to meet Mr. Goldwin Smith. It was not until the last of my stay there that I did contrive to meet him at Mr. Howland's office and have an interview on the leading questions of the day. I was extremely charmed with his felicitous manner of discussing all questions. It was not, however, until I got into political life and in office that I really made his acquaintance thoroughly and entirely. I was going to make a tour at that time in 1888. I had met Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright and Mr. Peter Mitchel at Montreal and had a long interview with them in regard to the political affairs of the country, and also more particularly on the subject of Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States. From this I passed on to Toronto and by a special invitation from Mr. Goldwin Smith I went to his house, the well known "Grange", and spent three days with him of the most delightful character. It is difficult now that he has passed away to give an accurate description of Mr. Goldwin Smith. He had an uncommon habit of saying what he thought, irrespective of the consequences which it involved, and thereby he deprived himself of the advantage of certain acquaintanceships in Toronto which could have

easily been his if he had exercised more discretion, but I suppose he did not care about that and therefore he made his pen and his tongue convey the thoughts of his mind irrespective of what this or that personage might think of him.

He was extremely devoted to the question of promoting the interests of the English speaking world by a union of Canadians with Americans in all matters which pertained to their material and political interests. He was thoroughly conscientious in this and did it quite as much in the interests of England as in the interests of Canada. He regarded England as a European power. He regarded Canada as part of the new world life, and therefore identified with the great English speaking nation to the south. Whether he was right or wrong about that is of no consequence now. It was his belief, his thorough and genuine belief and he was entitled to have that belief to the utmost. It was in connection with this matter which he particularly desired to see me on this occasion. He was writing a book on Canada and the Canadian Question and wished to have my views in regard to various matters he was then discussing. I am sorry to say I was not able to give him the views which he desired most. I was in favour of Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States, but I was not prepared and did not think the people of Can-

ada were prepared for the larger step of political union, and the consequence is that my views came far short of what he was expecting. Nevertheless, he made no objection and the time passed at the Grange most agreeably. His wife was exceedingly pleasant, and "Chin", the butler, was wonderfully *au fait* with his duties. Breakfast took place at nine o'clock and dinner at seven and all things surrounding the Grange were orderly and well appointed. In discussion of English politics Mr. Goldwin Smith was extremely vigorous and outspoken in his criticisms. He understood English politics perfectly, but he accompanied his knowledge of them with strange prejudice against many of those who were taking part in the affairs. He maintained a most careful relationship with Lord Rosebery with whom he was corresponding regularly and he was full of the most extraordinary stories about all the great men of Europe, including Napoleon III, in fact one might go for a long time among the men of Canada and not meet one who was so perfectly familiar with all matters of a prominent character. His remarks were often axiomatic and extremely vigorous. He was tall, extremely thin, and produced the impression of a person who had spent his whole life in the midst of matters of importance.

As a literary man, he had scarcely an equal in the English-speaking world. His writings were perfect; the use of the right word was always his and his sentences were balanced with grace and ease such as characterized no other writer of his day. He had wealth, largely through his wife, and was able to spend the latter part of his life in perfect comfort and luxury and engage himself in all matters of a benevolent and useful character.

From this beginning in 1888 I continued visiting his house until the year before his death, always enjoying to the fullest extent the oppor-

tunity presented for obtaining his views on all matters. Mr. Haultain, his secretary, was engaged for a number of years and was always ready for his task, but often, instead of being employed in literary work, Haultain was called upon by the hour to listen to his various anecdotes and observations on matters and men in general.

On this first visit to Mr. Smith he accompanied me to Niagara-on-the-Lake, where there was a meeting of the Chautauqua, and the afternoon was to be devoted to the subject of Canadian Reciprocity. The speakers were Mr. Wiman, myself and last, Mr. Goldwin Smith. It was a very large assembly of persons. The day was extremely fine and considerable interest was taken in the matter.

This was not the first occasion on which I had met Mr. Erastus Wiman. He had been identified for some considerable length of time in the discussion of Unrestricted Reciprocity in Canada, and previous to this I had met him in Quebec, where he had come to lecture during the time the Interprovincial Conference was held there in 1887. At that time a person was perfectly justified in pinning his faith to Mr. Erastus Wiman on account of the power which he wielded in both the United States and in Canada. He was reputed extremely wealthy by being a partner in Dun, Wiman & Co. and his share of the income in that great concern was at least eighty thousand dollars a year. He was a man of great energy and presented any question which he undertook to deal with in a most interesting manner and the whole character of the man was full of generous instincts and the desire to make himself agreeable and useful to every person with whom he came in contact, and his advocacy of reciprocity between the United States and Canada was forcible and able, but he lacked the ability to keep within certain bounds and to recognize certain principles of prejudice and interest which characterized the Canadian people.

He was a Canadian by birth, but was identified with a large business in New York, although he remained always a Canadian and never became a naturalized American. He lived in a beautiful house situated on Staten Island and had the advantage of having several children.

It was arranged beforehand that I should accompany Mr. Wiman to New York. We drove to Niagara Falls by carriage, saw Brock's monument and took dinner at the hotel on the Canadian side and later took the train to New York. It was a beautiful journey and I remember waking up early in the morning as we glided along the Hudson River. It was perfectly calm and the sun shining directly over it from West Point to the Palisades. We went to Washington the next day. We had a most enjoyable time there. Among other things, we took lunch at Mr. R. R. Hitt's, at which were present Speaker Thomas B. Reid, Roswell M. Flower, Senator Burroughs and others and we talked over the whole matter of commercial union with the United States. Mr. Hitt was a man of considerable wealth and his wife was one of the most beautiful women in the city and they lived in a luxurious house and could do all the entertaining necessary. He afterwards became a friend of mine and I not unfrequently visited the house and partook of the various hospitalities which he offered. He himself was an advocate of Unrestricted Reciprocity. We saw Carlisle, the Secretary of the Treasury, Senator Sherman and various other leading persons, and Mr. Sherman took in hand the resolution for the appointment of a Commission, clothed with power to make a Reciprocity Treaty with Canada, with twenty thousand dollars for expenses, and I had the pleasure of hearing the Senator give notice of the resolution the next morning.

I always had the advantage of a few intimate friends in the United States, who have now all passed away. The first may be put down as Con-

gressman Butterworth, whose loving disposition endeared him to all who came in contact with him and who was the chief mover in the question of Reciprocity. Another was Mr. Jonathan A. Lane, who was president of the Mercantile Association of Boston, whose hospitality I enjoyed at two meetings of that body, and frequently visited him at his home, which was unpretentious, but was made agreeable always by the most unbounded hospitality. Another of my friends was Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who died two or three years ago at the age of eighty, but he seemed when I met him up to the very last to be a youngish and vigorous man. He lived at Lincoln, about twenty miles from Boston, in a beautiful spot; large house, large stables, large grounds and was a man of considerable wealth. He was certainly one of the most interesting men that could be met anywhere in the United States. His great grandfather was John Adams, President of the United States, and his grandfather John Quincy Adams, President of the United States. His father, Charles Francis, was Minister to England for seven years and Charles Francis himself was President of the Massachusetts Historical Society for twenty years, and wrote an infinite variety of books on all subjects of interest and importance to the world and his method of presenting questions was always vigorous, powerful and searching. I induced him to be present at the Tercentenary celebration at Annapolis in 1904, and I often had the pleasure of visiting him for one or two days in his house at Lincoln and enjoying his most delightful hospitality. I valued his friendship as highly as could be and his death to me was an extreme blow.

Another of my friends in the United States, the oldest and, perhaps, the best that I had, was A. Shuman of the firm of Shuman & Co. on Washington Street. Mr. Shuman occupied a special position of importance in the city and was identified

with everything which pertained to the welfare of Boston. He was chairman of the Board of Directors of the Boston City Hospital, which was the largest institution of its kind in the State. He had a beautiful residence in Beverley and had raised a number of sons and daughters who reflected credit on any person who knew them. I must have known Mr. Shuman for very nearly forty years and I went to his house almost every year during that time at least once if not twice. I took luncheon with him at various times in the city and was identified with him in all that made life beautiful. In the year 1918 I went on to Boston in July and one of the first things I did was to call at his office and there I discovered for the first time that he had been dead four days. It was a terrible blow to me and one from which I did not recover for some time. It was like all things in this earth which those of us who are old have to feel—the constant severing of interesting ties.

In Great Britain I had fewer friends, but some acquaintances which I formed are worthy of being noted. The first was Miss Marie Corelli. I had been a constant reader of her books previous to 1895, when I was in England first, and I suppose I can place myself as among those who are deeply interested, although many appear to think otherwise, but at all events her books have been read by the hundred thousand, probably as largely read as any published in England. I had written a review of her book "Ardath" in *The Week* of Toronto and it happened that while I was visiting the Rev. Dr. Hill at Hampstead I saw a copy of *The Week* on his table which his son-in-law was interested in and it contained a full account of my remarks on the subject of "Ardath" and they were of an extremely complimentary character. It occurred to me that I would send it to Miss Corelli, who lived in the city at that time, and with it a note. What was my surprise the next

morning when I received a note from her requesting me to call and see her at once, which I did the next morning. I found her at home and saw her alone and discussed various matters with her and saw how clever she was in apprehending the great problems of the world, having to a certain degree prejudices for or against which were rather notable. I regard her as entitled to a certain degree of notice from the literary world at large. She was not popular then and is not popular now, but her books were popular then and they are popular now if she chooses to publish them. They have constituted a fortune for her, and she has gone now to reside at Stratford-on-Avon, and is somewhat broken down in health.

Louise Chandler Moulton lived for a time in London not far from Hyde Park and she used to invite various literary people to meet her at her home on a certain day in the week and on one occasion I happened to have the privilege of an invitation. It was a very delightful affair. I discovered for the first time Sir Louis Morris, one of the notable poets of England. He was not extremely genial in conversation and did not make much impression upon my mind. Mr. Israel Zangwill was there. He had written a book "The Master", the scene of which was laid in Nova Scotia. He had never been in the province, but gave a fairly good description of it, but it was not as perfect as if it had been written by a person who had visited and was familiar with the country. He was a Jew and had acquired considerable fame by his books.

Mrs. Alexander was there, quite fairly advanced in life and having written nearly all her novels by this time. Frances Hodgson Burnett was also there and I had an opportunity of meeting her. She was most interesting. It was not, however, till I saw her later in Bermuda that I formed an estimate of her abilities

as a literary woman. She is now about seventy-one years of age, but has control of her pen and works as hard as ever in the development of her great characters.

I may mention Mr. William Sharpe, a well-known poet who has died since. He has not only visited at my house but I have seen him and his wife frequently in London. I also had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Joseph Chamberlain when he was Secretary of State for the Colonies and had an interview with him. It is only necessary to state that he was the most charming and thorough man of affairs I have ever met among Englishmen. Most Englishmen have thrown round them a certain degree of dignity and restraint on such meetings, but Chamberlain had nothing of the kind and was free to talk upon all subjects that came within our ken. I have the advantage of subsequent correspondence with him which is placed among my chief memorials.

I had one evening at Greys Inn at a bar dinner, which was an affair that took place only once a year and was very much looked forward to as an occasion of interest. I was taken to it by Mr. Howard, and I had the pleasure of meeting a number of the most distinguished men in England, among others, Mr. Hersehell, Lord Chancellor, Mr. Webster, afterwards Lord Alveston, Attorney General, the Solicitor General, Cardinal Vaughn, the Roman Catholic Archbishop. Lord Roberts was also there. He was received with a good deal of *éclat* when coming in. He was a man small in stature with rugged features; he looked like an old man then in 1895, although he did not die until 1915, and last and most important of all appeared Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, who was received with very great applause. He moved round and spoke to everybody with the greatest amiability. Probably he exerted himself on this occasion as he did on other occasions to make himself thoroughly well liked by all.

Theodore Roosevelt I met when President of the United States. I happened to be spending a day or so at Washington and expressed a desire to see Mr. Roosevelt, and Mr. Hitt arranged to take me to him. Those who are familiar with Washington are aware of the fact that special offices have been erected on the west side of the White House and connected with it. We entered the chief room, where people were assembled to see the President for a short time, and only remained a moment before he opened the door and saw the persons. He first met Mr. Hitt and was introduced to me. He immediately opened the door of his private office and told me to walk in, and he directed himself to seeing the dozen or so men, mostly senators and other prominent men, and did not occupy fifteen minutes altogether, and then he came into his private office.

There are differences of opinion in regard to Mr. Roosevelt's standing among the men of the United States and the world. He occupied at that time a position first in the United States because he was President and was bound to command great interest on the part of the citizens of that country. Many there were who believed him to be an able man; some, the greatest man of all, and some as entirely unfit for his position, but the prevailing sentiment at that time was that he was an extremely able and efficient President, and he had the ability to push matters through with resoluteness and determination, in fact one could read the history of the whole line of Presidents of the United States and scarcely an instance could be found in the case of one of them where the business relating to Europe and America had been carried with a determination and resolute will equal to that which Mr. Roosevelt had brought to bear upon all questions. He arranged and settled the strike of miners when all other influence had failed. He had taken possession of Panama in order

to have the control of the land for the canal in a manner almost unsurpassed in the history of transactions of that kind. He had intervened between the Russians and the Japanese when they were endeavouring to negotiate a peace at Portsmouth, N.H., and had brought it about. He had attacked the great industries and had taken the necessary steps towards securing a proper control in all matters relating to the welfare of the hundred of millions of people of whom he was President. These are mentioned among other facts in relation to him which indicate that he was an extremely able and notable President.

My own conception of Mr. Roosevelt was derived by two hours close intimacy and discussion of all questions relating to the well being of the world, and I never met a man who impressed me more fully and completely with his powers of quick perception and fixed resolution. If he erred at all, it was with the freedom with which he talked. A man occupying the tremendous position of President should be extremely careful and guarded in his relation to all matters in which he is particularly concerned, but Mr. Roosevelt discussed matters with the greatest freedom, so much so, that if I had gone out of the White House and repeated what he said to me, it would have caused a sensation, but I suppose he would have ended it, as he did with all such matters by declaring that it was false. He was delightful in his method and manner of expressing things, and entered fully into the sentiments which he expressed, and you could see at all times that he was aiming at securing the best results on all matters which it was possible for him to obtain.

He afterwards ceased to be President and was succeeded by Mr. Taft, who was his own choice. When he came home, after a tour in Africa, he expected, as a amateur of course, that he would be nominated again, but by this time Mr. Taft had been af-

fected by other people and he refused to give way, and after a desperate struggle in the convention a small majority nominated Taft, and Mr. Roosevelt went out of the convention, organized a separate party and ran without any of the concomitants which usually go with a party nomination, and yet he polled more votes for the Presidency than did Mr. Taft with the entire Republican party supporting him. He is now dead and there are few left in the United States that are not eager to uphold his name and fame, and he will go down to history as one of the most remarkable men who ever occupied the position as President of the United States.

I had also the privilege of an interview of two hours or so with Mr. Taft when he was President of the United States. He was a man of extremely large stature and full of anecdotal charm. My interview was not one which I sought myself nor was it one in which I had any concern. Mr. John Redmond, the leader of the Irish party was visiting Boston and had agreed with his wife and Joseph Devlin, M.P. for Belfast, and his wife to take lunch with Mr. Shuman at Beverly. After lunch, by appointment, Mr. Taft was to see him, and I went along with the procession and took part in the conversation which lasted for an hour or two. Mr. Taft was far more careful in his discussion of things and used no expressions that could be handled to his disadvantage in any place. He told many stories and anecdotes and received Mr. Redmond with the greatest civility. He is now in the prime of life and is a recognized feature in American life.

General William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, was one of the most remarkable characters that one is able to meet with in the course of a lifetime. There was no Salvation Army when Mr. Booth commenced preaching, and when he died a few years ago, he had an army numbering millions in various portions of the

globe, all speaking different languages and carrying on a work of social reform and benevolence which can scarcely be surpassed by any religious body in the world. A few facts must be taken into consideration in judging of him. In the first place, he was a man of not great intellectual training and did not belong to the high classes in England, in fact he had formed his Salvation Army and it had grown until it was at least thirty years of age before it obtained the recognition it deserved from the wealthy and influential parties in Great Britain or any part of the world. He was a man it was difficult to understand. He was fated to be head of the Salvation Army when it consisted of a million men, and he ruled it with wisdom and ability which could not be surpassed. There was nothing in the Salvation Army work that he did not engage in, even to the task of going about in the congregation and asking people to consider the question of their soul. He stayed at my house several times during his visits to Halifax and was a most interesting character in every possible respect. His mind was thoroughly religious and he believed in

the Bible and prayer as completely and certainly as it was possible for a person to believe in anything, and this was a great strength to him in carrying out his religious work. He had the utmost faith in man and therefore the triumph of his army in every part of the world was secure. He fostered no false pretences; he indulged in no hopes that were not based upon real conviction; he gave no encouragement to any person to take the step in the direction of the Salvation Army. He did everything from a sound religious spirit. I saw him in the later years of his life shortly before he died, when he was considerably broken in health and had not quite his former powers, but he was still General Booth. I had some idea that the army might suffer from his removal, but his son, Bramwell Booth, is managing it well and splendidly at the present time, but one can never know in regard to these institutions how long they may continue to last, but we may be certain they will continue to last only so long as the men at the head of them will continue to exercise wise and wholesome influence in their doings.





HALIFAX HARBOUR

From the Painting by A. Y. Jackson. Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.



“ ‘Stimulant?’ Dan hollers. ‘Well, I’ll be cussed.’ ”

FIZZICAL CULTURE IN CAMP

BY G. L. REDMOND

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY MOYER



HE laughablest thing I ever see was this here Mushrat Joe on a pair of them there skees, up to the bush one winter.

Joe was the dangdest feller—always gittin’ some new idear that he was goin’ to devote the remainder of his life to, and workin’ away on it like all possessed, till the next idear come along, and then it was off with the old and on with the new, and him workin’ away twice as hard on the new as he had bin on the old.

About the foolishhest idear he ever got was this one he called fizzical culture. It was the fall of ’95, and Joe was cookin’ for the camp. No, come to think of it, it must have bin ’96, because Dan McAulay was boss of the outfit that year. Or else it was ’97. It don’t matter anyway—but I’m most certain it was ’96. Yes, it was ’96. I remember now, it was the year the Baxter boys wasn’t in, on account of the old man goin’ out to the coast for the winter, and that was ’96—I’m dead sure of that. Or else

it was ’98. Blame these dates! They do get mixed up in a feller’s head.

Well, Joe was cookin’, as I said, and a mighty good cook he was, too, and all hands satisfied, till he got this fizzical culture idear.

It started with him givin’ us a lot of syrup and sweet stuff to eat, and nothin’ much to go with it. Every man on the gang had a sour stomach inside of three days.

Dan McAulay had Joe up on the carpet, and wanted to know what in tarnation he was tryin’ to do, rottin’ the men’s insides out with syrup and truck.

Joe said he done it for the men’s own good.

“Syrup,” he says, “is one of the best stimulants there is. Alcohol ain’t in it with syrup for a stimulant.”

“Stimulant?” Dan hollers. “Well, I’ll be cussed! Look here, young feller; I bin hawkin’ logs around for twenty-five years on sow-belly and flap-jack, without needin’ any stimulant to speak of, and I calkilate to go on doin’ the same for several years

more. And that goes for the gang, too. So you just git back to your pots and pans, and give the men the kind of grub they're used to, and anybody that wants stimulants kin ask for it. Stimulant? Huh!"

That should of held Joe, but it didn't. We hadn't no more than got over the effects of the stimulant, when we began to notice a sprinklin' of bran in everythin' we et; bran in the porridge, bran in the puddin', bran in the soup. But the end came when the ijut sent in a bran mash straight for dinner one day.

Dan sent for Joe to come in.

"You blankety blank blank blanket!" he hollers, "What kind of carryin's on is this? What do you think you're feedin'—a bunch of cows? Or did you think somebody ast for a poultice when you sent them slops in?"

"Well," Joe says, "it looked to me like the boys wasn't gittin' enough coarse foods to ensure proper peristalsis. Bran, although containin' very little nutriment in itself, has an important part to play in——"

"Oh, git out of here," Dan hollers, "I ain't goin' to set and listen to no such yawp as that."

It was rough on Joe, but the boss was mad, and you couldn't blame him for it, his stomach bein' all out of kelter and clogged up with bran, the way it was.

That kind of discouraged Joe, in one way, and in another way it only made him harder than ever to put up with.

He had it figgered out that the two main branches of fizzical culture was diet and exercise; so when he seen that Dan wouldn't stand for no more tinkern' with the men's diet, he started naggin' us about neglectin' our exercise. Mind you! neglectin' our exercise, and us puttin' in ten hours a day at heavy bush-whackin'.

"That's all right in a way," Joe says, "but you're only usin' one set of muscels all the time, and over-developin' that set at the expense of the

others. Youse fellers are layn' the foundations for occupational disease.

"Occupational fiddlesticks!" I says. "If there is any muscle in a man's body that don't ache after the first day of hard choppin', it's one that I ain't never heard tell of."

Joe didn't git much sympathy from the men, but that didn't prevent him from expoundin' the advantages of the fizzical culture rejeem whenever he got a chance. And then he was everlastin'ly buyin' contraptions to hang up on the wall to exercise yourself with, and Injun clubs, and dumb bells, and he told the boys they was welcome to make themselves free with the apparatus any time they felt like it.

He never stuck to any one kind of exercise for any length of time. It wasn't his nature. He was always findin' somethin' better.

Just when he had about spent his last cent on apparatus, as he called it, he discovers that the best way of exercisin' is not to use no apparatus at all, but just make the motions with your hands and let on to yourself that you're liftin' a weight. It was supposed to be cheaper than the other way, because you didn't have to buy no apparatus; but it didn't work out that way with Joe. I don't know but what he paid out more money for books tellin' how to get along without apparatus than he did for the apparatus in the first place.

One mornin' we found him twistin' and clawin' around in bed.

"Crazy as a loon!" Dan says, "I thought it'd come to this." And he made a jump and grabbed Joe by the arms.

Joe caved in then, and handed us over a book called "Exercisin' In Bed", wrote by some old galoot that restored his lost manhood by kickin' himself fifteen times with each foot before gittin' up in the mornin'. After that we wasn't surprised at nothin'.

Joe learned to do Fifty Exercises with a Chair, and Simple Exercises



"And then he comes lickity scoot, about sixty miles an hour"

in Your Own Bedroom, includin' special exercises for stimulin' the glands in the front of the neck.

He was a reglar freak. The boys in the other camps got to hear about

it, and some of them come as fur as fifteen miles just to git a look at Joe.

But the queer thing about it was that with all his exercisin' it didn't seem to do him no good. He was

gittin' peakedered and paler every day. At last he says:

"I'm afraid I'm over-exercisin', boys. If I ain't careful I'll be gittin' athlete's heart. I guess I better go easy for a spell."

We encouraged him in the idear, and he cut down his exercisin' a lot, but it didn't seem to give him no relief. He got scared he was goin' into consumption.

"No wonder," Dan says, "sittin' humped over a book all the time, instead of bein' out workin' up an appetite in the fresh air. You can't get healthy by readin' a book about it. You got to git out and do somethin'."

"I believe you're right, Dan," Joe says, solemn as an owl, "I ain't bin gittin' enough of the play spirit into my exercise. I was readin' an article the other day—"

"Fergit that stuff!" Dan says.

Well, it turns out, after Joe has done some more readin', that this here sport called skeein' is probably the best exercise out for rejuvenatin' the human frame and drivin' away the blues, so he sent for a pair of the weapons; and if you ever seen a kid with a new toy, it's him when he unpacks them skees.

The next day was Sunday, and all hands turned out to see Joe launch himself, as you might say, on the skees.

There was a big hill back of the camp, and Joe gits up on top and spends about half an hour gittin' the

contraptions tied on solid, accordin' to printed instructions accompanyin' same, and then down he comes lickity scoot, about sixty miles an hour, and just as he gits to the bottom of the hill and is wavin' his hand to us in a graceful manner, what does them fool skees do but git ketched in some grass and stand up on end and git stuck in the snow solid, leavin' Joe hangin' there by the feet so he can't neither git up or down.

It nearly broke his neck, but we wasn't in no hurry to turn him loose.

We come around and ast if there was anythin' we could do for him, and if he would like us to make sure that the skees was tied on good and solid, and what he would take and repeat the performance, with full details, the followin' Sabbath. We offered him syrup for a stimulant, and bran for a laxative, and remarked that it looked to us like he was neglectin' his exercise.

He laid still for a while in that position, and then started slowly workin' himself up and down with his arms.

"What do you think you're doin'?" Dan says.

"Oh, just exercisin', my triceps," he says, "in case there happens to be any long-eared jackass of a bush-whacker hangin' around here when I git loose."

"The triceps," he says, "is sometimes called the hitting muscle."

He was the dangdest feller.



EDINBURGH SOCIETY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

BY D. FRASER HARRIS



IT may reasonably be doubted whether any other European capital could boast of a Society more brilliant than that which flourished in Edinburgh during the closing years of the eighteenth century and the opening ones of the nineteenth.

A surprisingly large number of men distinguished in almost every phase of activity of the human intellect were contemporaries in the capital of Scotland from 1780 to 1820.

We may conveniently speak of "the turn of the century" as indicating those last years of the old and the first of the new. Not only was Sir Walter Scott at the zenith of his astonishing productiveness, but Jeffrey was founding *The Edinburgh Review*, Joseph Black, the discoverer of carbonic acid gas and latent heat, was lecturing on Chemistry at the University, James Hutton was enlarging the concepts of geologists by his speculations on the igneous rocks, the second Monro was writing what was to become classic in Anatomy, Sir John Leslie was performing his experiments on the artificial production of cold which brought him European fame, Dugald Stewart in moral philosophy was not only informing but delighting immense classes, Raeburn was covering his canvases with those magnificent portraits which are a joy for ever; Brougham, Campbell,

Carlyle, Sydney Smith, were all still in Edinburgh, and "Rab"—the immortal—, Miss Ferrier and Lady Nairne were all of the group. There was brilliance whichever way one turned, brilliance in Belles Lettres, in Poetry, in Oratory Forensic and Ecclesiastical, in Physical Science, in Medicine and in Medical Jurisprudence.

When we turn to the scientific section of Edinburgh's brilliant society we encounter names which are amongst the foremost in the history of British discoveries in natural knowledge.

We shall first notice possibly the most distinguished, namely Professor Joseph Black, M.D., the discoverer of carbonic acid gas. The eighteenth century was itself just drawing to a close when Dr. Black closed his eyes on all earthly things, for he died on November 26th, 1799. Black was born of Scottish parents in Bordeaux, but he studied in the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, and was finally Professor of Chemistry first at the one and then at the other. Although it is true that Van Helmont of Louvain had referred to what was really carbon dioxide as "gas sylvestre", the very word "gas" having been invented by him, and that the Reverend Stephen Hales had known that certain alkaline salts contained this substance, yet Black was unquestionably the first person to investigate

carbon dioxide by the quantitative methods of modern chemistry. He discovered it in the sense of identifying it, although he did not venture to give it any other name than "fixed air". The classical paper was entitled "Experiments upon Magnesia alba, Quick Lime and some other alkaline substances", and was read in June, 1755, before that Society which not long afterwards became the Royal Society of Edinburgh. The paper was published the following year. But Joseph Black made another momentous contribution to natural knowledge in his Doctrine of the Latency of Heat. Between the years 1759 and 1763 while in the chair of chemistry at Glasgow, Black worked at this subject; and it is now known that it was from Black that James Watt learned those principles concerning the physics of steam which he applied with such success to the invention of the steam-engine. It is not realized as widely as it should be that the gigantic world activities depending on the utilization of the properties of steam are really due to the hard thinking and the careful experiments of a Scottish Doctor of Medicine, Joseph Black, and a Glasgow instrument-maker, James Watt. We are not concerned with what might have been. Watt might have invented the steam-engine had Black never existed, but it is a matter of history that Black taught Watt the theory of heat, and that Watt's application of it has been one of the greatest factors in the economic development of the world.

The next person we meet in this wonderful old Edinburgh society is James Hutton, a name as full of meaning in the history of geology as is that of Black in the history of Chemistry. James Hutton was the originator of the theory of the igneous origin of those rocks which compose by far the greater portion of the earth's crust. His views are not only to be reckoned with by every student of geology,

but are now accepted as representing the truth concerning the mechanism of rock-origins. Although Hutton died in 1797, he was one of the bright band that crossed the century. He read his epoch-making paper before the Royal Society of Edinburgh one evening in 1785. It caused no stir next morning; and perhaps few who heard it knew that they had listened to a discourse which was destined to revolutionize geological conceptions, and to raise a controversy which was not to be set at rest for the next three-quarters of a century.

In 1800 it was declared that Hutton's views were "not only hostile to sacred history but equally hostile to the principles of probability"—and this because Hutton believed that the earth's crust had been laid down more than 6,000 years ago.

James Hutton, the son of an Edinburgh city official, was born in the old town in 1726. After studying at the High School and the University of his native place, he went to Paris and to Leyden where he graduated M.D. By 1768 he had settled down in Edinburgh to prosecute systematically those researches on the great problem he was to make so peculiarly his own. Hutton's style in writing was heavy and almost obscure, while that of his disciple and biographer, Professor John Playfair, was lucid and interesting. In 1802 Playfair published his famous "Illustrations of the Huttonian theory of the Earth" which supplied new arguments in favour of his master's contention. Playfair's is an important name in the science section of Edinburgh society, so important that on his death he was considered worthy of a monument on the Calton Hill. His chair in the University was Mathematics, but he wrote on Natural Philosophy as well as Geology for *The Edinburgh Review*.

Hutton was particularly fortunate in his expositors. Sir James Hall, fourth Baronet of Dunglass in East

Lothian, another of the band of 1799-1800, was perhaps a more important adherent of Hutton than was even Playfair. Hall made experiments upon the actual effects of heat on rocks and minerals, particularly basalt. He studied the behaviour and properties of these substances in the molten state, thus confirming Hutton's conclusions in a remarkable manner. His experiments were reported to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Hall, who was born in 1761 and died in 1832, had at one time studied military science at Brienne where a fellow student of his was the future Emperor Napoleon I. In 1812 Hall was elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh and held office until 1820 when he was succeeded by none other than Sir Walter Scott. The well-known traveller, Captain Basil Hall, R.N. was the second son of Sir James of Dunglass.

The physical sciences lead us to Sir John Leslie (1766-1832) Professor of Mathematics in 1805 and of Natural Philosophy in 1819. His name is as well known in the science of Heat as is Hutton's in Geology, for Leslie's researches with the differential thermometer he had invented, and the production of cold by evaporation which he discovered, gave him European fame. Leslie's work on radiant heat, on photometry and on hygrometry is all classical. He was the first to achieve artificial congelation of water by the evaporation of sulphuric acid in a vacuum. In spite of these fundamental researches in the Science of Heat, for which he received the Rumford medal, Leslie was wrong and Wells right on the causes of the formation of dew; and he believed to the last in the objective existence of cold. In early life Leslie travelled both in America and on the continent of Europe. His personal friends included Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations", a treatise which created the science of political economy, Wedgewood the potter, and the

celebrated Thomas Young. Sir John's appointment to the chair of Mathematics was bitterly opposed by the clergy who detected heterodoxy in Leslie's having quoted something of David Hume on cause and effect. But Leslie was not a lucid expositor even of his own views. On the recommendation of Lord Brougham, Leslie was knighted by King William IV in 1832, at the close of which year he died.

Although Sir David Brewster at the turn of the century was only nineteen years old, still it would not be right to exclude him from the scientific section of Edinburgh Society, for at this time he was a student at the University. By 1807 Brewster had contested the chair of Mathematics at the University of St. Andrews; and possibly his being unsuccessful in his candidature led him into a career of greater eminence than if at twenty-six he had settled down for life in a University at that time not distinguished for its devotion to pure science. David Brewster was destined to do for the science of optics what Black had done for chemistry, Hutton for geology and Leslie for heat. He invented certain prisms for light-houses, the refracting stereoscope and the kaleidoscope, besides making many valuable additions to mathematical optics. He coined the phrase, "to be colour blind". He also was knighted in 1832; successively Principal of St. Andrews and of Edinburgh University, Brewster became President of the British Association in 1850.

Hitherto the sciences represented have been the physical and the chemical, but biological science was not to go without its exponent. The second Monro, the worthy occupant of the chair of Anatomy from 1759 to 1803 was more than merely a descriptive Anatomist. He studied Comparative Anatomy with great success, and was a pioneer investigator into the human nervous system in the nomenclature of which his name is embedded as the

Foramen of Monro—an aperture in the depths of the mammalian brain. Alexander Monro secundus—for his father and his son were both Professors and Alexanders—was an original member of that band of thinkers; the Edinburgh Philosophical, the precursor of the Royal Society. The name of Monro is known wherever Anatomy is studied. As members of Edinburgh Society during our epoch and on the periphery rather than at the centre of the scientific circle may be mentioned the brothers Combe. George and Andrew Combe were both born in Edinburgh and both crossed the century, dying respectively in 1847 and 1858. They were both ardent phrenologists and helped to found the Edinburgh Phrenological Society. At this distance of time we have little idea how much phrenology bulked in the life of Edinburgh and Glasgow during the first twenty years of the nineteenth century. Though phrenology was a great delusion and some of its exponents despicable quacks, the brothers Combe were sincere seekers after truth. George, who married a daughter of the great Mrs. Siddons, founded the lectureship in Physiology and Hygiene which survives to this day.

Without definitely instituting a comparison between London and Edinburgh at the turn of the century, it may be admitted that in respect of literature that was to become not only famous but great for all time, Edinburgh was the more important place. For Edinburgh was the birth-place and the work-place of Sir Walter Scott. There are some who would admit to the supreme pinnacle in Parnassus none but Shakespeare, nevertheless in the realm immediately below the highest—still completely lost in the Parnassan clouds—whoever else is there, there is Scott, unparalleled in ancient or modern times as a creator. Scott's characters are as bewilderingly numerous as they are unmistakably individualistic. Was it not in Edinburgh that Scott met Burns that ever

memorable "once"? Memorable, indeed, it was for Scott, the boy of fifteen; and he was not unaware of the interest of that meeting one evening in 1787 at the Sciennes House, old Professor Adam Ferguson's. The place, though greatly altered, is not utterly demolished even now. Edinburgh was the spot selected by chance for this intersection of the orbits of these two literary luminaries; but it has not always been thus—Goethe and Scott, for instance, though they wrote to each other, never met.

Society in Edinburgh at the time of which we are thinking was distinguished not only for its intellectual brilliance but for the sparkle of its wit and the spontaneity of its conviviality. At simple tea-drinkings, the first intellectuals in Europe were exchanging ideas that were to mould humanity.

We can take an ice to-day at a popular confectioner's in a large upper room in a house in Princes Street which is capable of being thus described by a daughter of one of its former owners: "Well do I remember the drawing-room in Princes Street with its mirrors between the windows and the large round tea-table in the middle of the room—that tea-table which recalled such glorious tea-drinkings when Walter Scott, Dougald Stewart, Playfair, Henry MacKenzie, Sydney Smith and other intimate friends sat around it".

This was the town house in Edinburgh of Alexander Fraser-Tytler, called Lord Woodhouselee after his beautiful estate of that name on the eastern slope of the Pentlands. Alexander Fraser-Tytler, one of the most scholarly judges of his day and Professor of Universal History in the University of Edinburgh, is not to be confused with Patrick Fraser-Tytler his son, author of a "History of Scotland" and of a life of the Admirable Crichton.

Scott in his fine ballad of "The Grey Brother" thus alludes to Woodhouselee as haunted:

From that fair dome where suit is paid
 By blast of bugle free,
 To Auchendinny's hazel shade
 And haunted Woodhouselee,
 Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
 And Roslin's rocky glen,
 Dalkeith which all the virtues love
 And classic Hawthornden?

The Fraser-Tytlers were amongst the brightest legal ornaments of Edinburgh Society during its Augustan age.

While it is true that Edinburgh Society at this time was homogeneous in that intellect rather than wealth gave entrance to it, and while it was probably more homogeneous than that of any other capital, it was composed or rather divided up into the following sections: The purely literary, the medical, the scientific, the ecclesiastical, the legal and the artistic. Its society at the turn of the century was much more truly one, more like one large family than it was destined inevitably to become. Thus the literary men—Scott and Jeffrey for instance—met the scientific and musical as often as they did their brethren of the pen. Nay more, were not both Scott and Jeffrey lawyers first and authors afterwards, if one attempts any professional classification? We should not forget that Scott was one of the clerks of the Court of Session until the very end of his life, and Sheriff of Selkirk for a very long period of it; and that Jeffrey was an advocate and then Attorney-General for Scotland until he became a judge or, as it is called in that country, Senator of the Court of Justice. But just as Scott is known on Parnassus not as Walter Scott, W. S. (writer to His Majesty's Signet) but as a poet of great power and vivacity, and as a creator in literature who has attained immortality by universal acclamation, so Francis Jeffrey is not remembered by his legal decisions but as the founder and editor of that merciless critic *The Edinburgh Review*.

Scott the Tory lawyer and writer to *Blackwood* and Jeffrey the Whig

lawyer and writer to the rival *Edinburgh*, could yet meet each other as men of letters in the house of a judge like Lord Woodhouselee, or a philosopher like Adam Ferguson, or a painter like Raeburn, or a man of science like Black or Hutton, or Leslie or Playfair.

Scott's father, Walter Scott senior, himself a lawyer, was one of the players on the violin in the orchestra at the Gentlemen's Concerts in St. Cecilia's Hall in the Niddy Wynd.

Old George Thomson, the very Nestor of those who crossed from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century, though what we would call a civil servant, was also one of the most enthusiastic of amateur violinists. A staunch supporter of the St. Cecilia concerts, George Thomson was the man who got Burns to write many new songs and alter many old ones to suit Scottish tunes. It is possible that in these opening years of the twentieth century, we have forgotten the debt we owe to George Thomson for having collected and edited so many Scottish songs, adapted airs to them and laboured away at harmonizing the tunes with the help of the Germans, men of no less renown than Beethoven, Haydn, Hummel, Kozeluch, Pleyel, and Weber. Thomson, the self-appointed honorary secretary to the Scottish muses, wrote again and again to composer and to poet until these unbusiness-like geniuses were brought to complete their tasks and fulfill their promises.

Thomson was born in 1757 and died in 1851 so that his life included the halves of two centuries. His associations with literary men began early, for it was through the influence of the Reverend John Hume, author of "Douglas, a Tragedy" that he obtained his first appointment in Edinburgh; while it was towards the close of Burns's life that Thomson constrained the poet to contribute upwards of a hundred songs to his great "collection of Scottish airs". Of these songs only some, of course,

were original, the others were either revisions or purifications.

Every one is familiar in a general way with the life of Sir Walter Scott, but we may not have realized how he was on the one hand just an ordinary citizen of Edinburgh, address, 39 North Castle Street, and on the other at the time of his death the most celebrated individual in Northern Britain.

This taxpayer of Edinburgh was, in the republic of letters, the equal of Homer or of Shakespeare. Before he died, Scott had made a fortune for the owner of post-horses on the road to Flodden Field; he had been instrumental in bringing thousands upon thousands of persons and thousands upon thousands of pounds into the Lowlands and Highlands of Scotland every year; and the stream continues to increase in volume though it is some eighty years since Scott died.

Scott's greatness, his uniqueness, has made us forget him as an ordinary Edinburgh citizen; and his being an ordinary Edinburgh citizen has made us forget that in the lame Scottish lawyer there walked an artist of supreme technique, a historian and antiquary of profound and detailed learning, a creator of types so life-like that we positively refuse to believe they did not live and move in the flesh. We really believe that Jeanie, Effie, and old Davie Deans *did* live in the King's Park, that the Laird of Dumbiedykes really *did* woo as related, that Sir Arthur Wardour *was* hauled over the cliff as described in the "Antiquary". For most of us, Scott's characters are far more real than the Kings of England; he is, in a word, supreme, unapproachable, classic—and yet he was Mr. Scott of 39 North Castle Street. It is this citizen-aspect that Carlyle forces on us in that paragraph of his really great essay when he says: "Shorn of this falsifying nimbus and reduced to his own natural dimensions, there remains the reality, Wal-

ter Scott", and he goes on to deny him the epithet "great". I fancy there are few whose opinion is worth anything who would agree with Carlyle that Scott's fame was a "falsifying nimbus". Whichever way you take Scott he was great, even in his ambition, as Carlyle does not fail to point out. Consider the capacity of this man, this semi-invalid; the sheer physical and mental capacity of the man who, dying at sixty-one, could be the author of half a hundred volumes of poetry, fiction, history, archaeology, biography, criticism—who could do his daily work in Edinburgh from ten till four like any one else, could perform his duties as Sheriff in the country, could entertain innumerable friends and be entertained by as many, could walk, ride, fish, shoot, as though he had no other life than that of the laird to live.

If any man was ever "all things to all men" it was Scott; the friend of Tom Purdy was also the President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; the same man who would sup riotously with Johnny Ballantyne in St. John Street, Canongate, or with the Edinburgh Rifle Volunteers, could also dine with Pitt, with the Prince Regent, the Duchess of Kent and the future Queen Victoria. But more than all this: he is dashed from the heights of prosperity to the very depths of financial distress, acute distress to a man of Scott's sensitive honesty. But he is not dismayed; he takes Mrs. Brown's lodgings in North Saint David Street and begins to write "The Life of Napoleon" and "Woodstock" to pay off the debt—writes with his fingers covered with chilblains and away from his wife in her last illness. His wife dies before he can reach Abbotsford, and when he gets there he sees—not his Charlotte, but "a yellow mask with pinched features". "I will not look on it again; it is not my Charlotte." He comes back to the blankness of that. "I ask, if my Charlotte can actually be

dead. It is not my Charlotte, my thirty years' companion". The creator of a hundred characters is a man; must have been a man to have created them. We cannot put it all better than in Carlyle's words: "And so the curtain falls, and the strong Walter Scott is with us no more. When he departed he took a man's life along with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time. Alas! his fine Scotch face with its shaggy honesty, sagacity and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it. We shall never forget it, we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell".

In corroboration of Carlyle's remarks we may recall the scene of Scott at the grave of his dog "Camp" thus described by Gibson Lockhart: "Camp died about January, 1809, and was buried in Castle Street immediately opposite the window at which Scott usually sat writing. My wife tells me she remembers the whole family standing in tears about the grave as her father himself smoothed down the turf above "Camp" with the saddest expression of face she had ever seen in him". And we all remember how Scott could not dine out that night owing to "the death of a dear old friend". "A gentleman even to his dogs", as some one had described him, but also a man, a great man, a tender, great man.

After Scott himself, the next most prominent character in Edinburgh Society at the turn of the century was Francis Jeffrey, or Lord Jeffrey, to give him his legal title. As a writer appealing to a much more limited public than Scott, and in no sense an entertaining author in that he published no poetry or works of the imagination, Jeffrey is nevertheless one of the most distinguished figures in the history of British literature.

The man who virtually founded the *Edinburgh Review*, who Byron imagined castigated him in its early pages, who fought a duel with Moore, who was elected Rector of the University of Glasgow, who was a striking personality in both the legal and social spheres in the Scottish capital, we cannot dismiss in a single word. To quote: "Lord Jeffrey was no ordinary personage. His standing was high both as a public man and in the qualities which grace the more private intercourse of social life. There seemed to be a measure of his own sprightly and vivacious temperament communicated to those highly polished and intellectual reunions where he delighted to relax himself sometimes amongst the fashionable and the gay. Wonderful was the ease with which he could mix business with pleasure without neglecting the serious realities of life and diligent attention to professional duties in the Parliament House. During a long summer's day, he could find time in the afternoon to attend consultations and receive clients, write law pleadings, dine out, attend his evening parties, flutter with the lively and the gay, pay homage to beauty till the night was far spent, and then return home to write an article for the *Review* until the morning light found him still awake and working in his study."

The story of the founding of *The Edinburgh Review* is so well known in the annals of Literature that it must not be retold here, but there seems very little doubt that Francis Jeffrey was the pioneer spirit of a pioneer group. As a matter of fact it seems that the Rev. Sydney Smith was the first person definitely to suggest the setting up of a *Review*, which he did at a gathering of Jeffrey's friends at 18 Buceleuch Place, Edinburgh, one stormy evening in the spring of 1802. The suggestion was carried by acclamation; and Cockburn tells us how the company chuckled when it thought of the storm which

the *Review* would raise, a storm louder than that which shook the "flat" in Buccleuch Place. Lord Cockburn's remarks on the starting of the *Review* explain a good deal connected with that journal so soon to become a stimulating and permanent force in English letters. "There were circumstances that tended so directly towards the production of some such work that it seems now as if its appearance in Edinburgh and about this time might almost have been foreseen. Of these it is sufficient to mention the irrepressible passion for discussion which succeeded the fall of old systems on the French Revolution, the strong feeling of resentment at our own party intolerance, the obviousness that it was only through the press that this intolerance could be abated—the dotage of all the existing journals, and the presence in this place (Edinburgh) of all the able young men in close alliance to whom concealed authorship was an irresistible vent."

Jeffrey's name is so much linked up with the beautiful old house of Craigerook that we must say a word or two about this place so famous in Edinburgh's literary history.

It was in 1815 that Jeffrey began to rent as his summer residence Craigerook Castle on the northern slopes of Corstorphine Hill. Here for thirty years he acted the part of host to all interested in literature in the Scottish capital. Lord Cockburn is quite enthusiastic about the way in which Jeffrey had altered it to suit modern requirements, and yet preserved the most picturesque features of the ancient structure. He writes of "old walls and gorgeous ivy; so old, yet so comfortable, so picturesque and so sensible, with such rich, soft turf". A home of ancient peace, if there ever was one, and not of peace only, but of the active intellectual life of one of the most interesting men in Edinburgh. Jeffrey was "at home" in the restricted mod-

ern sense on Saturday afternoons.

The Craigerook tradition was admirably maintained by Mr. John Hunter, LL.D., clerk to the Court of Session, who occupied the castle in the next generation.

John Hunter, a grandson of the distinguished Latinist, Principal Hunter of St. Andrews University, was the patron of literary men in the forties and fifties as Jeffrey had been in the thirties. One has only to recall that Gerald Massey has a poem entitled "Craigerook", and that Leigh Hunt dedicated his "Godiva" to John Hunter:

"John Hunter friend of Leigh Hunt's verse,
And lover of all duty,
Hear how the boldest, naked deed
Was clothed in saintliest beauty."

Leigh Hunt wrote several letters to Mr. Hunter, eight of which are published in Hunt's life (1862). There is at least one, now, in the writer's possession, that has not been published; it thanks John Hunter for material help; and the tenor of the others is of gratitude for similar favours.

From Jeffrey we naturally turn to Brougham, a name well known in the History of England during some fifty years of the nineteenth century. The legal adviser to Queen Caroline, the supporter of Canning, a reformer in politics and education, one who helped to found the University of London, a rector of the University of Glasgow, a Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, Henry Brougham was a Scotsman by maternal descent. He was born in Edinburgh in 1778; and his first twenty-five years were spent in that city. Brougham contributed many articles to the early numbers of the *Review*. He was a man of high spirits; he tells us himself that after the farewell dinner to Horner, he and his friends strolled through the Edinburgh streets in what would otherwise have been the silent watches of the night, pulling knockers off the doors and bell-handles

off their wires. Brougham, Jeffrey and Scott had all been pupils together at the Edinburgh High School under Mr. Luke Fraser; rarely has it been given to any one teacher simultaneously to instruct in the rudiments of Latin or anything else three boys later to become so distinguished as the three just named. But there was a fourth, George Ramsay, later the ninth Earl of Dalhousie, a name familiar to all Canadians. Lord Dalhousie was for a time Commander-in-chief of the Forces in Nova Scotia, and later (1819) of those in the whole of North America. In 1818, as every Nova Scotian knows, he founded the College which bears his name and which has since grown from the smallest beginnings to be the most important seat of learning in the Maritime Provinces. Lord Dalhousie was one of Scott's last visitors at Abbotsford.

It is not a far cry from Scott to Sir Henry Raeburn, the man who preserved for all succeeding generations the features of that great Scotsman and those of many of his countrymen. Raeburn was an Edinburgh man, born there in 1756, died there in 1823, and was in his own sphere one of the brightest of that bright band which crossed into the new century. His portraits at the present time fetch very large sums indeed. As the delineator of the white-wigged, red-faced, claret-drinking judges of the end of the eighteenth century, he is matchless. Raeburn painted two full-length portraits of Sir Walter, the first in 1808 for Constable which is now in the possession of the Duke of Buccleuch; and a second, a truly noble portrait, which is luckily still at Abbotsford. Raeburn has preserved for us Scott's dear, rugged face, and Jeffrey's and Professor Playfair's, as well as the faces of many others, both men and women, not known outside the walls of old Dunedin. Raeburn was one of those knighted at Hopetoun House when George IV visited Scot-

land in 1822. It is well known that the success of the King's visit was almost wholly due to the careful preparations made by Scott; in the modern phrase, he "stage-managed" the affair with skill and ability.

Another exponent of art who crossed the century was Alexander Nasmyth (1757-1840) the painter of the only existing, authentic portrait of Robert Burns.

Sir David Wilkie's connection with Edinburgh extended to no more than his student days and ended in 1804, having lasted a little more than four years. The future painter of the "Penny Wedding" and of King George IV actually crossed the century in an Edinburgh garret. The Reverend John Thomson of Duddingstone, one of Scott's warm friends, was a landscape painter of no small merit.

Thomas Campbell, six years younger than Scott and five than Jeffrey, was not only a Scotsman but a Highlander. Campbell, whose family belonged to Argyllshire, was born in Glasgow, but he was a member of the close of the century set in Edinburgh where he published "The pleasures of Hope" in 1799. He wrote the poem in Edinburgh within sight of the Pentland Hills; and there is little doubt it was these hills as seen from the south side of the old Town he alluded to in the lines as familiar as any in English verse:

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

The antiquaries of Literature know exactly where the poem was written; it was in Alison Square on the second floor of a stair in the north side of the central archway with windows looking partly into the Potter Row and partly into Nicholson Street. It was within sight of where lived Mrs. Maclehose, the Clarinda of the Sylvander correspondence with Burns.

Had Campbell been less indolent, he would have made a still greater name

for himself. Thomas Campbell, however, was by no means undistinguished; the author of "Hohenlinden," "The Battle of the Baltie," "The Soldier's Dream," "The Last Man," and the ever popular "Ye Mariners of England" was the recipient of honours such as the Rectorship of the University of Glasgow and an invitation to deliver a course of lectures at the Royal Institution, London.

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who was born the year before Scott, and died in 1835, was always regarded as one of the literati of Edinburgh in her golden age. Those who appreciate the poetry of the Scottish peasantry do not need to have Hogg's poems recommended to them, those who do not know them, have missed more than can easily be expressed. Professor Wilson said that Hogg was the only worthy successor of Burns; and Prof. Voiten, himself, a poet and a borderer, declared that "after Burns, Hogg was the greatest poet that has sprung from the bosom of the common people". However much of a broken reed poor Hogg may have been in the management of his own affairs, he was none such poetically. His "Ode to the Skylark" is as fine as any other to that ode-inspiring bird. "Cam' ye by Athol", and "Come o'er the Stream, Charlie" are as good Jacobite songs as any by Lady Nairne; and "When the kye come hame" is certainly superior to some songs of Burns. Much of "Kilmeny" and all of the "Queen's Wake" is literature, some of it reaching a high degree of poetical excellence.

The border peasantry contributed yet another notable name to the annals of Scottish literature at the close of the century, for John Leyden, while at Edinburgh University, was in the literary "set". Leyden was born in Roxburghshire in 1775, and died in Java at the age of thirty-six. Although licensed to preach by the Church of Scotland in 1800, Leyden never became a minister, for both Medicine

and Literature established their claims upon him. Leyden besides helping Sir Walter with the "Mistress of the Scottish Border", wrote a few poems which were very highly thought of. Having acquired a surprisingly accurate knowledge of Oriental languages, Leyden was appointed Professor of Hindustani in the Bengal College. On a visit to Java with Lord Minto he died after only a few days' illness. It is of this John Leyden that Sir Walter writes so beautifully in "Marmion", when speaking of the Border scenery,

"Scenes sung by him who sings no more;
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quenched in his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour,
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains."

Of course no sketch of Edinburgh Society at the beginning of the nineteenth century would be complete without Carlyle, for though we associate that great Scotsman with London, and very definitely with a house in Chelsea, yet Carlyle had his Edinburgh period. Thomas Carlyle, born in 1795, was not indeed one of the literati at the turn of the century; but he was attending classes at Edinburgh University in 1810, and by 1818 had come from Kirkealdy to Edinburgh to earn an income somehow. The Carlyles' first home after their marriage was at 21 Comely Bank, on which house there is now a tablet, and in this house they were visited by Jeffrey, de Quincey, Sir David Brewster, Professor Wilson and Sir William Hamilton. From this commonplace little house, Carlyle corresponded with the author of "Faust".

Professor John Wilson (1785-1854), in some ways the most prominent figure in the Blackwood Group, is at the present time probably the least read of any of them. His "Isle of Palms" and even his once so famous "Noëtes Ambrosianae" are really well known only to students of literature.

He has been called a Lake Poet, perhaps because he lived some years at Elleray, a place above Windermere, but it was in Edinburgh that he passed the most of his life, and it was in her University that he became Professor of Moral Philosophy. Neither great as a poet nor profound as a philosopher, "Christopher North" was a fine, healthy specimen of a man not more physically magnificent than intellectually versatile. He was a brilliant member of a brilliant society. All those who know their Edinburgh known his statue with the lion-like poise of the head in the East Princes Street Gardens.

The rest of the Blackwood group included David Macbeth Moir, the "Delta" of the Journal, a busy practitioner of Medicine in Musselburgh, a small town close to Edinburgh, and Miss Susan Ferrier, all her life an inhabitant of the capital. Her admirers place Miss Ferrier's novels among the classics of British fiction: "Marriage," "Destiny", and "The Inheritance" were all written in Edinburgh, the last in 1824 in sunny, pleasantly-situated Morningside House easily recognized to-day by any one taking a little trouble to find it. Susan Ferrier was one of the daughters of an old friend of Scott, James Ferrier, clerk to the court of Session, and she was aunt of the celebrated metaphysician, James Frederick Ferrier. Miss Ferrier with great tact soothed Sir Walter's closing days when his memory had begun to fail; and well might she do so, for it was Scott's kindness of heart that induced Cadel the publisher to pay her the then very large sum of £1700 for the copyright of "Destiny".

The crowd of literary characters still surges up the steep and narrow streets of old Dunedin, but we can note only three more of Scottish birth, Henry MacKenize, John Gibson Lockhart and Lady Nairne. The venerable MacKenzie, tenderest of the non-prolific writers, had still some thirty

years to live when the century turned. Every one knew him, and every one revered him as "The Man of Feeling".

John Gibson Lockhart not indeed exactly notable in 1800 was yet destined within eighteen years of that time to meet Sir Walter, marry his eldest daughter and ultimately write his life.

With the Baroness Nairne we may bring this part of the procession to an end in a bright and beautiful close. A true poet was Caroline Oliphant of Gask: whatever we could do without in Scottish song, it would not be "The Auld House", or "Caller Her-rin'", or "The Hundred Pipers" or "The Land of the Leal". The Baroness Nairne at her best has the humour and pathos of Burns without his coarseness. Not that when she lived in Edinburgh in the winter she posed as the literary titled lady, far from it: light literature was not "the thing" for a person of Lady Nairne's position, so she wrote anonymously as "Mrs. Bogan of Bogan". Of course one had to be "of" something in Scotland to be listened to at all. The secret of her authorship was so well kept that at least one song, the "Land of the Leal", was printed in several editions of Burns as undoubtedly his.

The Reverend Sydney Smith, in charge of an English pupil, Mr. Michael Beach, arrived in Edinburgh in June, 1798. Both pupil and tutor attended classes at the University; and it is no secret that it was the lectures of Dougald Stewart then heard which Smith gave out as his Discourses on Moral Philosophy at the Royal Institution a few years afterwards. Sydney Smith remained in Edinburgh until 1803; he therefore crossed the century in that bright band. In a certain sense he was very literally the brightest of them all. His wit and epigram have been unsurpassed for a hundred years. Of Jeffrey—a very short man—he said that, intellectually, he was positively indecent, for "he had not enough body to cover his mind". One of his (Smith's) brothers,

a very grave man, had got on well in the world, while Sydney himself did not for a long time attain to any great degree of comfort, so he declared that his brother had risen by his gravity, while he himself had sunk by his levity. Smith, on being asked whether he ought to be addressed as The Most Reverend, the Right Reverend or the Very Reverend, replied that taking everything into consideration he ought to be style "The *rather* Reverend".

The Reverend Archibald Alison, author of the "Essay on the principles of Taste", was for many years of his long life closely associated with the literary set in Edinburgh. It was in 1800 that he came to the city as pastor of the Scottish Episcopal Chapel in the Cowgate. He was the father of Sir Archibald Alison Bart: the historian of Europe, and grandfather of the Alison of the Mutiny.

But doubtless those who know something of the History of Scotland are expecting certain members of the National Church to appear in the literary pageant.

The venerable and Reverend Dr. Hugh Blair was just passing away in 1800. An Edinburgh man, the minister of one of its chief parishes, the Canongate, Professor of "Rhetoric and Belles Lettres" in Edinburgh's University, Hugh Blair cannot be excluded from any representative gathering in the city. He figured, indeed, very prominently in its most select literary parties; he helped to entertain Dr. Johnson, he wrote on the Ossian controversy, and he published his once so widely read "Sermons".

Another bulwark of the National Zion was the Reverend Alexander Carlyle, D.D., minister of Inveresk who did not die until 1805. Known

as "Jupiter Carlyle" on account of his handsome person, the Reverend Doctor Carlyle was a figure in literary circles not only of Edinburgh but of London, also. He was born as far back as 1722, He studied at the Universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh and Leyden. He had seen the mob hang Captain Porteous in September, 1736. In 1745 he joined a troop of volunteers raised to defend Edinburgh from Prince Charlie's Highlanders; he witnessed the Battle of Prestonpans from the top of the old tower there.

And now, although we have not recognized every member of this great pageant of intellectuals, enough has been said to show how talented were the men and women of Scotland's capital in its Augustan age. It is true that some of us are apt to underestimate, others to overestimate the value and the characteristics of any epoch we may happen to be studying. We underestimate these when we fail to acquire the proper historical sympathy, we overestimate them when we fail to attain to a proper historical perspective. Remembering these things, therefore, and desiring to avoid the Scylla of lack of sympathy as well as the Charybdis of lack of perspective, we may safely assert that the period we have had under review was a particularly bright one. Every domain of the intellect had its explorer, everything that can interest the human mind, had its student or its exponent.

We, who were born in Edinburgh, do not want to wrap ourselves round with the garment of the Pharisee and give thanks that we are, therefore, not as other men; but we do think that we can, without offence, be described as citizens "of no mean city".





THE ACOMA TRAIL

From the Etching by John W. Cotton
Exhibited by the
Canadian National Exhibition

GOING EAST

BY CHARLES DORIAN



THE station agent at Komachee sat usually oblivious to unusual episodes. It did not phase his placid soul when Gatling Vevelen breezed into the dingy station and put a few more dents into it, not even when he shot a mosquito off his shiny pate. He even turned his right ear, transparently red, to reveal another of the pests sipping succulently.

"Keep you busy if you got lots of ammunition," observed the station agent, writing out an abstract of way-bills, quite unperturbed.

The mosquito instantly disappeared on the wings of a .44 slug.

"Taint's whut I come to talk about. Stop that infernal scratchin' and listen. I'm fearful nervous."

The agent's writing hand slowed up while he gave a look of inquiry in the direction of Gatling, whose eyes were squinting at him dangerously. Gatling was a little man whose every move seemed to be actuated by an electric current.

"These men wants to reach Noo Yawk," he went on, indicating two business-attired men standing discreetly behind a packing case on which rested a large trunk, "by the quickest route they is."

"*Olympic Limited* don't come in for six hours yet," drawled the agent while he added some figures. "And that's the fastest train we got."

There was a nervous twitch, a flash, a spat, and the station agent was

hopelessly wielding the stub of a penholder which had suddenly parted company with the point.

"Now, pay attention," commanded Gatling. "These is my guests and we're leavin' Komachee for Noo Yawk in an hour."

"Then you'll have to ride a freight," dictated the railroad's representative in Komachee.

"You get a train with good bunks and a nigger here inside an hour, see!" ordered Vevelen.

The agent hitched on the dispatching harness and spoke to the man who gets them all out of trouble:

"Dispatcher? Komachee! Crazy man here with two New Yorkers wants special here inside an hour."

He listened for a moment, then turned to Gatling.

"Says to put up a thousand dollars to guarantee it and he'll have an engine and observation car fully equipped here when you want it."

Vevelen handed over a check for \$80,000 and remarked casually:

"Tell the Big Smoke to have the change ready when we git to the fust live town."

"Huh!" grunted the agent. "Sold your claim, eh?"

"Me and Gammage is princes. Now, don't waste words and git that special."

The special train of one car arrived within the hour and left with rights over everything and a schedule mapped out that would make an imperial potentate dizzy. This was

Vevelen's first trip to New York. He always said he would make it in state if at all. It was an orgy which lasted continuously for four weeks, after which he wired Gammage for money to take him back to Komachee.

"Have a nice trip?" inquired the station agent.

"Time o' my life," snapped Gatling. "Eighty thousand gone in twenty-seven days."

"How'd you manage it?"

"Hell!" spat Gatling, reminiscently. "Easiest thing in life. Never knew before a nigger's palms wuz white. And when you start throwin' a nickel to every beggar on the East Side you gits thin around the wallet. Course I shipped ten thousand to my gal down to Winnipeg where she's goin' to ladies' college."

"She's a fine girl," acknowledged the agent in response to the prideful tone of Vevelen's voice. "Must've took after her mother. Bring any souvenirs?"

Gatling threw away the ghost of his cigarette and grinned. He took from his pocket a pair of large lenses with rims of real tortoise shell. The agent saw them without taking his eyes off his work.

"How d'ye like 'em?" asked Gatling.

"Look sporty," admitted the agent. "Surprised at you putting on style in your business."

"Style, your mother-in-law! Me eyes aint so good as they used to be. Been shootin' at the Milky Way and missin' the high lights. Where's Gammage?"

"Out on his claims, I expect," yawned the agent.

"His?" asked Vevelen with emphasis.

"Yes," replied the agent, "He's staked a string of claims alongside your 'Poilu'."

"Goin' see him right off. S'long."

Vevelen's "gat" accompanied him all through his New York campaign and cost him about eleven thousand

dollars in fines. It was the instrument by which the appellation which became associated with his name was first applied. He disclaimed ever having any other.

Gammage knew he was in town before he saw him and riding in he observed at every shot:

"Another gopher gone!"

Gatling met him soberly.

"Hello, Gat! You're looking spry," greeted Gammage. "Bring any souvenirs?"

While Gatling pulled on his large spectacles Gammage, naturally red of face, laughed until he bloomed like a poppy. Gatling fixed him with a stony stare until Gammage began to look serious.

"Don't they sort o' get yer goat?" asked Gatling.

"They sure do. Put them away or I'll have the willies."

"The guy that owned these tried that stare on me and I just took 'em away from him. What's new?"

"The 'Friseo Development Company have cut me off their salary list for selling the 'Poilu' to that New York crowd, just as I thought they would. But a fellow has to start on his own some time and with your reputation as a prospector I figure we can do some business. There's a little rush in here but I managed to pick up about twenty claims along what looks to me like a continuation of the Poilu vein."

"Nothin' on it" disputed Vevelen. "I been over the whole section. The only showin' wuth anythin' is on that Hun's land."

"I staked it," said Gammage, puffing up. "Got the fat Hun's written kamarad. Now, I figure we get an engineer to look it over and make a favourable report. I can't report on it because the 'Friseo will blackball me from Hell's Gate to Hong Kong. If we get a reputable engineer's report we can sell anywhere. My idea is to let you get the engineer and put through the prelims. Then I'll come

in on the wind-up and we'll split fifty-fifty. If everything else fails we'll salt the sampling."

"You couldn't be straight, Gammage, if you wuz stretched tighter'n the 'E' string on a fiddle. I'm in on this and I figger I'll be as crooked as you 'fore I'm through. Let's ride over to the shack and look through one o' them minin' magazines the engineers advertise in."

At the shack the magazine was found. Vevelen affectedly affixed his new glasses and began to read. He changed his mind and handed the magazine to Gammage while he pocketed the spectacles.

"Here—you open the page o' minin' engineer's ads. and take the book out and tack it on a stump. I'll shoot out the name I'll pick."

Gammage laughed and did as directed.

Vevelen would have had difficulty reading the name if the print were a foot high, his education having taken the lines of least resistance, talking and listening. It was pure luck that he plugged the advertisement of Clifford Hamelin, Mining Engineer, Nickel City, Ontario.

Vevelen rode rapidly to the station while Gammage went to the hotel to await him.

Gatling used his regular persuasion upon the station agent to get his attention, this time shooting the pencil out of his fingers.

"You'll do some damage yet," reproved the placid agent.

"Send a message and send it fast," ordered Vevelen.

The agent reached for a blank carelessly and asked Vevelen for a pencil. Gatling handed him a stub which he fished out of a deep pocket after some unsportsmanlike angling. Then he dictated:

Clifford Hamelin, M.E.,
Nickel City, Ont.

What you take examine new gold
prospect, Hock Lake Area?

Gatling Vevelen.

The reply awaited him when he called the following morning:

Gat. Vevelen, Komachee.

Five hundred dollars.

Clifford Hamelin.

Gammage was at Vevelen's shoulder when he received it.

"Wire him to come on. We'll see he earns it," he said.

Vevelen awaited Hamelin's advent with spasms of nervousness, while Gammage "worked" on the new-found veins with commendable though misdirected patience. Yellow stains and specks appeared where none existed before and at the end of two days he pronounced it a perfect job. Once he toted a huge bag of fine ore from the 'Poilu' and hid it under his bunk in the shack and waited.

"What would you do with another eighty thousand?" asked Gammage on the morning the mining engineer was expected.

"Go to Ireland in a aero-plane," Gatling replied promptly.

"You'd probably like to see Ruth settled comfortably before you go?" hinted Gammage.

"Hang the comfort—I'd rather she'd marry honestly."

"I've that hundred thousand salted away," went on Gammage by way of self-aggrandizement.

"Why don't you spend it?" asked Gatling. "Money ain't meant to be salted."

"How'd you expect to stay in Ireland unless you salted some?" asked Gammage, smiling at his counter-stroke. "You need a pile to settle down on—I need it to marry on."

"I'm not for settlin' down," disclaimed Gatling. "Ireland is no place to settle in—it's just the spot to unsettle in. I'm expectin' there'll be lively times there."

"But to come back to Ruth—" suggested Gammage.

"Just leave Ruth out of it," flashed Vevelen. "You ain't married to her yet."

"I've that hundred thousand to say that I will be!" boasted Gammage.

"It's a go," snapped Vevelen.

A buzzing like the concerted hum of all the mosquitoes in the whole northland interrupted this conversation and Gammage, hopping to the doorway, exclaimed:

"Your dream's coming true." And he pointed a chubby finger skyward while he squinted to get a focus of the aeroplane volplaning to the meadow near the 'Poilu.'

"There's a girl in it," observed Gammage.

"Them peepers o' yours 'll see a skirt where natural folks 'd be observin' the scenery. If it's a girl I'll do the interviewin'—you stay behind and watch that baby you brought from the Poilu."

Vevelen was off, leaving Gammage staring abjectly. He took the pony and trotted down the joggy trail until he came within sight of the 'plane. He stopped to have a better look at the man who was tinkering with the engine and the girl who was running in his direction.

"That gal," purred Vevelen, "is just like her dad."

He trudged along carelessly as if aeroplanes were every-day occurrences with him. The girl caught up to him.

"Oh, daddy, I've had the dizziest ride!" she beamed, dragging him from the saddle and choking him affectionately.

"Who's the sport?" asked Gatling, when he could get his breath.

"Why, don't you know? Didn't you get my message?"

"Message?—no! I ain't been to the deepo' since yest'iday noon. When you send it?"

"Why, this morning at five o'clock, just before we started," she explained.

Vevelen grinned.

"Early birds you shore is."

"Wasn't it the greatest luck?" she prattled vivaciously. "I was just

writing you that I was coming up to the camp to spend a few days of my vacation when I spotted this paragraph in the paper which I had intended to read afterward."

She reached into a reticule and took out a clipping and read:

"New Feat for Airman:

"An aeroplane is expected to land in the Government House park at four o'clock to-morrow morning, replenish fuel supply and continue its journey to the new Hock Lake Gold Camp which is beginning to excite attention. This is the first attempt to visit a mining camp by 'plane and the initiative belongs to the Nickel City Corporation in furnishing one for their Exploration Engineer, Mr. Clifford Hamelin."

"So that's Hamelin?" grunted Gatling.

"Yes, daddy. I resolved at once to see him and tell him that I was coming up here and ask him if he'd let me hook on behind. Isn't he handsome?" she finished, clapping her cupped hands in a gesture of awe while her eyes looked heavenward.

"How'n hell I know?" spluttered Gatling. "I ain't seen 'm yet."

"Come on over. He told me it's your claim he's to look at."

"You take 'Rickshaw' back to camp and tell Gammage to ride down to the 'Hotel Goldpan' and order some chuck for the party."

"Oh, we don't need any, daddy. We had a perfectly scrumptious breakfast at Portage La Prairie—in the air, I mean."

Vevelen grunted.

"Well, come on over till I show this bird where the claims lay," he replied.

Hamelin turned from his machine as they approached and met Vevelen cordially.

"Let me congratulate you, Mr. Vevelen, upon having so fearless and charming a girl."

"Them same words was spoken eighteen years ago," said Vevelen, with a smile, "by the doctor that told me she'd arrived."

Hamelin smiled.

"I've heard a great deal about the 'Poilu'." Hamelin took up, after greetings were over. "I've seen the Herschell assays and they show wonderful values. I suppose you know our people would take an option on all the claims adjoining it if the examination shows promise?"

"Know nothin'. You see I been on a vacation and this rush started in the meanwhiles."

"We'll pay half a million if they're like the 'Poilu'."

Ruth looked happily at her father.

"Is your property close here?" asked Hamelin.

"You're standin' on one corner of it. This is Gertzberger's property. Here he comes."

A ponderous man appeared at the crest of the hill and he came waddling in their direction. He "butted in" without ceremony, puffing and eyes bulging.

"Vot you vant? Dis is brivate broperty. You vill haf to bay tamages to leaf dot bird here."

The combined weight of Vevelen, Ruth and Hamelin would not preponderate the heft of this Teuton. Hamelin was about to reply when Vevelen strutted bantam-like in front of him, and said:

"Go down on your knees and beg this gentleman's pardon."

"Vy! Vy! You're dresspassers. I'll stand up for my rights," blustered Gertzberger.

"You'll kneel for them," replied Vevelen, whipping out his gun and wielding it nervously.

The fellow dropped to his knees instantly with a tremendous grunt, and threw up his hands.

"Now," barked Vevelen, "crawl back to your hole, you fat badger."

The man attempted to get up.

"Crawl, I said," ordered Vevelen.

The big hulk started to move like an immense toad.

"Oh, come, Vevelen," put in Hamelin. "No need for that. Let the fellow walk."

"What!" snarled Gatling, turning quickly on Hamelin. "You want to join 'im?"

"Daddy!" cried Ruth, astounded. "You silly old pop. Give me that gun and behave yourself." Thrusting herself between him and Hamelin she calmly relieved him of his weapon, panting with resentment at his temerity.

"Now, hustle—you!" she directed the German.

Hamelin slung a bundle of sample sacks and moils over his shoulder and indicated to Vevelen that he was ready.

"Better ride back to the shack," Vevelen told Ruth. "We're goin' on to the 'Poilu' and you're feet ain't shod for rough ground."

"All right. Good luck!" and she swung into the saddle.

Hamelin raised his hat and walked away, smiling, while Vevelen and his daughter held a conversation in low tones.

"I'll just keep the gat, daddy. If Mr. Gammage is keeping house I'll probably need it to make him step around and put the house in order." She laughed refreshingly and added:

"Does he still think money will get him anything?"

"He ain't changed," said Vevelen. "He hopes you'll marry him. Mebbe it'll be the best thing. You'd hold 'm down and I could dig out again on my own."

"Must owe him money, daddy!" she teased. "How much did he get out of the 'Poilu'?"

"A hundred thousand—and without any sky-flyin' engineer either."

"Why do you need one now?"

"Gammage's idea. Thinks we'll get more if the report is good."

"Doesn't sound like Gammage," doubted Ruth. "He is probably in wrong with the profession and can't sell on his own reports."

While they talked Gammage hove in sight. He approached them jauntily and doffed his cap.

"Hello Ruth! Knew it would be you doing an air stunt. How you like it?"

"Great," she laughed. "Well, I'll ride along to the shack and fix up a lunch for you all and ride out with it."

"Well, what do you think of your mining engineer?" asked Gammage.

"We'll put it all over that bird," replied Vevelen.

"He's a handsome pup. Wonder Ruth isn't all broke up on him."

"Flyin' friendships don't amount to much," philosophized Vevelen.

"Think I'll win, eh?"

"That's up to you, Gammage. You been good friends but marryin' is a different business."

"I'm confident. That bet stands?"

"I never go back on a bet," piped Vevelen.

"Let's help this youth over with his dunnage."

He halloed to Hamelin. "Let's help you with your bags."

"Shake hands with Mr. Gammage—Mr. Hamelin," introduced Vevelen.

After a little light-hearted talk they proceeded to the 'Poulu', after which sampling was commenced.

The two men watched Hamelin interestedly while he hacked out rock across the wide quartz vein that was supposed to be the continuation of the 'Poilu' vein. This was done at regular intervals and a few samples taken from each cut and put in the canvas bags. He found veins exposed in short stretches on various parts of the property but the main vein was unmistakable in its width and, allowing for intervening overburden, appeared continuous.

Ruth came out at noon with a basket of lunch and they all sat down in a shady place to enjoy it. It was of necessity hastily eaten owing to the mosquito menace. Ruth was sparkling with good humour; Gammage smugly comforting himself that some day she would be his wife. Vevelen listened with keen interest to

the tales of adventure in the engineering field, especially since the aeroplane had brought a new element into the game. Hamelin was clear-eyed and vivid. He held even Gammage in spite of himself and once Ruth ignored a quip by Gammage while she studied the curves of Hamelin's mouth.

Ruth left them highly heartened to finish the day's sampling while she would tidy up the "camp". Hamelin would have to stay over night and start his flight at daylight and the hotel was too far away.

At four o'clock Hamelin had completed his sampling and had left the full bags in the 'plane.

"Now, if you gentlemen want to go down to the camp I'll join you in an hour. I wish to make a few notes in connection with these samples and I'd like to do it now while everything is fresh in my mind. They are all carefully numbered and arranged, as you will see."

"All right," agreed Gammage. "See you later."

Vevelen assented with a quick nod and the two started. Gammage chuckled:

"This gives me a chance to get out the bag of salt. There's nothing else for it. Did you notice how carefully he passed over the yellow streaks? He didn't scratch a single spot where I planted the pay."

"Yes," agreed Vevelen. "It looked to me like he skipped the yellow o' purpose. I've seen 'em do the same before. Guess the boy knows his job all right."

"Well, you and the girl keep him entertained this evening while I pour a little pay stuff into them bags. We'll go down now and get that bag out down the trail aways. When supper's over I'll beg off to see Bill Jones at the hotel and do the trick."

Ruth was resting as they entered. The kettle was singing and there was a savoury smell of good cookery.

"How'd you like to take the two

ponies out and bring in Hamelin?" suggested her father. Gammage gave him a black look but grinned when he saw through the strategy.

"Is he hurt?" asked Ruth, with quick concern.

"No—he's just piecein' his notes together and promised to foller us in an hour. I thought it'd be kind o' decent to send the pony for him."

"That's the spirit, daddy! Besides, it'll give me a keener appetite."

When she had gone Vevelen and Gammage hauled out the heavy sack of fine ore and ran their fingers through it, chuckling at every little nugget they fished up. Then Gammage shouldered the burden, took it down the trail a hundred yards and buried it in the bushes.

Meantime Ruth reached the 'plane in time to surprise Hamelin in a very peculiar occupation. He had about forty open bags of samples in front of him into which he was pouring melted parrafin. He was just completing this unusual employment when he heard the approach of Ruth's pony.

He looked in her direction like a boy caught making an undesirable experiment.

"Is what you are doing secret?" she asked. "If it is I'll stay discreetly in the background until you are ready to ride in with me."

"It is secret," he said gravely. "But I'll trust you to keep it. I am sealing the samples in these bags with wax. In each seal of wax is a piece of chip bearing a number. Often when tags are tied on the outside of bags they get lost. Sometimes again bags are opened secretly and extraneous ore dropped in."

"That's a clever idea," commended Ruth. "But do people really tamper with samples that way?"

"They do, unfortunately. It is generally a good indication that they have little faith in the mine as it stands. It is seldom found out until a lot of money is invested. The wax idea works only when the other fel-

low doesn't see it and does his 'salt-ing' hurriedly—usually after dark."

"Surely daddy—" she began.

"Don't misunderstand," he reassured her. "I do not suspect anybody. I do this with all my sampling, now. You'll forget I told you, won't you?"

"I won't forget but I shall respect the confidence," she replied.

"Now, when I jot down a few notes and tie these bags I'll join you."

"Oh, let me tie them," she begged. "It will be such fun."

"All right," he consented. "Just tie them tightly with a reef knot." He showed her how it was done.

When all were tied and placed in the big packsack he threw it into the fuselage and they mounted the ponies.

"Want to fly to Winnipeg in the morning?" he asked.

"I do indeed, if daddy thinks I should."

They walked the ponies very slowly and Vevelen was beginning to display fidgeting impatience. This disappeared during the meal but reappeared again when Gammage had gone out.

"Where's my gat?" he asked sharply.

"I have it safely tucked away, daddy," replied Ruth.

"Gimme it," he demanded.

Ruth took it from her blouse and handed it to him.

"No triffin', Hamelin," he spluttered. "Want fair and square report. Hear me?"

This mad streak upset Hamelin for a moment. He did not reply and Vevelen snapped the gat into action. He pointed it at Hamelin's right foot and fired. There was only the click of the hammer. Another. And another. Then he looked at Ruth and laughed.

Ruth knew her father's methods of trying to intimidate those he would turn.

"Thought it best to take them out," she said coolly.

"Here, load it!" he ordered, handing the weapon to her.

She complied and put the gun back in her blouse. He did not ask for it again.

"I'd like to take your daughter for a trip to Winnipeg to-morrow," Hamelin requested during this diversion. The brazen nerve of it impressed Vevelen, and Ruth spoke up to reinforce the request.

"Let me go, daddy. I'll come back by train. Flying is *so* exciting."

"Go to it," he said.

And they dispersed for the night to dream of varied flights—flights by air route—flyers in gold—flights of fancy, just as the mood came upon them.

The real flight came off at daylight as planned. When they arrived at Winnipeg Hamelin opened the pack sack and showed the sample bags to Ruth.

"Tampered with," she exclaimed. "Look—the strings are tied in a hard knot."

"I'll open one," he offered. He revealed an ounce of rich ore sprinkled on top of the wax plate.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm afraid the mine is no good. Of course there's a chance. The 'Poilu' samples looked about the same as those I took. Well—good-bye. You've been a good chum."

And Ruth kissed him before he flew away while the crowd cheered.

A few days later Vevelen received a telegram as prearranged advising assay results.

"Average assay two dollars forty cents. Report following."

Vevelen and Gammage were at the depot together when this message was received.

They looked at each other with ominous glares.

"Hell!" blurted Vevelen.

"Who made the assay?" asked Gammage.

"Their own lab.," said Vevelen. "Here, hand us a blank," he yelled at

the agent. That placid gentleman was busy on the 'phone and paid no attention to the order, whereupon a bullet whanged and knocked the ear-piece off the agent's head. The blank sailed through space and landed in Gammage's hand.

"Send this quick," Vevelen rasped, while Gammage wrote to his dictation:

"Don't want report. Wire average assay forty dollars."

They spent the day at the hotel in gloomy silence, trotting over to the depot every hour to see what reply had come. There was nothing until the following morning, then:

"Your astute message understood. Nothing doing. Report in the mail.

Vevelen exploded every chamber into this innocent message as Gammage held it out at arm's length. Then he dictated one:

"Send ore pulp of forty samples taken. Will have run by independent assayer. Also will get Government geologist to look over property."

To this the following reply was received:

"Desire anticipated. Pulp forwarded to Herschell Company who will wire you direct result their assay. If not satisfied they will ship pulp to you. Please mail cheque for five hundred."

While Vevelen and Gammage awaited the Herschell assay Hamelin's report came.

"May I read it?" asked Ruth, who was on nettles over the way her father and Gammage had been deriding Hamelin.

"Yes—read it aloud," agreed her father.

Ruth read patiently through the six long pages which described with undoubted accuracy the location of the property, ownership of the claims, true geological formation, and stated that "while the average assay was \$2.40 a ton, rich pockets would undoubtedly be uncovered by exploration. As a gold mine, however, the

property has little commercial value."

"It looks, daddy, as if we had better look for other fields to conquer."

"Just wait till we get the Herschell assay," said Gammage hopefully. He rode to the station to make inquiries. While he was gone Ruth said to her father:

"Why did you demand the pulp, daddy?"

"Because I happen to know they're richer than the assay shows."

"Who salted the samples?" she asked, with the most natural innocence. He stared and fingered his gat from force of habit. Then his temper turned upon her:

"You've been watchin' and gave the game away, eh?"

"Then there was a game to give away?" she responded collectedly. "Now, listen: whoever did the job did not examine the bags carefully. The strings were tied in reef knots and retied in hard knots after the 'salt' had been sprinkled in."

"But the ore would mix—the assay would be high," he protested.

"Oh, no—the ore sprinkled in fell upon a wax plate that sealed in Mr. Hamelin's samples. He was sealing them the evening I rode out to get him. And I tied the bags myself. All he had to do was shake out the ore, take out the wax and show up the real samples."

Vevelen collapsed.

"What we goin' to do, Ruth?"

"I'll tell you one thing to do, daddy—cut away from Gammage. He's got you into his crooked game and you'll only go from bad to worse. The mine is worthless—let him keep it. I'll pay him what you owe him and grubstake you in new territory. Mr. Hamelin says his people will pay almost any reasonable sum for a *real* mine."

"But, Ruth, Gammage counts on you—thought you'd pull it off with him—"

"Daddy, I wouldn't marry him if he was king of the earth and the only

man alive. Daddy, I—I love Mr. Hamelin, and if he doesn't soon write a proposal I'm going to telegraph one to him."

"Don't do that, Ruth—you'll give that man at the deepo a start!"

Ruth laughed and Vevelen joined with the heartiest cackle she had ever heard from him.

"When anything startles Mr. Polk, daddy, I'm afraid he'll be very ill," said Ruth.

Gammage burst in upon their merriment with a defeated expression and threw down the Herschell telegram. Ruth picked it up and read aloud:

"High assay, point three, low point naught one. Average about two dollars forty ton."

"Gammage!" blurted out Vevelen, while he carelessly loaded his gat. "You owe me a hundred thousand. Write out the cheque now."

"What! Why, Ruth—" he stammered foolishly.

"Hurry up, I'm itchin' for somethin' to shoot at."

"Ruth, will you marry me?" Gammage spluttered, flashing a freshly written marriage license. He could not have chosen a less psychological moment.

"No!" shrieked Vevelen. "Write that cheque, you rat."

Gammage sat down and wrote. The air was alive, as if someone had stirred up a cloud of iron filings in front of a magnet. It was too much for Gammage. When he put his signature to the cheque he collapsed in his chair. Vevelen pocketed the paper while Ruth applied the arts of first aid. While she worked there was a sound outside of heavy feet and sonorous puffing. It was Polk.

"Heavens!" gasped Ruth. "The man's ill—he's all excited."

Vevelen met him at the door with extended gat.

"Beat it!" he snapped.

"Ah," breathed Polk resignedly, looking fondly at the gun. "Here's a

message for Miss Ruth—congratulations!”

Vevelen shook the agent's hand and asked him to stay for dinner. Ruth read:

“Honeymoon trip can start from Komachee to-morrow if agreeable. Like to see your dad nine a.m. Hamelin.”

Gammage revived and glowered at the station agent.

“Here, you—” he said faintly. “What time train go east?”

“In one hour,” replied Polk. “I must be gettin' back to give train orders.”

“I'll go with you,” said Gammage. He rose unsteadily to his feet and held out a hand.

“So long, Gat. Sorry things have turned out this way.”

“So long, Gammage. I don't sympathize with you a dang.”

“Good-bye, Ruth,” he said thickly, offering his pudgy hand.

“Good-bye. By the way, Mr. Gammage—what will you take for your claims?”

“Fifty cents,” he smiled weakly.

“I'll give eight thousand,” she offered, and started to write the cheque. He in turn wrote out a transfer and tumbled out a wad of mining licenses which he endorsed—and then fled.

Next morning the upper ether echoed to the whirr of the monster bird and Hamelin came to earth. He found Ruth waiting for him and they embraced for an eternity.

Gatling Vevelen watched them with a happy smile on his lips. Everything was tacitly arranged before

Vevelen had a chance to see the marriage license Hamelin showed him. Gatling put on his shell-rimmed glasses and looked at the instrument over the rims. Ruth laughed delightedly, knowing that he could not read, and chided him for his simple affectation.

“Now for a little surprise,” said Hamelin. “I hope you haven't sold your claims.”

“I own them now,” said Ruth.

“Then, read this,” and he showed her a letter from the Nickel City Corporation to Clifford Hamelin, M.E.

“On your recommendation we have acquired control of the ‘Poilu’ mine in the Hock Lake District. We have noted with great satisfaction that you have made special sampling of adjoining properties which you surmised would run high in platinum and which has been confirmed by laboratory returns, \$100.00 to the ton. You are therefore empowered to offer \$500,000.00 for this property, comprising the twenty claims.”

Vevelen interrupted:

“How much do them animals cost?” pointing at the 'plane.

“Oh, from three thousand up.”

“Do you know a pilot that'd take me to Ireland?”

“Several of them,” laughed Hamelin.

“Well, I got a hundred thousand to spend on a trip. Tell me where to find the boy.”

“I'll wire him to come out for you and we'll start together,” agreed Hamelin.

And that is how it came about that two aeroplanes were seen in the far-off skies of Northwest Canada, going east.



THE CHANGED ROAD

BY MARY RUSSELL



NAPOLEON REMILARD paused and held his fork in the air. With this fork he had carefully drawn a plan upon one of my best tablecloths. I should have known better than to seat a traveller along the trail, and a bachelor, used at the very best to a common white oil-cloth on his table, down to a meal spread on one of my best linen cloths. But then, how could I make a difference for him? Napoleon was a very old friend of mine, and there was nothing I liked better than to have him come in for a meal as he passed our ranch.

The plan lay marked in deep lines, and he explained each one carefully. "You see, madame, this line is the river, this is one bank, this the other,—the town lies here in the bottom—beeg store here, I build heem, every 'ting you can 'tink of in heem, and I hire a man to run heem; then postoffice, he's here, and blacksmith shop, and a saddler store, and a bakery. Sapre! You should just see them, all on my land too, there is 'tree quarter-section. My own house, he's up here, on the bank among the tree," and he bored a little hole right through the cloth with one prong of the fork. "He's fine house too, though some day I make heem beeger yet."

As he paused for a moment I remarked, "I'm sure it's a fine house, a fine place altogether. You'll be a millionaire pretty soon."

"For sure, my freen', said he, "when the railway comes."

"And it is coming!"

"Of course she's coming. she's only five mile off now. The survey she come right here, no mistake, the posts are there. It is the only way—she creep down this bank," and he pointed with the fork to the bank above his house, "she cross the river here on fine beeg bridge, I work on heem sure; then she creep easily up that bank on the other side. They buy my land for townsite and all, me rich man then."

"But railway companies sometimes changed their minds," said I, just to draw him out.

"Yes, but not this time," he answered excitedly, "this is the only place they can build a beeg bridge for mile, I know; I have not been a Government bridge-builder for nothin'. I choose this place two year ago and take up this land on purpose. And the town is getting beeg, beeger every day, people coming in all the time."

"Has the C.P.R. any land of their own close?" I inquired; "they always choose their own land, if they can, for a townsite."

"None," he replied, "that they could build the bridge on unless they went six mile sout', and then it's not good place, high bank and rough water, no level ground, bad place."

"Well, well," I murmured, "you will certainly be a millionaire, and we will see you with a fine big house, and you will be getting married,—"

"Bon Dieu! non, non. I can't get married. I have try many times. I do my possible and no one will have me. Bagosh, those I want won't have me, and those I don't want the devil wouldn't have!"

And he pricked my tablecloth again and again to avenge himself against womankind, one and all.

"Why, las' winter, when I went back to Keebec, my oldest girl of all—I made sure she would have me. She very good Cat'olic you know, and when I say to her, "Terèse, you will be my wife, I have always want you," she say queek, "I cannot marry except good Cat'olic, you not very good I hear, you not go to confess at all; you not go to Mass for long time; you go one time to Protestant Church; you give no money to the prees'; and I cannot marry except good Cat'olic, I am forbid."

"Who forbids you?" I cried, "and who told you about all this?"

"Why, the prees' here, he forbid me; he had long letter from prees' out Wes' who say you not good Cat'olic."

All my excuse, she was no good, Terèse was hard as rock and I had to come back to the Wes' alone. I geev up now, I tink only of being a beeg rich man."

He threw out his chest, threw down his fork, (for which I was very glad) and hit himself several times on his chest with his fist, laughing jovially, and saying, "Beeg man, beeg man."

He certainly was a "beeg" handsome man, with coal black hair and moustache, and flashing black eyes. He was squarely built, of average height, of great bodily strength and vitality, which was toned down by French politeness. Originally he came from "two days below Keebec", though he had gone to school in Montreal. He came to the West with the C.P.R. On it he had worked as freighter and bridge-builder as far as Calgary. Then he had freighted along the old Calgary and Edmonton trail, and finally set up a stopping-house on that trail. It was there we first met him. My husband and I pulled into his place, tired and hungry and cold, and we found a most cheery welcome, a most comforting warmth and a good supper. Of

course it was very plain fare; a beef stew, and pork and beans; but after a drive of forty miles on top of a load, in a lumber wagon we thought it all very good. When the Calgary and Edmonton Railway was built, and people stopped freighting and travelling along the old trail, Napoleon left his stopping-house, and moved about; being in turn a carpenter, store-keeper, prospector and Government bridge-builder. Finally he had taken up land away east on the Red Deer River, and settled down to wait for a branch line of the railway. He was on his way out of town now with a load, and had called in to rest his horses, and give us the news. Having refreshed both himself and his team, he pulled on, hoping to reach home that night.

Some hours after he had gone we saw a light cutter and team approaching; it looked like a livery rig from town. To our surprise it turned in at our gate, and the driver jumped out and came to the door. My husband answered his knock and I heard the man say,

"Good evening, is Napoleon Remillard here? He left town early this morning, and I know he usually stops here on his way."

"No, my husband answered, "he was here for dinner, but he went on."

"Dear me," said the man, "I must get on quickly then, and catch him." "Won't you have tea?" said my husband hospitably. "Is there a great hurry?" "Yes," said the man, "a great hurry; there is a woman in town wants him, she said I must be sure to get him; she's come all the way from Quebec to see him, she says she's come to marry him!"

"To marry him," we both echoed, in complete bewilderment. Was this Terèse Dubois? Had she thought better about marrying him? Would he be ready now to marry her? As we wondered about it all, the man got into his cutter, and drove off in the direction of the river.

Then next morning! What an excitement! Napoleon turned up at ten o'clock, on his way to town. He was driving his own sleigh while the livery-man drove behind. He was quite incoherent with excitement, there was evidently no doubt that he was ready to *jump* at the chance of getting married. He was dressed just as usual, in old blue overalls, with big German socks, and big rubbers on his feet. His ragged corduroy jacket was tied round the middle with a gaily coloured Hudson Bay scarf and a bright red handkerchief was tied around his neck. In his hand he carried a gunnysack, which apparently held clothes.

"Madame," he ejaculated, "if your permit, I put myself on your tub—I shave myself—I put my bes' clothes on—I make myself prepare for my girl, when I arrive in town I have not the time—she must see me queek."

Well, I asked no questions just then. I made haste and prepared hot water, and got soap and towels all ready in the spare bedroom, where presently he proceeded to "put himself on my tub".

When he emerged he looked a different man. Shaved, brushed, clad in a neat-fitting dark blue suit, with white collar and tie; with clean white handkerchief showing in his pocket; and with shiny leather boots; certainly Terèse would have no occasion to be ashamed of him!

He was in too great a hurry to talk much, but I ventured to inquire,

"Is it Terèse Dubois?"

"Yes," he answered, "she must have got mad with that prees'."

"Why," I said, "the priest must have consented to your marriage."

"Not likely, more like Terèse she change her mind; or else that prees' he say too much one day, and make her mad. Sapre! I will have to go to that prees' in town now and ask heem to marry us. He make trouble, that prees', I not like heem too well. I call heem not my freen'."

"Never mind," said I, "you pay him well, and all will be right."

"Have you a good warm coat?" I asked.

I noticed he was leaving his warm corduroy jacket in the bedroom with his other clothes, and the March morning was cold, though very bright.

"For sure, madame, the weat'er she not fool me. You go on leetle pleasure drive in Alberta any time of year, you take parasol, fan, umbrella, fur coat, overshoe, mitt', and 'tree pair blanket—never forget, then it's nice day."

My husband and I laughed as we followed him out to his sleigh, and saw his ragged old buffalo coat, and a roll of red blankets, both rolled up in a torn old tent. He very seldom pitched the tent now-a-days, but he never by any chance travelled without it.

He donned the fur coat, and put on the fur cap he had held in his hand all the while. We wished him "Good luck", and asked him to come in on his way back with his bride, and have a meal with us.

"Merci, madame" he answered. "merci, Monsier; for sure I will, Bagosh!"

"Bon jour, my freen', bon jour."

And he jumped into the sleigh, and away to meet his fate.

For two days we waited patiently for news. At the end of the second day they arrived—Napoleon and his wife! They said they would stay the night with us if we would have them. Of course we were delighted.

It was rather a difficult situation; the poor girl could not understand English, excepting a few words—and we could not speak French, though we could understand a little; so Napoleon had to interpret for us.

She was a tall slight woman, with rather irregular features, and a rather sallow complexion. Her face was brightened by fine dark-brown eyes, and level braids of dark-brown hair crowned the top of her head.

She was stylishly dressed in a pretty green cloth, trimmed with black braid. With this she wore a small velvet hat, very neat.

She seemed very shy and quiet, partly I am sure, because she could not express herself in our language. It was not until the evening meal was over, and the chores done, that we all gathered round the sitting-room stove, and Napoleon gave us his amusing account of his trip to town.

"My freen', he began, "I have the one beeg time, for sure. When I reach town I see Terèse queek. She say to me, "Napoleon, I come for you to marry me, I guess you good Cat'olic enough for me, after all."

"'For sure, Terèse', says I, 'if you care for beeg useless fellow like me. I have want you long time, Terèse, I ask you many time, now you make me satisfy; I will go now and talk to that prees'."

"Well that prees' and I had leetle tête-à-tête, and my freen' I tell you this, bagosh, he is the worst thieving old rascal on that place!" I say to heem, "I want to be married to Terèse Dubois, of Keeback."

"'Marry,' said he, 'then you must pay well.'

"'Yes, I will pay, of course. How much will it be?'

"'Well,' he paused, and seemed to consider—"You have not been good Cat'olic, that's five dollaire; you have not been to Mass for one year, that's five dollaire; you not go to Confess' for two year, that's ten dollaire; you go on Protestant Church once, that's five dollaire; you geev me beeg trouble to write about you to Keebeck, that's five dollaire; and this woman she marry you against my wish, therefore I charge twenty-five dollaire for marry you, altoget'er fifty dollaire."

"'Saure! Bon Dieu!' I exclaimed, 'I'm not come to buy the woman! nor you either, Bagosh, fifty dollaire is too much, it is tremendous for poor man like myself.'

"He reply, 'Then I marry you not

at all. You must make the amende. Then I receive you again as good Cat'olic.'

"I t'ink hard or Terèse, and how she come far to marry me; I t'ink how long I wait for her; I t'ink I see her eyes when she look at me and say, 'Napoleon, I come for you to marry me'; I t'ink hard, 'I'll not disappoint you, for sure'; an' I make the amende."

"I open my leetle pouch, an' I count out fifty dollare in bills, an' lay them on the table. I t'ink hard how many t'ing that buy for the leetle house on the river. Terèse she want many new t'ing for sure—an' I feel all 'ot inside at that prees', sitting there with his eyes never leaving that money. Bagosh! he knew he had me that time sure, but sapre! he'll never get me in that hole again!"

"'Very well,' said I, 'now you have the money on this place, we will come at ten o'clock to-morrow morning to be married.'

"And you bet, the next morning find me on that place in good time, with Terèse; but we had to leave town wit'out many leetle t'ing I had purpose to get for the leetle house, the time Terèse come on it."

He explained to his wife in French what he had been talking about and she nodded her head, and smiled.

It was nearly a year before we got over to see them at the river, though we had seen them at different times. At last we managed to get away from the ranch for a night and pay our long-promised visit. As we drew near to their place, we met wagons and wagons of freight coming along the trail, stores of all kinds, baled hay, and sacks of oats. We knew we were near the railway construction camps, but hardly expected them so far south. Finally my husband hailed one of the teamsters, who was resting his horses at the top of a hill:

"Good day, lovely weather. Lots of people travelling to-day."

The man raised his long whip by

way of salute, and answered: "Yes, and there will be more than this, the railway's coming this way."

"We thought the other way."

"Yes sir, it was; they surveyed that way, and it's a good crossing too, but railway companies never bind themselves to a survey. I guess they won't pay for a townsite there, when they have land of their own six miles south. All this stuff is going there for the construction camp, and we have freighting for months to come. The railway at present has reached a point several miles due west of Napoleon's. The old chap will be very excited about it. Hard luck, too! by Jove! Everybody believed it would go there, and there's quite a good little town. It will have to move to the railways as many another town has done. Why, down South, near a branch line we were working on, a whole town was moved five miles to the railway. The houses they couldn't move bodily were taken to pieces and loaded on wagons. There was a fine Government Creamery for one thing, and it cost exactly a thousand dollars to move it, but they did it. Another town had been built in a valley, and by Jove, the railway was finally built high on the top of the bank on one side, and the whole blamed town had to be shoved up that bank! It's the trials of a new country, the towns have to find where they suit best before they can settle down comfortable-like," and he chuckled to himself and touched up his team. He gave us a wave of his whip as good-bye, and shouted, "So long."

"Poor Napoleon," we both exclaimed, as we drove on. "It is too bad, it will be harder than ever, now he's married."

We hated to arrive at the house with such bad news in our minds, they would be sure to know about it, and would be very despondent.

They did not show it, however, when we arrived. He was his usual cheery, noisy self, and gave us a royal

welcome to his home. We were ushered into the general living-room, kitchen and dining-room in one, where Terèse sat sewing, and rocking a cradle with her foot. She looked rather pale and weary, her baby boy was only about six weeks old. She rose smiling to greet us, then stooped to uncover the face of her sleeping child.

He lay fresh and warm, his dark curly hair in tiny moist curls round his little ears. He stirred as we looked and smiled in his sleep. His mother softly whispered, "Hush! hees good angel has passed over heem!"

I sincerely hope it was so; that many good angels guarded his cradle.

Then Napoleon took my husband to the window, and as they viewed the little town below I heard him say: "Sapre!, my freen', is that not fine place for town! Nice level place, close on the river, but, Bagosh! I'm beginning to have queer feeling on me, I'm not so ver' sure as I was, I hear some leetle word go round about them going sout' after all."

I am sure my husband felt himself in a very awkward position; it was most difficult to tell him. Yet he was sure to hear soon; my husband evidently thought he had better hear bad news from a friend, as he answered slowly:

"Yes, Napoleon, I'm awfully sorry, we met wagons and wagons going south to-day, and I talked to one of the teamsters, and he said it was all stores for the construction camp at the Six-mile Crossing, the line was going there after all."

Napoleon then became wildly excited, and almost shouted, "Sâcre! Bon Dieu! They come the other way, after all. Blame fool I am! Dam' fool Sâcre!"

Terèse, you hear thees news? The railway she's not come on thees place after all. Ah, Sâcre! tear my hair—I excite myself—beeg fool me—dam' fool—sold every time, bagosh!"

He flung his old fur cap away in one corner of the room, his gaily-coloured scarf in another, unbuttoned his corduroy coat and threw it on a chair beside him; then he sank into the chair and put his elbows on the table, and tore his hands wildly through his thick black hair, muttering away to himself, 'Fool, fool,—dam' fool.'

Poor Terèse rose from her chair, wishing to comfort him, yet not knowing how. "So soree, so soree," she kept saying, over and over.

I was wondering if there was anything I could say, when he drew himself up, and turning round to me, said slowly:

"Madame, you remember one day about a year ago, I go on your house, I draw plan on your table-clot; I show how she come, sure; I talk beeg; I call myself beeg man; you t'ink me 'beeg fool.'"

"Indeed I did not," I cried quickly. "You have not been a fool, you are richer now than you ever thought you would be then—your wife, Napoleon, and your dear little baby, aren't they more to you?"

"Yes, madame, it is true, the way has changed much since then. I have

not been such a beeg fool, maybe after all. I *am* rich man, beeg man."

He rose from his chair, and walked over to Terèse, bent on one knee and put his arm around her waist. Then he kissed her pale cheek, twice. Then stooping lower still he kissed the sleeping child.

The weariness all went away from Terèse's face; it was illuminated with pride, a tender love, and a faithful devotion. She turned to me with such a bright smile, though I could see the tears shining in her eyes.

"What matter is it if there is not beeg town? We are verree happy," Napoleon answered her himself.

"No, Terèse, it matters not at all. I can always get Government work, building bridges. They have ask me to go way up on the Peace River countree; and maybe we go—by-and-bye; when you are strong again, and this boy is beeg man."

His voice had wakened the child, and he cried. Napoleon lifted him up into his arms, and shook his head at him. The baby gurgled with delight, and buried his little fists in his father's curly, dishevelled hair, while Terèse looked on with a bright, happy smile.





STEADY, THERE!

From the Photograph by
Edith S. Watson

POSTERITY VS. AMES BENNETT

BY FRANK R. ADAMS



BENNETT stood in the moonlight and contemplated with a sigh the door which had closed gently behind him.

On the steps he tortured himself with a recollection of her from whom he had just parted. Lennice Esterdahl was an unequivocal beauty. Charms such as hers would have made a lady's man out of Arthur Schopenhauer. Ames Bennett was more susceptible than the famous misogynist. He had needed no special inducements to be attracted to Lennice. In a general way he liked the sex to which she belonged and in particular he was simply crazy about her as a manifestation of the feminine hypothesis.

He had always known how wonderful she was, but now, with the echo of her refusal to marry him still burning in his ears, her desirability smote him more poignantly. The smooth way she did her hair and coiled it on the tender nape of her neck, the simple, direct gaze out of her clear blue eyes, the slender grace of her and the voice that throbbed like the deep notes of a cello—to think about them was exquisite pain.

If you have never loved anybody like that—well, maybe you are lucky and you certainly have saved yourself hours of misery—but, on the other hand, you have missed an awful lot of something called the phantom of happiness. The ghost of a palm that has rested in yours, the smile you

can almost recall, those are the memories that distinguish poets from plumbers.

"I can never marry you."

How can the English language contain such a hideous phrase? "Hanged by the neck until dead," is a cheerful little epigram by comparison.

Yet she had said it and she was looking at him at the time.

"Why not?" he had asked stupidly, stunned by the abrupt disaster of which, to tell the truth, his honest conceit had not warned him.

"Because you are not a good physical specimen," she had told him with no attempt to beat about the bush.

"Eugenics!" he gasped in horror. "How did he get in here—who left the cage open?"

He was floored. He knew that what she had said was true—he was not a good physical specimen. Ames Bennett was the best sporting editor in the city, but when it came to muscular powers he simply was not there. Without his glasses he could not see ten feet in front of him and he had no chest expansion to speak of. Besides that, he was so angular that it took a very skilful tailor to make him look like anything but a hat rack.

Ames was no beauty, but he had a way with him that so far had carried him blithely through life, skirting the pitfalls of accident, disease and love. If he had not been able to star on the athletic field or win championship honours in the ring, he at least could

write about such things more gripingly than any reporter on his staff, and he knew more records and batting averages than the entertaining author of Spalding's Annual. More than one champion glove artist had been dug up by Ames from obscure entertainments held in dingy lofts with a lookout posted below to swap stories with the poor blind policeman on duty.

But now he had run his little chariot into a post. Suddenly everything else he had ever desired sank into insignificance before this girl who was apparently dismissing him.

"Don't you love me?" he demanded. He found that he was on his feet already preparing to go.

"Why," she hesitated, "I don't know. That has nothing to do with the case. I wouldn't marry you, anyway."

"You always laugh at the things I say."

"Maybe I do, but a woman can't always be laughing at her husband."

"Some of 'em are."

"Don't make it hard for me, Ames, dear," she said, her voice full of sweet trouble. "You know I like you and I always thought we'd be married some day, but I didn't realize then how much I owed to posterity. We have no right to marry. It would be criminal. I have had myself examined and there is very little the matter with me—"

"Hear, hear," he applauded vigorously.

"While you—" she paused speculatively, taking in his entire superstructure critically.

"You needn't mention what's the matter with me," he interrupted. "I tried to enter West Point once and they told me."

"While you," she went on, ignoring the interruption and still looking for a place to begin on, "you are a shining example of what not to do for health and efficiency. You smoke incessantly. Why, I've seen you light one cigarette from another."

"That's economy," he objected

feebly. "The kind of cigarettes I smoke are cheaper than matches."

"It's no use, Ames, to try to make me laugh," she said soberly. "I used to be silly, but now I'm going to be sensible."

"If you're going to be sensible," he mourned, "then I suppose I haven't a chance. I'll admit no sensible girl would want to marry a half portion like me. My only chance was for you to develop emotional insanity. You don't know the address of any nice, half-witted girl, do you?" he continued hopefully.

She escorted him to the door in her old-time fashion, but here, instead of kissing him as sometimes she had done, she offered him her hand. She seemed to feel the pointed omission, for she said, "It isn't hygienic to kiss anyone."

"Good heavens," he murmured in a daze, "think of the chances I have taken in my life. And think also," he continued regretfully, "of the chances I have missed."

Although he tried to cheer himself up and take the edge off the scene with a jesting farewell, nevertheless, there was a real ache in his heart as he rode home in the subway to the bachelor apartment at One Hundred and Tenth Street, which apparently was to be his home for the rest of his days.

For a week he moped around the office, messing up the box scores with a fine disregard for the three major leagues, and making an enemy for life of Kid Kennedy by failing to speak of his famous cross arm jab to the point of the chin of Battling Englander, in his recent mixup with that worthy.

The day after his turndown, his naturally optimistic mind had suggested to him that he build up his defective physique by exercise and to that end he had purchased a pair of Indian clubs which he resolved to employ night and morning before retiring and after rising.

His enthusiasm for exercise was somewhat dampened after he broke

the chandelier in his room and hit himself twice in succession on the rear protuberance of his rather prominent head. He gave up the strenuous life before his landlady put him out for breakage. It was probably just as well, because, without knowing it, he had kept a lighted cigarette between his lips all the time he was swinging the clubs.

At the end of the week he could stand it no longer. The annoying pain in his heart demanded chloroform. He knew that she could not be as desirable as his fancy and memory pictured her. No woman could.

He resolved to prove it to himself. He called her up. "Hello," he said, as she answered the telephone. "Have you a friend by the name of Ames Bennett?"

"Surely," she replied with a thrill of surprised pleasure in her voice; "at least, I hope so."

"Is there any reason why your friends shouldn't call on you occasionally," he demanded, "especially if they can't stand it to stay away?"

"Why, no," she replied doubtfully; "I don't think so."

"Then I'm coming out to-night disguised as a friend. You will know me by a red carnation in my button-hole. I promise not to say a thing that isn't in the etiquette books under the head of 'Sample conversation for a lady and gentleman who have met for the first time'."

After dinner that night, Ames stood in front of the mirror in his room a long time, carefully examining his offending physique. Then he deliberately kicked himself twice and with a sigh sought the street, where he purchased a carnation for his coat lapel.

Lennice belonged to the society page strata of the big city population. By that is not meant that she moved in the newly-rich set, but that the doings of her friends frequently received mention in the newspapers, especially if the items were sent in. At any rate, her financial status was miles above that of a sporting editor.

Her father was popularly supposed to have an underground tunnel connected with the sub-treasury.

There was a butler at Esterdahl's house who let Ames in and ushered him to the living-room, where Lennice was improving the shining moments by reading a ten-pound volume of anatomy.

"Good Lord," Ames muttered to himself, as his eye fell on her graceful profile. "She's prettier than I thought."

At the sight of him she rose and a pleased boyish smile illumined her features.

"As I live," he exclaimed, swallowing his heart, which was pounding in his throat, "if it isn't Miss Jones. No? Am I mistaken? Then it's Miss Esterdahl. I always get you two girls mixed up."

"It's nice to see you again, Ames," she said, just a bit wistfully. "You are dreadfully entertaining, and I've been rather bored without you."

"What do you think of Mr. Grey's new novel?" he asked lightly, indicating the anatomy she had been reading. "I think in some ways he is stronger than Robert W. Chambers, don't you? Sex novels are going out, though, I believe."

The butler announced Mr. Robert Howe.

"Robert Howe?" Ames questioned, while the butler went to usher in the visitor.

"Yes," Lennice admitted. "I think you know him."

"If you mean the chap who was champion shot putter and hammer thrower six or seven years ago, of course I know him. We were in the same class at the University."

"He's the one. He drops in nearly every evening for a little while. Father and Mr. Howe are great friends."

Robert Howe entered. Nature had copied some of the best Greek statuary when she put him together. Just six feet, broad in shoulder, but thin in the flank, with a pink-and-white skin that looked as if it had recently

been scrubbed, Robert Howe could have been an "ad" for anybody's brand of ready-made clothing without being retouched a particle by the artist.

But when nature had done that much for him she quit. Mentally he was still equipped only for horse-shoeing. Still, any man who looked the way he did in a track suit didn't need to be any Socrates.

Not that Robert lacked any confidence in himself. Nothing like that. Everything had been so easy for him that he took it as a matter of course.

"How are you?" he greeted Ames laconically when he discovered there was another caller.

The conversation languished although Lennice strove desperately to keep it alive. The young athlete had a capacity of only one thought an hour even when he was running full speed, and Ames, for his part, couldn't think of anything except sarcastic remarks, most of which he managed to stifle before they reached the open air.

At length Lennice suggested that they take up the rug and dance. "I am teaching Mr. Howe some of the new steps," she explained.

"Oh, yes," acknowledged Ames without interest. Then, apparently without any reference to what had gone before, he added in a moment, "They had a swell troop of performing elephants with the Barnum show this year. Did you see them? They were fine."

The girl got his meaning even if the other man didn't and shot him a reproof with her eyes, which caused him to wilt in burlesque chagrin. "Will you play the piano, Ames?" she asked.

"Sure, Ames, you play the piano," chimed in Howe. "You used to be pretty good at it when you were at college. You will be a lot better than the phonograph."

"I am intensely flattered," the sporting editor contrived to say instead of several other things that crowded to his mind. "Chain me by

one leg to the piano and I will make Wagner sound like a Quaker meeting."

While he played aimlessly selections of ragtime and popular waltzes, Ames had a lot of time to decide what he thought about Robert Howe and his relation with Lennice Esterdahl. The deliberate calmness with which the girl was going about her search for the physically perfect specimen, chilled him to the marrow. It was the most cold-blooded proposition he had ever heard of. Under the modern plan courtship could be done away with in favour of a physical examination and marriage would be more like an operation than a ceremony.

Before this evening Ames had rather liked young Howe, although he had never considered him seriously as amounting to much. They had been friends in the way that athletes and sporting editors are always friends, the athlete looking down on the editor with good-natured tolerance and the editor regarding the athlete as a sort of overgrown child.

But now he discovered that he really hated the other and his fist itched to land on the jaw of the six-footer, although he knew that any power he could exert in a blow could do no more than annoy his rival.

When they were tired of dancing, Ames gloomily excused himself on the plea that he had some writing to do. Lennice escorted him to the door, vaguely troubled at his unhappiness.

"I am sorry you can't stay, Ames," she said. "I thought you and Mr. Howe would be sure to like each other because you are both interested in sports. He says that at the next Olympic games he expects to put the shot fifty-two feet. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Uh-huh!" admitted Ames listlessly. "But what chance would he have against a cannon that can heave one of those things ten miles? Tell me, beautiful creature, will you meet me for lunch to-morrow and let me say something you ought to know?"

"Why—"

"Have no fear. I will promise to sterilize myself every ten minutes while we are together," he hastened to supply bitterly.

"All right, then I will come," she said graciously.

"I will expect you at the Plaza at one-thirty," he said on departing, and then added significantly, "alone."

Ames had no definite idea why he wanted to see her. Probably there wasn't any particular reason; in fact, reason was tugging him the other way and telling him never to see any woman again and if necessary take the veil, or whatever it is a man takes when he becomes a monk.

He felt that this engagement with her on the morrow was going to be the last. It was only a lunch, but it depressed him.

She kept her appointment promptly. He had been there half an hour ahead of time, walking up and down the corridor, smoking cigarettes feverishly.

"You ought not to smoke so much," she reproved as they met. "It will kill you."

He grinned sardonically as he threw away the remnant of his cigarette.

"I gave you an opportunity to reform me," he said, "but now, since you have given me up there isn't a soul in all the world to tell me what I should or shouldn't do. Gee!" he exclaimed with a sigh, "ain't it great to be free?"

They sat in the corner of the restaurant at an intimate little table for two.

"What were you going to tell me?" she demanded promptly, when they were alone, free from the ministrations of the waiter.

"What was I going to tell you?" he repeated vaguely. "Was I going to tell you something?"

"Yes, you spoke about it last night, that's why I came to meet you today."

"If I've got to tell you something I will tell you the only thing I can think of."

"What's that?" she asked, making a clinking sound with a fork and spoon.

"I love you." He looked at her hopefully, as a dog who expected to be fed might, and then continued, speaking hesitatingly. "Oh, I know I shouldn't have said that. I promised I wouldn't, didn't I? But when every street car rattling on the tracks keeps saying it and the robins in the parks and the policeman on the beat and even the Dago peddlers that go yelling through the streets keep shouting, 'I love you,' instead of 'strawberries,' the way they ought to, why I just can't help joining in."

"You must stop, Ames," Lennice reproved, looking around for fear somebody had heard him.

"Stop. Why talk of stopping Niagara Falls?"

"But you must stop," she faltered. "I am engaged to Robert Howe."

A shrieking silence fell between them. He picked up a fork nervously and laid it down again.

"Engaged to Robert Howe?" he said finally and calmly in a voice which he did not recognize as his own. "You can't love him. You couldn't even be friends with the owner of a mind like his. Why, Robert Howe's think tank is stuffed with cornmeal mush."

"You mustn't say such things and I must never see you again." She rose with the luncheon untasted. "I wanted to tell you first about the engagement before you saw it in the papers, but if you are going to be rude I am sorry I was so considerate." She turned to go. "Good-bye. After I am married I know I shall miss you dreadfully."

Ames sat stunned as she went away. "That's a fine way to begin matrimony, 'After I am married I shall miss you dreadfully.' Great Scott! There may be something in this cave man business after all."

She had said nothing about the date of her wedding, but Ames learned it soon enough through the society columns of his newspaper. No time

was wasted. The wedding was planned for a fortnight later, in the church of the Holy Something-or-Other.

Ames spent the next two weeks in a sort of numb condition, doing his work automatically. The fact that her wedding was actually announced was so stunning that his brain refused to react to it; after the ceremony was over it would be so hopeless. Heretofore he had never quite given up the fond delusion that she was not serious when she had turned him down. Seeing the announcement in cold type removed all his doubts. The calamity of calamities was going to happen.

The papers made quite a fuss about the approaching wedding. The fact that it had been eugenically arranged leaked out and the novelty of it attracted a great deal of attention. Robert Howe's position in the world of sport was such that the news of his nuptials was important enough to be mentioned on the pink page. Altogether there was a lot more limelight about the affair than anybody cared for, especially Ames Bennett, who read every reference with a groan.

The so-called funny paragraphers made material out of it and the cartoonists managed to earn a day's pay on the same subject. To escape from his distress Ames sought the theater. At the first musical show he attended he found the comedian getting a hearty laugh from an interpolated line about the scientific marriage. Ames left the theater for a cabaret and found them singing a song about it.

He went to a bar and sterilized himself thoroughly with alcohol. The physician who gave him the morphia later said that as an amateur sterilizer Ames was a pippin and deserved a medal from the International Association of Distillers and Brewers.

The wedding was to be in the evening. When the afternoon of the fatal day rolled around, the managing editor of the newspaper on which

Ames was employed called him into his office.

"I want to talk to you, Bennett," said the "Old Man," so called because he was the youngest managing editor in the city.

"All right," said Ames with gloomy nonchalance. "I don't blame you if you don't like the way I have been doing my work lately. I admit it is rotten."

"I didn't say anything about your work," said the managing editor with some surprise. "What you have done is all right, or if it wasn't I didn't notice it. It's what you haven't done that I want to speak about. I haven't seen a single reference on your page to the Howe-Esterdahl wedding."

Ames groaned.

"Every other paper in town has had some good funny stuff in the sporting sheet about this marriage and the kind of children they will have. Great Scott, man, where is your sense of humour? Robert Howe is one of the foremost athletes in the country and people who read the sporting page are interested in his wedding, especially under such novel circumstances."

The sporting editor rolled a pencil uneasily between his two palms. His soul was writhing under the unintentional torture his superior was inflicting upon him. He dared not trust himself to speak for fear he would betray his emotions.

"I'll tell you what you do," the managing editor went on, wondering if Bennett, who was usually voluble, had lost his powers of speech, "you go over to the wedding to-night at the church and see what happens and then come back to the office and write a funny feature story about it."

"A funny feature story," Ames repeated in horror, exasperated beyond endurance. "Don't you know that this wedding is the biggest disaster since the Titanic? And you ask me to write a funny story about it!"

"Why, what do you mean?" said the other in surprise, gazing with friendly concern at the young man,

who was rapidly enveloping himself in cigarette smoke.

"Don't ask me," Ames returned moodily. "I'll do it. If you want a funny story about how it feels to have your leg cut off, I'll go to the hospital and get the material. It makes me laugh now when I think how funny it is. Ha! ha!" he croaked hoarsely.

Still chuckling mirthlessly, Ames left the office and proceeded to his apartments to dress for the ceremony, which he purposed to attend in the double capacity of guest and newspaper humourist.

The church was crowded to the doors. The ushers had difficulty in keeping the aisles clear. Apparently none of the invitations were unused. Everyone was curious to see this bride and groom of a new régime mated under perfect physical conditions.

Ames managed to effect an entrance, however, by proclaiming his relation with the press. He discovered that he was not alone in his glory. There were a dozen other reporters occupying front seats, as if it were a baseball game or a great legal battle.

They welcomed him with merry jests about the coming performance. They did not know that he was acquainted with the bride.

At last the ordeal began. There seemed to be countless preliminaries. Reams of music had to be played and a great many ordinary looking people had to parade around in new clothes, the men looking miserable and the women proud. The majority of the members of the male sex view the hobbling of one of their number with apprehension. You never can tell who will be next.

The groom came in. No king could have carried himself more proudly. He actually seemed to like it. Ames recollected having seen him strut before a grandstand in the same way, clad only in a track shirt and trousers. Now in evening dress he was a no less commanding figure. The sporting editor admitted bitterly in

his inner consciousness that his rival looked like a perfect mate for the most beautiful girl in the world.

The women in the audience agreed with him. An almost perceptible gasp of admiration fluttered through the air as he walked down the aisle with his best man.

Then slowly, with head raised proudly, came the bride and her father.

Ames's heart sank like a leaden shot. How could he say anything funny about her with his heart telling him she was the most wonderful creature in all the world and he was just about to lose her.

If she would only trip on something or fall or tear her train, maybe he could make something funny out of that. But no. There was no hitch in her progress, no obstacle, nothing seemed to stand between her and her future husband.

The organist was playing softly a quiet, well-bred air, the scent of flowers drifted in on a slight breeze, swaying the silken decorations, which were strung like a canopy from the altar and the balcony to the dome.

Finally Lennice stood side by side before the minister with her physically perfect mate. After interminable seconds he addressed them. If something funny would only happen now! Bennett groped fruitlessly in his brain for a comic idea. There was none.

All at once a single feminine cry pierced the hush which pervaded the church.

There was an uneasy movement in the congregation. People turned to ask their neighbours what had happened.

The minister paused in his droning recital of the marriage service.

"Fire!" the cry which makes your heart stop, raced shrilly to the vaulted ceiling and echoed back again. Scarcely less rapidly tongues of flame began flickering around the ends of the silken ribbons which were attached to the altar rail. A loose end of ribbon had been blown by the wind

into an open candle. The fire rapidly communicated itself from ribbon to ribbon. Little darts of flame raced up the narrow strips of cloth to the dome. As each ribbon burned off at the rail it swung, a line of fire, out to the middle of the congregation.

The women huddled back into the pews, terrified beyond action by the tiny flames that were swinging in their faces.

Then all at once a voice was heard addressing them authoritatively.

"There is no danger," said the voice, proceeding from a thin young man who had unceremoniously pushed the minister aside and taken his place on the platform. "If you will file out quietly, the forward aisles first, I will guarantee to get you all out safely."

Sparks were falling from above, but for some reason the crowd listened to this curious young man who so confidently guaranteed safety.

"The organist will play a march," said the young man peremptorily, looking up to the balcony where the keyboard of the organ was concealed.

There was no response from the organ.

"The organist unfortunately had another engagement," said the young man.

All at once the organ burst forth into a clamorous riot of music. The air was "Too Much Mustard", which had probably never heard itself played on a church pipe organ before. It served its purpose though. Everybody laughed and then accompanied by a rapid fire of directions from the young man at the altar, they filed out in fairly orderly fashion, while the lurid flames from the burning decorations made curious lights in the dim heights in the church.

At last everyone was out. The church was empty save for the young man and the organist.

"You can cut that out now," said the young man, addressing the invisible player.

From overhead the sparks were coming down like rain and an un-

pleasant smelling blue smoke swirled through the air as the wind from outside played pranks in the vast audience hall. Hardly noticing these things and certainly forgetful of the place where he was, the young man at the altar thoughtfully inserted a cigarette between his lips and lit it from one of the altar candles.

Down the steps from the tiny balcony where the organ keyboard was concealed came a person in what had previously been a white brocaded satin dress. It was now soiled in several places with cinders, and the remnant of a chiffon veil which had been hastily torn off was draped rakishly about her ears.

In the dim light at the altar the young man perceived the dress before he noticed the features.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "I didn't know the organist was a girl or I never would have asked you to stay. I have to admit that you've got good nerve." Then as she came closer to the altar the light illumined her features completely. "Well, I'm damned."

"Hello, Ames," she said calmly, looking him over curiously and noting with a quizzical smile the cigarette he was smoking. "You are a brave man, Ames."

"Not very," he returned with a half smile. "You see, I knew this church was fireproof construction and that there wasn't any chance of anything burning except the decorations. For pure bravery you are entitled to the nickel-plated coal scuttle. How did you come to be playing the pipe organ?"

"Why," she returned modestly, "when I saw that the regular organist had run away, I just happened to be nearest, so I went up and did it."

"Gee, you are a wonder," he said, taking in her ragged wedding costume from head to foot. "I don't know any other girl in the world who would have done that."

She returned his look with shining eyes. "And I don't know any other man in the world, Ames, who would

have handled the crowd the way you did. You sure have a way with you."

"Well," he said briskly, wishing to change the subject from the one that was breaking his heart, "let's get out of here and hunt up Mr. Howe and the minister so we can go on with the wedding." He looked at his watch. "I've got to get into the office with a story about this in half an hour if I am going to make the first edition."

The ribbons had burned themselves out and save for a few smouldering strands the fire had practically extinguished itself.

"Never mind about Mr. Howe,"

said Lennice, linking her arm in his. "Here is the minister coming back and he is all we really need. From the way Mr. Howe started he ought to be about half way down town by now, so we won't wait for him to come back. If we hurry we can get through in plenty of time for you to get the story in the first edition."

Without any particular regard for hygiene or scandal, Ames Bennett kissed the eugenic bride full on the lips, right in front of the minister.

"The funny part about it," he explained a little later, "is that I didn't set fire to the church myself."

TO-MORROW

By LEREINE KATHARINE HOFFMAN

A YEAR ago the skies were blue,
And the air was sweet with songs,
Yet my love now sleeps where the pansies nod
And the silence of Death belongs.

And life seemed such an empty thing,
A song without a theme,
With that ringing laughter silent and still,
Its echo only a dream.

But that dream to me grows wondrous bright;
It beckons on through the years,
And points like a beacon in the night
To the end of the road of tears.

Away where Life shall start again,
To a new and brighter to-morrow;
Where Peace shall reign in the scheme of things
And the world shall forget there was sorrow.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

It is remarkable that in the Assembly of Nations at Geneva the delegates from Canada should seem to be the spokesmen for the Republican leaders in the United States Congress rather than for President Wilson and other strict constructionists of the Covenant. Article X, which the Canadian delegates oppose and which seems to have been opposed by Sir Robert Borden at Versailles, involves, according to Sir Robert, "an undertaking by the high contracting parties to preserve the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League", and requires signatories to the Covenant to declare that "all existing territorial delimitations are just and expedient, that they will continue indefinitely to be just and expedient and that the signatories will be responsible therefor".

In full Article X reads: "The members of the league undertake to respect and preserve against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the league. In case of any such aggression or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression the council (of the league) shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled."

Article XVI., supplementary to Article X., prescribes the penalties that may be imposed upon a member of the league which resorts to war in disregard of its obligations to seek arbitration or conciliation. These include the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition by members of the league of all intercourse between their nationals and those of the covenant-breaking state, and the prevention of all financial, commercial or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaker and those of any other state, whether a member of the League or not.

It was chiefly over Article X that the Republicans in Congress revolted as involving obligations to which the United States could not afford to agree and committing the country to an indefinite and dangerous responsibility for conditions in Europe which could not be permanent and under conceivable circumstances could not be wisely maintained. Much of the literature of the Presidential campaign was devoted to this Article, and there was acute disagreement over its implications. Clearly the Republican position in the contest would have been greatly strengthened if it had been known that Canada was in disagreement with President Wilson and that the Canadian delegates in Geneva would be the leaders in the movement for repeal.

It is curious, too, that the position of Sir Robert Borden was not disclosed in Parliament since the Canadian delegates are now attacking a provision which Canada seems to have accepted. As to that, however, we are not in any different position from other countries which ratified the Covenant and possibly the situation in the American Congress may have induced silence

as to the actual attitude towards this condition of the peace settlement. As it turns out we have a substantial alliance of the Dominion and the United States against a condition which Mr. Wilson sought to impose upon Congress, which Canada has accepted and would repeal, and which becomes ineffective if the Dominion and the Republic refuse or withdraw their support.

II

At last the nations seem to be in the crisis of reconstruction. In Great Britain thousands are out of work and unfortunately there are many soldiers among the unemployed. In the United States conditions are no better and the outlook for the winter is ominous. Nor could we hope that prices would be readjusted in Canada without losses to manufacturers, retailers, and many workers. For the situation governments in various countries have a degree of responsibility. By guaranteeing prices of primary food products speculative advances were encouraged which ultimately affected all commodities. The high prices which the war produced were forced to still higher levels. The British Government for example still has great stores of products which it has been holding in the hope of ultimate profit. It is clear now that it would have been wiser to relinquish control after the armistice and encourage a natural restoration to normal commercial conditions. But the other course was taken and a situation which would have been serious enough in any event has been aggravated.

There is, however, no need for excessive apprehension in Canada. As stocks of merchandise are reduced orders will be placed with manufacturers. It will be impossible to maintain prices at the high level and admittedly upon stocks in store losses will be sustained. But those who profited in a rising market must face losses in a falling market. Lower prices will stimulate buying and according to the best information that can be obtained there has been no such extreme cessation of buying as many reports suggest. When the grain crops are moving more freely the strain on credit will be relieved. As yet there has been no general reduction of wages and to that degree the purchasing power of a large portion of the population is still greater than ever before. There is a manifest reluctance among employers to reduce wages but no one ever believed that the peak of war wages could be absolutely and universally maintained. Moreover there is no doubt that the menace of unemployment increases the efficiency of some classes of labour. A greater production for equal wages is equivalent to an increase in production and a reduction in prices.

Nor was it ever thought that wheat prices could be held at \$2.50 or \$2.80 a bushel. One may hope that grain prices will never fall to pre-war figures, but a drop from the highest quotations was inevitable. Neither war prices nor controlled prices could ever have been thought to represent a normal or permanent condition. Besides, those who suffered so sorely from the era of high prices had the right to look for a measure of relief. It was long in coming and probably the general level of pre-war prices will not be re-established in this generation. For multitudes of people the months since the armistice have been more trying than the period of actual war. The situation was unreal and impossible and there need be no surprise that it could not last.

But there are facts in the situation in Canada which should inspire courage and confidence. Many hundreds of millions of dollars are invested by Canadians in Canadian securities and the interest is distributed within the country. The savings deposits are \$1,271,275,711 as against \$659,806,680 six years ago. The exports for the fiscal year ending March 31st were \$1,239,492,098 as against \$431,580,439 for the year ending March 31st, 1914.

Farm lands have increased in value, and prices for all farm products will remain high in comparison with pre-war prices. New industries have been established and unexpected stores of raw materials discovered. The output of the fisheries has increased and from year to year coal production will expand. The British Government is to repay Canada an amount of \$150,000,000 advanced during the war at the rate of \$5,000,000 a month for six months and \$10,000,000 thereafter until the debt is discharged. We shall have no more direct war appropriations and we are raising a federal revenue equal to expenditures. The total investment in American industrial plants in Canada is estimated at \$1,250,000,000. There will be a volume of immigration as great as we dare permit. When normal conditions are restored many of these will bring capital, and agricultural production will be increased. Adverse exchange will compel freer buying of goods made in Canada and thus Canadian labour and Canadian producers will be benefitted. Exchange discount is now 18 per cent. and conceivably may go to 20 per cent. If we do not curtail imports of goods that we can get at home we increase the cost of fuel, cotton, oil and other products that we must buy abroad. In sheer self-defence, therefore, we must reduce the trade balance against us in our transactions with the United States. The immediate outlook may be disturbing but if we are wise, prudent and courageous and if all classes co-operate as they did during the war we shall soon emerge into a new era of progress and prosperity.

III

At the moment it is fashionable to attack government commissions. One suspects, however, that there is generally a political motive behind such criticism. No doubt governments sometimes appoint commissions in order to avoid an immediate decision upon some vexatious question or to escape responsibility for legislative action. But they very seldom actually escape responsibility since they must either accept or reject the recommendations of the bodies which they create.

There is, however, another view of commissions which deserves consideration. Why should not a government call any group of citizens to assist in the solution of difficult problems. It is often desirable to have a judgment upon some phase of public policy from a Commission so constituted as to be removed from any suspicion of political partisanship or which represents conflicting interests. Labour disputes are settled by arbitration and often the work of a commission is an arbitration upon the issue under consideration. If agreement is effected the government legislates with greater confidence, and the public accepts the legislation with knowledge that it expresses a compromise between conflicting opinions and interests.

Moreover in many cases it would be impossible for ministers to give the time to inquiry and the examination of witnesses which can be given by members of commissions who are appointed for a specific purpose. It is better to have delay than hasty legislation. It is better to have the report of a commission than action with half knowledge of actual facts and conditions. There is an obligation upon every citizen to serve the State when opportunity offers. A government may act more wisely through the information which a commission may provide and the recommendations which it may offer. Whatever may be our political differences we are all concerned to have prudent and practical legislation. Ultimately, for legislation submitted to parliaments, governments must take responsibility before the country. In using Commissions there seems to be nothing inconsistent with the principle of responsible government while there is direct recognition of the obligation which lies upon all citizens in a democratic commonwealth.

IV

As one who advocated purchase of the Ontario Electrical Development Company and the Toronto Electric Light Company before the Hydro-Electric service was established it is possible to rejoice in the final adoption of a policy which should have gone into effect long ago. There never was room for two opinions as to the wise course to pursue. It was desirable if the Province was to distribute electrical energy from Niagara to the municipalities that a complete state monopoly should be established. This was required not only in justice to private investors but to prevent waste of capital in costly competitive services. So in Toronto it was as clearly desirable that the private plant should be acquired by the city rather than that the people should be compelled to support two receiving and distributing systems.

When the first Hydro-Electric by-law was submitted to the ratepayers of Toronto three of the representative and authoritative leaders of organized Labour in Great Britain were consulted as to whether they would advise purchase of the private plant or the installation of a competing public plant. All advised purchase as fair to private capital and as the final guarantee of an economical and complete public system. But naturally enough they were not willing to have their opinions exploited in a contest in Toronto in which they could not properly interfere. Twelve years have elapsed since the first Hydro by-law was adopted in Toronto but there never was any doubt that ultimately a complete civic monopoly would be established. Whatever the causes of delay there will now be only congratulation for Sir Adam Beck, Mayor Church and the Drury Government who have effected a wise agreement by private negotiation and greatly served the public interest without further unnecessary sacrifice of private capital.

The Toronto Street Railway has still to be acquired but fortunately the original contract with the company provides the machinery of purchase and reasonably guarantees the city against any improvident bargain. It is apparent that purchase of the private lighting company, the street railway, the necessary radial connections and the rehabilitation and extension of the Toronto railway system will involve the city in obligations of many millions but if the services are developed and managed with economy and efficiency no serious burden should be laid upon the taxpayers. Whatever may be the results of public operation there are advantages in monopoly and in co-ordination of services so essential to the convenience and comfort of the people. It is doubtful if street car fares in Toronto can be reduced for many years to come but the deficits on the Civic Car lines need not continue, a single fare with transfers can be established for all portions of the city, the customers of the private lighting plant and all its equipment will be transferred to the civic service and very great advantages should be derived from the more direct passenger and freight connections with the surrounding country which should follow upon the unified control over local transportation which now seems to be assured.

V

The Business Men's National Tax Committee of the United States, representing twenty national business organizations, has made an exhaustive study of the problems of taxation and recommends a gross tax on sales as a substitute for the existing system. In the judgment of the Committee a sales tax should supersede or absorb the taxes on excess profits and capital stock and all stamp, excise and other special taxes. It is estimated the yield of one per cent. from such a tax would give an annual total of \$5,000,000,000.

Thus, according to the Committee, it would be possible to increase the special exemption on small incomes from \$1,000 and \$2,000 to \$2,500 and \$5,000 with additional liberal exemptions for children under eighteen and for dependents. So the higher surtaxes on personal incomes could be so reduced as to permit persons of great wealth to retain their capital in taxable securities. It is declared that the higher surtaxes are driving capital from business and public service investments into tax-free bonds. There are now \$14,075,000,000 of non-taxable securities in the United States and it is stated that new issues appear daily.

The Department of Justice at Washington which has investigated the causes of the high cost of living reports that 23.2 per cent. of the selling prices of necessities is the result of accumulated business taxes. Tables are presented by manufacturers and dealers to show that the pyramided one per cent. tax, where there are five or six turnovers, would seldom exceed $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 per cent. of the final price to the consumer. On sugar the percentage would be 2.74, on bread 2, on pork $2\frac{1}{2}$, on beef $2\frac{1}{2}$, on men's clothing 2.61, on overalls 2.47, on rubber tires, 3.26, and on farming implements from ore and trees to consumer from 3 to $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. It is stated that the Government spends annually \$25,000,000 to collect taxes, while the taxpayers have to pay \$100,000,000 annually for expert advice in making tax returns.

Under existing regulations as interpreted at Washington, the Committee declares, business men and manufacturers who inventorized their goods and raw materials at cost have to pay heavy taxes while all profit has disappeared through the break in prices, and immediate legislation is demanded to permit business men to file claims in abatement of heavy taxes on profits which were never realized. The Committee believes that by the gross sales tax all necessary revenue will be secured, the cost of living will be greatly reduced and business men and the Government relieved from "the intolerable burden of the recent complicated and inequitable tax laws". It is further contended that the administration of the gross sales tax is simple, that only the sales book or cash register slips of merchants need to be checked, that there is comparatively little work for the Internal Revenue Department to do and that there is "practically no chance for the taxpayer to evade paying his just dues to the Government".

It is not necessary to accept the report of the National Tax Committee of the United States as a final judgment but there is reason for Boards of Trade and agricultural and industrial organizations in Canada to give close attention to the whole problem of federal taxation. Taxes which are vexations in incidence and collection produce public unrest and anger. They are more freely evaded than taxes which have the virtue of equity and are carried with the general consent of all classes. It is manifest that if excess profits and like taxes are repealed in the United States they cannot be maintained in this country. Moreover there is nothing but public disadvantage in taxes which encourage extravagance in production, which restrict the supply of capital in seasons of depression, and which create unemployment and raise prices.

It should be possible to convince the public that profits taxes and super-taxes on income have these effects if those who are opposing such taxes are sound in their contentions. The Government must have a great revenue and it is necessary that the taxes should fall upon those who are best able to bear the burden. But the burden is not made lighter for the masses of the people by any system of taxation which produces depression and unemployment. If thorough investigation shows that a gross tax on sales gives adequate revenue and does no injustice to any element of the population it may be possible to

abolish or modify existing imposts to the general advantage. There is need for public education on the whole subject.

VI

Mr. Gompers believes that the result of the Presidential contest justifies the leaders of the American Federation of Labour who have refused to sanction the organization of a political Labour party. He contends that fifty congressmen hostile to Labour have been defeated and from fifty-five to sixty friends of Labour elected of whom about twenty belong to unions. Republican leaders, as was said a month ago, deny that Labour achieved a victory and insist that there will be a predominant majority of members in the new Congress who were opposed by Labour and will not fear the Labour lobby which for the last eight years has been so powerful at Washington. Even Mr. Gompers declares it cannot be said that "the election was satisfactory in every respect". Nor can anyone looking at the situation from this distance feel that Labour has yet secured any undue representation in Congress. It seems clear that the American people have risen against "reds", "outlaws", radicals, socialists, and nationalizers, and possibly the conservative Labour forces have suffered in the revolt.

There is evidence that the movement for the "open shop" has been strengthened. In this movement the National Manufacturers' Association, the National Chamber of Commerce, and the National Industrial Board are deeply engaged, and they are said to have sustained their only serious defeat in Seattle. Between the American Federation of Labour and the more extreme Labour bodies there is acute conflict by which the advocates of the "open shop" probably hope to profit. Declining prices and increasing unemployment also temporarily favour the "open shop" movement. Side by side with the demand for the "open shop" is the determination of employers to adjust wages according to production and thus to get the full advantage of machinery and efficiency while rewarding skill and recognizing output as the only legitimate titles to high wages. This policy is opposed by all the radical Labour groups and by the American Federation and unless Labour itself comes to believe that its natural alliance is with employers instead of with the Labour organizers there would seem to be a season of industrial conflict ahead in the neighbouring country.

A famous European socialist declares that no one can desire to establish a republic since the most conservative and, in his view, the most reactionary countries in the world are the Republic of France and the Republic of America. But it is natural for the people of a republic to resist autocracy either in Labour or in Industry. If the "open shop" develops as a system of autocracy a reaction in favour of Labour is bound to follow. When all is said in no other country are the relations between employers and workers more satisfactory than in Canada and employers deserve at least an equal share of the credit for this happy situation. In the United States and in Great Britain there are signs that the masses of the people are becoming weary of industrial conflict and resolved to visit their displeasure upon selfish employers and arrogant agitators who pursue their quarrels without a thought of the common interest or the hardships and losses which they inflict upon the general community.

Employers will be wise, however, if in a season of depression they show greater instead of less consideration for Labour. If there is sympathy and understanding between employers and workers the difficult problems arising out of price readjustment will be more easily adjusted. In many American factories workers who have been permitted to understand the actual situation

of the industries in which they are engaged have voluntarily agreed to wage reductions. Consultation has effected what could never have been achieved by coercion. There is no doubt that in Canada many manufacturers have had to submit to cancellation of contracts and that reduced buying by the public has involved many retailers in material losses. But employers generally have been reluctant to reduce wages and no such movement against organized Labour as appears in the United States has developed in Canada. Many people are looking for a greater reduction in prices than is likely to be realized. It is not improbable that in cases there will be a recovery from the lower prices which now obtain. Any immediate reduction in prices to pre-war levels need not be expected. Unless there is normal buying by the public it will be difficult to maintain wages and prevent increasing unemployment. Manufacturers and employers cannot control conditions without the co-operation of other classes and if the margin of profit disappears production ceases or declines and depression and unemployment follow. It is true that lower prices stimulate buying but the public should recognize that a gradual lowering of prices is in the general interest and that in the crisis of reconstruction through which we are passing courage, confidence and co-operation are the only guarantees of safety and stability.

VII

British Columbia has just voted by a majority of 30,000 to end prohibition and establish sale of liquor by Government vendors. In Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the people have declared for "bone dry" prohibition. But in all three Prairie Provinces the total majority to prohibit importation was only 50,000 or 60,000. In Nova Scotia the majority for absolute prohibition was around 50,000. But in Halifax City and County only one-third of the total vote was polled. In Halifax City, which has 22,393 voters, only 7,914 cast their ballots, in Halifax County 4,126 out of 13,878 registered voters went to the polls and in Dartmouth only 1,738 out of 5,750. In the West, too, not one half of the total registered voters appeared at the ballot boxes. In Winnipeg the majority against "bone dry" legislation was 8,000. Other cities also gave adverse majorities. Indeed the vote in the West was so unrepresentative that a movement has been started in Saskatchewan to have liquor sold under government control and it is said that Manitoba may have a second referendum to determine between total prohibition and sale by public vendors.

It is true that liquor legislation can be enforced only where there is the support of a strong public opinion. No law can make multitudes of people regard drinking in moderation as a criminal offence. A law disregarded breeds contempt for all law. Lying and perjury are the inevitable progeny of liquor prosecutions. It is unfortunate that it should be so, but to deny the facts is futile and foolish. There are few people probably who would vote to restore the open bar in Ontario or in any other of the Canadian Provinces, but one doubts if "bone dry" prohibition will be accepted as the last word in liquor legislation on this continent. Too many people vote for prohibition who do not mean to observe the law while a formidable minority will never submit to such legislation. One wonders if the final solution is not local option for communities which desire prohibition and sale by public officers in communities which oppose prohibition. Possibly the masses of the people in time may be reconciled to the "bone dry" system, but at the moment the outlook is not hopeful and certainly since the war ended the public sentiment in favour of absolute prohibition has greatly weakened.



PRAYERS OF BUDDHA

From the Photograph by F. Bauer
Exhibited by the
Canadian National Exhibition

THE EVERLASTING SQUARE

BY THEODOCIA PEARCE



SADIE has given me sole authority to write this story, but upon one condition, and therein lies the pity of it. Providing it sells, the remuneration is to be dealt out fifty-fifty.

"But see here now," I remonstrated, "You want me to do all the work and the reward is to be fifty-fifty."

Sadie nodded long and gleefully.

"It isn't fair," I growled, "it's downright blackmail." But Sadie would not relent: she laughed maliciously.

"You *are* the narrow-minded cad," she declared. "Why if it hadn't been for me there never would have been a story."

And so there you are.

The first time I saw Sadie—since that is the proper place to commence a story—at the beginning and so forth—well the first time I saw Sadie, she was standing close by me with a tray thing in her hand and smiling down at me for all she was worth, which is a whole lot.

"Hello," she said, gaily moving a step nearer the little table and setting down her burden." So you've come to at last—eh? My but you're thin," she ended comfortably.

Sadie asserts that I growled a reply. Now I never growl, so Sadie is decidedly in the wrong. I know I watched her as she moved to the window and pulled up the shade. She had the queerest little walk—more a hop than the sedately step known to the nursing profession. Something about her poise filled me with a desire to laugh. I suppose I tried it, for she instantly came back to the table and the tray.

"What's the joke?" she inquired brightly.

"You."

"Me," she pouted, "A nice way for you to talk."

"Yes," I agreed, "It is a nice way. What are you doing here? What am I doing here? What is that doing here?" with an ambiguous glance at the covered thing upon the table.

"I am here at your service," and she laughed, "and *that*"—with a dramatic little gesture—"that is Sadie all over again, and that is your supper at your service also."

"My supper," I gasped, "Why I haven't had my breakfast yet."

Thereupon she laughed again. I liked to hear her: it was so like the red of her hair, the blue of her eyes and the friendliness of her face, and so unlike the severity of her uniform and the little bare room.

"Guess what you have?"

"Beef steak — onions — potatoes — lemon pie." I began confidently. Sadie shook her head.

"Wrong every time — chicken broth".

"Chicken broth," and Sadie declares I growled again, which I didn't—"I don't want chicken broth. I want—"

"Oh, yes, you do," she answered hastily, "Or I would not have brought it in".

There was a poser for you.

And it was the first time I ever saw the little turn-up nosed Sadie. Presumably she will not appreciate my descriptive application to her person, but it is sincere.

She came in often after that and bit by bit my past was laid before me.

I had done service in France. At this intimation I began to remember pretty well for myself—it had been a mighty hot battle. But always when I remember—Sadie would have me forget.

"How did I come over here anyway?" I asked one day in exasperation.

"You came over here on a stretcher with six bullet wounds and a Croix de Guerre," was the even rejoinder.

So I began to retrospect in silence, thinking to fool my nurse person. But you couldn't fool Sadie. Every time I ventured into the horror of the past, she came along with a fierce sort of determination to pull me out of it. So I gave up in despair and forgot the past entirely in the pleasure of the present with Sadie.

She was so decently, "pally".

"Are all the nurses as nice as you?" I asked her one evening. She promptly leaned over and slapped my hands.

"There take that," she said sternly, "and change your mind about me".

Which was just like Sadie.

She hung pictures upon the walls of the little hospital room of my prison, set a blossoming plant on the table near the window, brought me papers and magazines by the score as I grew better, and told me always about the other nurses and patients of the place.

"Well if there are so many out there," I insinuated, "Why don't you put me out there too. I hate this coop of a place. Why am I here?"

"Because you are," she frowned, "And besides there aren't enough beds out there to go around."

I eved her coolly. "It isn't true."

My tone was so convincing — she coloured.

"Well if I tell you the truth—will you mind your own business henceforth?"

I promised unconditionally.

"Most of the fellows in the wards," she explained, "are almost better. And those who aren't—well they will be sent back to dear old America as soon as they are".

"And what about me?" I butted in, doing my level best to sit upright.

"Well you aren't going back for a time. You belong to the Government. You are to stay here and *write a book*".

"Write a book," I really growled this time, remembering with sudden regret that I had already written two—left behind me along with a fat bank book in America—"Write a book—what in the deuce will I do that for?"

"The War Office."

"Drat the war office," I retorted sharply. "Well, suppose I won't."

"Oh but you will."

I didn't deign to answer her. Inwardly I knew Sadie was wise.

"So we are taking extra good care of you," she called back as she closed the door behind her—or rather as she slammed the door behind her. Instinctively I knew she was mad—mightily mad for having told me the truth about myself. So I was to get better for the sole purpose of writing a book!

I dratted everything in the universe from "A to Z" including "S" for Sadie.

It was a considerable lengthy time ere she returned—almost ten. The gas jet flickered dismally and I wanted almost to a desperation to go to sleep *in the dark*—when Sadie entered.

She sat down disconsolately upon my cot.

"You look all in," I ventured.

"Yes and I am all in," she snapped heartily, "And you'd be all in too if you had had a proposal from a British Major."

"The deuce you have," I cried sitting bolt upright for sure.

"Yes the deuce I have," she reiterated wearily.

"Some of those chaps out there are too fresh," I stormed—"Altogether too fresh. But you needn't—"

"Oh, yes, I need," Sadie interrupted, tapping with her foot upon the wooden floor. Oh, yes, I need. I had to say 'yes' to him just as I did to the others."

"The others!" I gasped.

"Yes two nice Canadian chaps from Montreal".

"So you're engaged to *three* men," I muttered slowly, trying to piece the matter together.

Sadie nodded dejectedly.

"What am I going to do?"

"Do?" I ejaculated, punching at the pillow, "Do—why marry them all I suppose."

"Well I won't," she declared stoutly, "I don't intend to marry ever."

"Better tell them so," I suggested.

Sadie was mute.

"Now see here," I went on, "What are you up to anyway? If you were my sister or my friend—I'd spank you. But seeing that you are my nurse I cannot very well do anything. I've seen a heap of life—comedy—tragedy—everything—but never have I heard of anything so downright idiotic. *And from you.*"

Sadie began to sniff.

"A lot you know about the Brotherhood of Man," she cried.

"Yes," I retorted. "And a lot you know about the Sisterhood of Sense. What did you do it for anyway? And why didn't you tell me before?"

Sadie turned appealing blue eyes toward me and began—

"Why? I don't know why I did it. *I just did.* I am always getting into scrapes myself trying to help other people out. You see I want to be a different sort of a nurse. I try to get hearts well just the same as I do bodies. The two Canadians—Mac and Ted—are really nice chaps—and so young—it just makes you ache to see them. Ted's lost a leg—and Mac—well we aren't very sure about his eyes yet. They are so lonely too and just because they are in such abnormal conditions—they believe because of all the things I do they owe me for their lives. I suppose that is why they ask me to marry them. If I am going to cure their hearts as well as their bodies, I just had to say 'yes' didn't I? When they are better they will forget. But the British Major—he was a surprise. And truly before I knew if I had said 'yes to him too'.

"Does Mac know about Ted and does the British Major know?"

"Mercy no!" Sadie gasped audibly.

"Why not tell them."

"And spoil it all for the three of them." Sadie's tone was dangerous. "Not much I won't".

There was an awkward pause. I knew Sadie was greatly worried. She had used little discretion to be sure, but all the same I didn't blame those chaps for liking her so jolly well.

"Sadie," I began, watching her surreptitiously—"Don't do it again".

"Don't do what?" she asked and then, "Say do you know you called me Sadie."

"Yes—I know. And I know my name isn't 'You'—it's Arthur Mercer with the accent on the first word."

She laughed—just a little.

"All right Arthur and will you help me out if I need the helping. I don't mind the boys, but the Major—say I am scared."

"Sure I'll help you—count on me," I promised as she rose to straighten my covering for the night.

"Sadie," I asked suddenly, "Haven't I lost a leg?"

"No"—in surprise.

"Will I always see?"

"Why of course."

"Well perhaps I am not a British Major but I want to be treated like one. I'm awfully lonely. I haven't any sisters or aunts or wives. Will you marry me?"

Sadie made a wry face.

"No I won't," she said decisively, "And your a mean man to expect it of me with three others already on my hands."

The days went by and the days went by, but they brought no release for Sadie.

"I've heard enough of the everlasting triangle," I told her one day, "But never before have I heard of the everlasting square."

"Nor me either," she agreed. "It certainly is a nightmare. The British Major actually kissed my hand to-day. He is really the worst to manage. I can make the boys believe that love-making is against the rules, but you can't tell the Major much. And I

believe he is in earnest," she ended lamely.

"He won't be for long," I comforted her, "just you be sure of that".

For several successive days her demeanour worried me not a little.

She had a wearied air of nonchalance that strove valiantly to assert itself. Sometimes I was desirous of informing headquarters but I knew Sadie would never forgive me. And then it might go hard with her if I did.

Ruminating one afternoon, Sadie burst in upon me—enraptured.

"Oh it's come—it's come," she panted, waving a mysterious white thing before my eyes—"It's come—it's come and she bounced down upon my bed with a thump that all but upset my mental equipoise.

"Sadie be sane," I counselled—"What's come?"

"Why" she gasped, then sobering at the sight of my beruffled countenance—"Why I never told you did I, Arthur? I wanted to make sure it would work before I told anyone. Jessie an' Mae are on the way over from Montreal and here's the letter if you don't believe me."

"Then will you please tell me who in thunder is Jessie an' Mae?"

"Jessie and Mae are two," she corrected picking at the stamp on the envelope. "And they belong to Mae and Ted. I wheedled those two boys just dreadfully until I found out about the girls they left behind them. I was sure they had left something. So when I found out all I wanted to know, I wrote them to come over and take their belongings home. And they're on the way. Glory—hurrah! Once they are here—it's good-bye little nurse for me."

I laughed with her. Sadie's joy was there to be shared, just as her whole vital personality called for a like response to whatever mood of the moment possessed her.

"Well, they can't be here soon enough," I ventured, "I suppose now the British Major is the next on the programme".

"Oh, Arthur," Sadie all but groaned, "he is the very limit. If I tell him now that I am not serious it will make a lot of trouble for all of us—particularly for him, because he seems in such downright earnest".

"The poor critter," I muttered.

"Yes—the poor critter," Sadie echoed; "but I am awfully sorry for him, honest. I've learned my lesson, believe me. Next time I'll let their hearts get smallpox before I promise anything. He'll get over it I know but it's the 'getting' that bothers me. All we can do is to fold our hands and wait for the worst—which is yet to come."

"Well," I said, folding my hands across my chest beatifically, "for me the worst is yet to come. I am getting better".

But Sadie did not understand.

"Yes," she added, "and the book will be forthcoming. To-morrow when you sit up you can commence your outlines."

A whole week of dismal drizzle and rain followed. Sadie came in little to see me, other than to perform her professional duties. Of course I raised a regular rumpus.

"You're a silly," was all the sympathy I got from her, "If you knew just how busy we are and if you could see some of the poor sick fellows out there who need attention far more than you do—you would be ashamed of yourself".

But I wasn't.

"Any more proposals?" I asked one day when she came in for a minute with hot bouillon.

"No," she frowned, "I said there would *never* be another".

"And the British Major?"

"He's getting better," she smiled—"And I am getting sick. If you believe in prayer—remember me now".

"What is up now?" I queried.

"Well he asked me this morning what sort of a ring I liked best".

"And you——"

"And I told him—a *circus ring*".

"Sadie," I cautioned, "If you treat your intended with such disrespect as

that, you will lose him first thing you knew—an where would you be?"

Sadie sighed. "I'd be in a haven of rest," was her rejoinder.

Poor little wearied loyal Sadie.

"Something will happen soon," I assured her.

And it did.

Sadie came in slowly one morning about ten, her face white—her little mouth firm set and her blue honest eyes were tear-filled. She went straight to the window and looked out across the lawn for a long long time. I watched her silently. To hurry Sadie was to invite disaster—so I waited. Suddenly she wheeled about.

"Arthur, *his* mother is here".

"Who's mother?"

"The Major's."

Her look of dismay hurt me.

"Well suppose she is," I said, "suppose she is. Let her take him away for good and all."

"But he told her."

"What," I ejaculated.

"He told her about me."

"The deuce he did."

She smiled faintly at my ferocity.

"He told her about me," she repeated, "And she met me in the hall right afterwards and kissed me and said how glad she was and how happy she hoped we would be."

"Well," I gasped, "By all that's nervy. What did you do?"

"I was so urbane it hurt me. But I have had a good bawl since. And to think I considered myself a good nurse—to begin with."

She crossed the room and sat down dejectedly upon my cot.

"Why don't you explain at headquarters?" I suggested.

"Oh, I couldn't," she cried. "They would bounce me—they wouldn't understand. And everyone at home would hear of it. I'd be disgraced—forever."

It came to me then like an inspiration of those authorship days—the idea for Sadie. It flared at white heat into my thoughts.

"Sadie," I said suddenly, "I am going to help you out. Once you asked

me if I would if the time ever came. And I promised. Will you do just as I tell you? Will you trust me?"

She nodded peremptorily.

"Will you trust me so sincerely, you won't ask any questions until I tell you of my plans?"

She nodded again. "I don't care what you do Arthur. I am just sick trying to think out the old thing for myself."

And she was.

"Now," I commanded, "you go back to your work and leave the rest to me. And don't you worry. Plots are in my line of business."

Immediately the door had closed behind her, I began mental calculations as to my plot development. And finally I came to the conclusion that the little stage should be set about four-thirty that very afternoon.

"Where is Miss Ware?" I asked blandly.

Miss Carr a really splendid professional creature came in with my dinner and later helped me to my chair by the window where I sat for two or three hours every afternoon.

Miss Car gave me a questioning smile.

"She is quite worn out, Mr. Mercer, and is off duty for the rest of the day."

I vouchsafed no reply. Inwardly I was elated. To have Sadie safely out of the way—was—well Providential.

It was, however, just about three when I saw the principal of my little drama, strolling across the lawn—and not waiting further time, I whistled softly. And the principal—a prodigious personage with the air of a Major's mother turned abruptly at my call. I knew instantly from Sadie's slight description and my own sumptuous intellect, that I had not made a mistake.

The lady drew near and stood awaiting at my window.

"Madam, you are Major Prescott's mother, I presume."

She smiled graciously. To be a major's mother is no meagre avocation.

"And your son," I began, suddenly

feeling hot, "is engaged to a Miss Ware here."

She looked at me quickly—apprehensively—and smiled the smug smile of the satisfied.

"Why yes," she said defiantly.

"Well," I ventured again, "There is some mistake. Miss Ware is already engaged to me."

"You don't say so."

"Yes, I did say so," I assured her, and quickly reviewing the past, since I first saw Sadie with the tray and the irresistible smile—"And she has been for some time."

A rosy flush suffused her flabby features.

"The young hussy," she gasped, "to trifle with Edgar's feelings like that."

"Yes," and I made a pretty successful attempt at a hissing. "The young hussy. I am sorry for the Major you know. But probably he was in a most abnormal condition when he thought of her—the wounded usually are abnormal. No sane British Major", I cleared my throat manfully, "No sane British Major would ask an unknown American nurse to marry him."

The mother eyed me suspiciously. I was hot and then I was cold.

"Quite right," she spoke presently in tones of indignation, "Quite right. And so the lady is already engaged to you. I shall tell Edgar now."

"Yes, I would and save further trouble," I cautioned. "But the least said to anyone the better. The authorities——"

"Oh," she interposed haughtily. "I would not have it get out indeed. Poor—poor Edgar. I hope you will deal with Miss Ware."

"Indeed I shall," I promised.

With a precarious good-bye, the Major's mother sallied forth across the lawn and I turned back to my room with vague misgivings. Sadie would doubtlessly desire to kill me.

She came in about five in a little frock of gray, and the change from the uniform was decidedly to my liking. She came directly to my side and sat down on the low white rocker.

"It was awfully good of you Arthur," she began, "to do that for me."

Something in me broke loose.

"You bet it was," I teased. "What did the old Dame do?"

Sadie shrugged her shoulders. "Oh she was caustic. She said some scorching and withering things. I let her talk it out and all the time I just felt glad in me that it wasn't any worse. She said she had informed the Major and that he wouldn't see me again. She also insinuated that he had other chances—and better. Somehow it was funny. I wanted to laugh at your lie."

"My lie!"

"Why, yes—she said I was engaged to you."

"Well—aren't you?"

"Not that I ever knew of."

"Well you *are*," I said decisively. "And you have been for several weeks. I thought it wisest not to tell you until the three 'buttinskies' had been done away with. Are you pleased?"

No answer.

"Sadie mine—are you pleased?"

She nodded slowly, sighed, then turned to me with one of her best Sadie smiles.

"Oh, Arthur, I was so afraid it *was* a lie and I didn't want it to be."



THE LIBRARY TABLE

BY MAY SINCLAIR. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.



HOWEVER one might object to the first episode in Charlotte Redhead's life, as told in this book, on the ground of its being merely an episode and having no direct bearing on the theme of the study, one must acknowledge the author's keen analysis of human frailty and the splendid reserve with which she carries the study forward to its completion. Perhaps many readers enjoy the obviously affected style of writing, but as diction it would be more effective to other readers, more convincing to them, if it were less obvious. Here is a sample of it:

And his smile. His unbelieving smile. He thought she was lying. He always thought people were lying. Women. He thought women always lied about what they wanted.

The first time. In her Bloomsbury room, one evening, and the compact they made then, sitting on the edge of the sofa, like children, holding each other's hands and swearing never to go back on it, never to go back on themselves or on each other. If it ever had to end, a clean-cut. No going back on that either.

The first night, in the big, gloomy bedroom of the hotel in Glasgow. The thick, gray daylight oozing in at the window out of the black street and Gibson lying on his back, beside her, sleeping, the sheet dragged sideways across his great chest. His innocent cyclids.

And the morning after; the happiness. All day the queer, exalted feeling that she was herself, Charlotte Redhead, at last, undeceived and undeceiving.

All this has to do with an affair between Charlotte Redhead, an unusu-

ally interesting character, as Miss Sinclair has depicted her, and Gibson Herbert, her employer; a more or less commonplace individual who drops out of the picture almost the moment the train swishes him away. For Charlotte, having renounced him, goes to work on a farm feeling like this:

Nothing mattered when your body was light and hard and you could feel the ripple and thrill of the muscles in your stride.

She wouldn't have to think of him again. She wouldn't have to think of any other man. She didn't want any more of that again, ever. She could go on and on like this, by herself, without even Gwinnie; not caring a damn.

But she hadn't gone very long before she met another man. This other man and she agreed mutually to establish a platonic intimacy, but the war intervened, and they went to the Front in the same unit as stretcher-bearer and ambulance driver. The man professed to be attracted by the great romance of war, but he proved to be a coward under fire, an absolute moral coward, a cad and unspeakably unmanly. He is one of the most interesting characters arising out of the war; and Charlotte Redhead, feeling the revulsion towards him coming over her, confesses after he is killed, shot in the back, that even in death she cannot escape him so great was his influence on her psychologically. But one of the doctors explains his case to her, places him in his class as a degenerate, and one gathers that in the end she will turn for love to Billy Sutton, who has been turning to her and who, hearing her confession, both as to the degenerate and Gibson Herbert, is ready to forgive.

MISSY

BY DANA GATLIN. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THIS is a delightful story, pulsating with all the ardour and romance realized at that glorious age of youth covering, in Missy, from ten to seventeen years, when the portals of childhood closed behind her and she found herself on the threshold of womanhood. Missy is by no means a tomboy, going in for roughneck pranks. What mischief she does get into starts out with the very best intentions. It is her seriousness that makes it so vivaciously funny. For instance, Tess's old horse doggedly drove the girls to a saloon door, and refused to budge, instead of to the houses of the elite where they had intended leaving invitations for their wonderful party with great *empressement*. Nor was that the end of the adventure. Missy is not given wholly to nonsense by any means, for she is a dreamer of lovely dreams, and lives in a world peopled with a glorious pageant chosen from all the Knights of Old, although grown-ups seem to find it so hard to understand such things and thereby miss half the beauty of the world according to her way of thinking. Anyway her literary tendencies led her to the enviable position of society editor of *The Beacon*. Miss Gatlin has woven a very human touch into her story, and the continuously evolving emotions of youth are so beautifully told that the book should be enjoyed by young and old alike.

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IN THE MOUNTAINS

ANONYMOUS. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THE writer of this unusual confidence, presumably a woman, reveals her thoughts, every-day experiences and aspirations, in diary form, recording from day to day, as she muses in an out-of-the-way chalet in Switzerland, her sensations and her impressions of the persons she meets.

Just why the authorship should be kept secret one does not know, but if it had been sent out as the work of the author of "A Hilltop on the Marne" one quite readily would have believed it. It is written in a very pleasant, though perhaps introspective, style, and there is enough originality of thought and humour to attract the reader of taste and discrimination.

*

THE FOOLISH LOVERS

BY ST. JOHN G. ERVINE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company, Canada.

THIS brilliant young Irish writer in his several novels has succeeded in capturing the English reading public, but for sheer entertainment this his latest will be liked more perhaps even than "Changing Winds" or "Mrs. Martin's Man". It displays a keen appreciation of Irish character and Irish goodness, and reveals also the quiet humour of the North. A fair sample of its humour is to be found right at the beginning:

"If you were to say to an Ulster man, 'Who are the proudest people in Ireland?' he would first of all stare at you as if he had difficulty in believing that any intelligent person could ask a question with so obvious an answer, and then he would reply, 'Why, the Ulster people, of course!' And if you were to say to a Ballyards man, 'Who are the proudest people in Ulster?' he would reply . . . if he deigned to reply at all . . . 'A child would know that! The Ballyards people, of course!'"

*

THE CROSS-BEARERS OF THE SAGUENAY

BY VERY REV. W. R. HARRIS. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS is a valuable contribution to the history of the establishment of Christianity on the northern portion of this continent or, rather, along the chief waterways of Quebec Province, especially the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay. It is a record of the heroic lives of the early Franciscan missionaries, an account of the great

Algonquin nation and of the religions and domestic customs of that mysterious people, with sketches of the lives and daring adventures of the early missionaries of the Montagnais tribes and a description of the wonderful scenery that has made the Saguenay famous the world over.

*

FLAME AND SHADOW

BY SARA TEASDALE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS gifted woman has been acclaimed by more than one critic as America's greatest woman poet: it is safe to say that she is one of the most popular, that she is the most highly esteemed by discriminating readers who have earned the right to pass judgment. Her methods are very simple, and perhaps it is the sheer simplicity and natural music of her poetry that makes it unusually attractive. Read, for instance, "Blue Squills":

How many million Aprils came
Before I ever knew
How white a cherry bough could be,
A bed of squills, how blue!

And many a dancing April
When life is done with me,
Will lift the blue flame of the flower
And the white flame of the tree.

Oh, burn me with your beauty, then,
Oh, hurt me, tree and flower,
Lest in the end death try to take
Even this glistening hour.

O Shaken flower, O shimmering trees,
O sunlit white and blue,
Wound me, that I through endless sleep,
May bear the scar of you.

*

WINSOME WINNIE

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

IN this series of sketches Dr. Leacock prolongs some of his best notes and gives further evidence of his almost inexhaustible flow of humour. The comical aspect of things and situations that we take seriously every day he depicts with

unerring skill, and there is a constant stream of sarcasm, irony and satire that is irresistible. There are in all eight sketches. The first, "Winsome Winnie", introduces a girl who has reached the age of twenty-one years sitting in conference with her lawyer, who is announcing to her that all the several sums of money left to her by relatives (defunct) has been lost. Winnie, who knows nothing but music and French, does not comprehend what he means when he tells her how the money was lost, not even when he says:

"This final item relates to the sum of fifteen hundred pounds placed in trust for you by your uncle. I lost it on a horse race. That horse," added the Old Lawyer with rising excitement, "ought to have won. He was coming down the stretch like blue—but there, there, my dear, you must forgive me if the recollection of it still stirs me to anger. Suffice it to say the horse fell. I have kept for your inspection the score card of the race, and the betting tickets. You will find everything in order."

"Sir," said Winnifred, as Mr. Bonehead proceeded to fold up his papers, "I am but a poor inadequate girl, a mere child in business, but tell me I pray what is left to me of the money that you have managed?"

"Nothing," said the lawyer. "Everything is gone. And I regret to say Miss Clair that it is my painful duty to convey to you a further disclosure of a distressing nature. It concerns your birth."

"Just Heaven!" cried Winnifred, with a woman's quick intuition. "Does it concern my father?"

"It does, Miss Clair. Your father was not your father."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Winnifred, "My poor mother! How she must have suffered!"

"Your mother was not your mother," said the Old Lawyer, gravely. "Nay, nay, do not question me. There is a dark secret about your birth."

"Alas," said Winnifred, wringing her hands, "I am, then, alone in the world and penniless."

"You are," said Mr. Bonehead, deeply moved. "You are, unfortunately, thrown upon the world. But if you ever find yourself in a position where you need help and advice, do not scruple to come to me. Especially," he added, for advice."

"And meantime let me ask you in what way do you propose to earn your livelihood?"

"I have my needle," said Winnifred.
 "Let me see it," said the lawyer.
 Winnifred showed it to him.
 "I fear," said Mr. Bonehead, shaking his head, "you will not do much with that."
 Then he rang the bell again.
 "Atkinson," he said, "Take Miss Clair out and throw her on the world."

*

THE BECKONING SKYLINE

By J. LEWIS MILLIGAN. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

THIS is a volume of poems by one who leaves England and, settling in Canada, gives out in this form his impressions, emotions and reactions. It is a serious expression of feeling. The author is a Toronto journalist. He possesses fine poetical inspiration, and such lines as "Upon the secret, silent looms of spring," stand out with unusual strength and beauty. We quote two poems that appeal to us most:

THE LEAF DANCE

Who comes behind me with so light a step
 And rustling silken skirts?—'Tis but the leaves;
 I thought they were all dead? Did I but mourn
 Over their graves last year! and now they come
 Dancing in sunlight, chasing clouds along,
 Or flying like small birds of russet hue!
 Ev'n so about me dance the days and dreams
 Of Summers dead; and, like these happy leaves,
 The spirits of departed loveliness,
 They come not sadly, though in brown attired
 They dance before me in the wind of thought,
 Now waltzing in a circle, clustering
 Together, and like lovers whispering
 Of things that only leaves and lovers know.

FALLEN LEAVES

Low lies the summer's glory sere and dead—
 These fallen leaves—and ah! they were so green!
 Alas! that we should on such beauty tread,
 That loveliness should have an end so mean!

Long dreary days and nights, with artist care,

Did Nature sit her garment fashioning;
 Then deftly wove her bridal raiment fair
 Upon the secret, silent looms of Spring.
 And now she casts the wondrous things away,

And all her labour mingles with the earth;
 Forgot the vernal pride of yesterday

Forward she looks unto another birth.
 So, do I look beyond our winter woe—
 Ah! Love, believe it and it shall be so!

*

THE CANADIAN BOY SCOUTS' ANNUAL

By R. G. MACBETH. Toronto: The Muson Book Company.

THIS is one of the finest books available for the Canadian boy. It is well considered from a national standpoint, the contents are well written and illustrated by writers and artists of standing, and Mr. MacBeth, the general editor, is well known for his broad outlook, wide experience and patriotic sentiments.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

—"Jan," by M. Morgan Gibbon. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

—"Dead Men's Money," by J. S. Fletcher. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"The Luzumiyat," by Ameen Rihani. New York: James T. White and Company.

—"The Armistice" (Verse) and "The Seekers" (an Indian mystery play), by Amy Redpath Roddick. Montreal: John Dougall and Son.

—"Songs of the Trail," by Henry Herbert Knibbs. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

—"Captain Macedoine's Daughter," by William McFee. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.



THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE REVIVAL

RELIGION, like everything else, had with us its periods of depression, and if occasional revival meetings had not been held it would have been touch and go between the devil and the divine.

The devil, as we knew him, was a resourceful being, cunning, artful and, beyond all other things, plausible. And we knew him well. For he passed much of his time in our midst, executing his designs in the most adroit manner and succeeding beyond our worst fears in corrupting an otherwise godfearing people.

He was a very sympathetic devil. As I recall it, many of us went to him without much provocation. For he could be found almost anywhere, and he had many agencies. The tavern was the most attractive. It we regarded as his headquarters. But he had other points of advantage. He could be found at threshings, logging bees, dances, paring bees, picnics, and I have heard it said that he had the audacity to enter the holy precincts of the church. As to that I have no conclusive evidence apart from the fact that old John Noyes became "possessed" one night during Revival because the leader started to sing "Throw Out the Life-line" while John was still praying. Everybody agreed that John had prayed long enough, that he was something of a nuisance, anyway, and that whenever he lost his temper, which he lost oftener than anything else, he became like the Gergesenian swine, a ready looking-place for the devil. But devil or no devil, John withdrew from the meeting, resigned later on from the church, and ever afterwards until he died, the year of the San Jose scale, he lived in quiet retirement, doing his few chores night and morning, and not bothering, as far as we could see, over religion, theology or his soul's salvation.

*The Devil
and the
Divine*

Salvation, of course, was the grand purpose of the Revival. It was intended also that there should be a great quickening

*Salvation
the Grand
Purpose*

*Never Knew
How Bad
We Were*

of religious fervour, especially amongst the young and that the whole community should be purged of its ungodliness, its worldliness, its deadly indifference to things spiritual.

Indifferent we must have been in normal times, for we never knew how bad we were until the revivalists came along and told us. Then we realized the enormity of our offences and the little chance we had of entering the pearly gates. Some of us who did not profess to have any religion, and others of us who were Presbyterians, attended dances occasionally and indulged in so frivolous and sinful pastimes as playing cards, singing secular songs, going to races, and, most of all, indulging in strong drink. And there were as well the secret sins. On them the revivalists always laid great stress. Sins known only by ourselves and God! That is where the revivalists struck home, where they touched everybody. Secretly we all were more or less covetous, selfish, lustful, deceitful, jealous, avaricious. With these sins in our hearts we dare not meet God face to face. We dare not meet even our fellow men. We had to slink away, with lowered heads, abashed by our own secret vices, smitten by our own consciences. We might lie and cheat and steal and not be revealed. But God knew. We might hoard our treasures and heap up our gold, but it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God.

The eye of a needle! What did Jesus mean that day as he spoke these words, standing on the coast of Judea beyond Jordan, after the rich young man had gone away sorrowful, having great possessions? Did he mean, as some held, that it is easier for a camel to go through the Needle's Eye, a small gate in the walls of Jerusalem, which is possible, or did he mean, as others held, that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a sewing needle, which is impossible? If he meant a sewing needle, then the rich man had no chance. But we were not content to let it go at that, for in Matthew XIX, 29, it says: "Then said Jesus unto his disciples, Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter the kingdom of heaven". We were enjoined by Charlie, the agnostic, and by Mrs. Hammill, an arch critic, to observe that here Jesus plainly indicates that a rich man may enter, though hardly, into the kingdom. If so, then, what else but the Needle's Eye could Jesus mean when he makes the comparison in the next verse? Mrs. Hammill, who awed us by her knowledge of grammar, said that it all depended on the article and on capi-

*The Eye of
A Needle*

talization. If in the original text the article were "the" and not "a", as translated in the unrevised version, the comparison almost certainly was to the Needle's Eye, an aperture through which it was possible for a camel, after having its load removed, to stoop and squeeze through. Plainly, therefore, the inference to be drawn was that the rich man, throwing aside his riches, might squeeze into the kingdom.

*The Rich
Man Might
Squeeze In*

But riches with us was not a besetting sin. The incident, therefore, of the comparison to the camel having passed, conditions of more immediate interest were considered and our secret sins dissected, much to our discomfiture and chagrin. The local parson, we had reason to suspect, might have known or divined our peculiar weaknesses, but it was marvellous how directly a visiting revivalist could diagnose our individual cases and reveal sins that we long had believed to be outlived and forgotten. Not that he ever mentioned names, but everyone knew, for instance, when he emphasized jealousy, that he included all the members of the choir, when he charged pride and haughtiness he meant Lizzie Lavery; jealousy and two-facedness, Mrs. Simpkins; selfishness and vanity, Henry Perkins; inordinate display, Mrs. Ezekiel Brown, who always wore the puffiest sleeves and the largest bustle; secret sins, me. As a matter of fact, whenever it came to secret sins I hadn't a word of defence, and several times I was on the point of going forward.

Going forward was the sinner's avowal before the world of his sinfulness and his penitence. To some backward persons it was a hard ordeal. Others went without a qualm. But in most instances confession was a result of prayer. It was the practice to ask whether anyone present desired special prayers to be presented in his behalf. The request was made standing. And having once stood it was not so hard as it otherwise might have been to confess sin, step out into the aisle and go forward to the penitents' bench.

The bench never would have been crowded had it not been for those few gentle souls who realized most keenly their need of salvation and who, like deadhead applauders in a theatre, always could be relied on to give the movement a start. One of these was old Mrs. Bake. With her went also Miss Smith, the dressmaker, Mrs. Pigeon, who everybody said was on her last legs, and old Mr. Mullett, who never failed to start "Rescue the Perishing" without provocation and who shouted

*"Rescue the
Perishing."*

*The
Experience
Meeting*

"Amen! Amen!" with unexcelled frequency and emotion.

Emotion, it must be confessed, stirred in everyone's breast. And whether one responded or not, none could set aside lightly the fact that the call had come. A great stillness would settle upon the meeting, and we boys at the back would stop throwing conversation lozenges, wondering who would be the first to give his experience.

Experience meetings usually took place near the end of the Revival. They would begin with Mrs. Bake rising and saying with a thin, pithless voice that she thanked the Lord for what he had done for her. Immediately the leader would shout "Hallelujah! who'll be the next?" And just as Mrs. Pigeon would be rising old Mr. Mullett would begin "Rescue the Perishing". The first verse finished, and while the old man would be taking in breath to begin the second, someone would start to pray. With that the old man would fall back on "Amen! Amen!" and there would be some groaning, much singing, with a tincturing of tears.

Tears frequently accompanied the experience. Who could have withheld them the memorable night on which Henry Perkins, wild Charlie Mitchell, and the local Member all gave their experiences. It had seemed enough that so notorious an offender as Charlie had been converted, while to see the Member go forward was the sensation of the year. Charlie and Henry had agreed before the meeting began that they would speak out, and it seems that the Member, perhaps uncertain about his condition, but professing a change of heart, had obtained from the revivalist a certificate of conversion.

Certificates of that kind were not common, and Henry Perkins, at least, did not demand one. He stood up like a man and thanked the Lord for what had been done for him. He had been steeped in sin, but now he was free (Hallelujah!). The commotion that followed as Charlie Mitchell rose to his feet, was enough to drown all but the first bar of "Rescue the Perishing". Joe Ham said afterwards that Charlie was as white as a sheet, and Miss Pringle avowed that he shook like a leaf. It was known that Mary Mullet had warned her father not to be shouting "Amen!" so often, but as soon as Charlie stood up, the old man, having failed in his attempt to start his favourite hymn, shouted "Amen!" and was just opening up to repeat it when Mary nudged him in the ribs, and he settled back in the seat with a thud.

Mary Nudged Him in the Ribs

"I thank the Lord," Charlie began, and then he seemed to choke and all fill up. But presently he began again.

"I've been a terrible bad sinner in my day, I have," he began. "I've got drunk. I've swore. I've lied. I've played cards and danced and committed sins not fit to mention. But thank the Lord, I'm saved."

"Amen!" shouted old Mr. Mullet, "hit or miss."

Here was an opportunity for Miss Pringle to start "We'll Cross the River of Jordan". And as soon as the singing died down the Member got up.

"All along," he said, "I was in doubt whether or not I was actually converted. For I had led a worldly life, but, thank the Lord, now I am convinced that I have been converted. Some have said that they could not convert me, but," he said, reaching into his pocket, like every good politician, for the certificate the revivalist had given, "if any person is in doubt about it, I have here the document to prove it."

"Hallelujah!" shouted the revivalist, and in the same breath he started to sing "There is a Fountain".

During the singing Henry Perkins came down the aisle, with his dicky sticking outside his waistcoat, and began to wrestle with Charlie, the agnostic. There were a number present who were known to be seeking salvation, and it had been whispered here and there that Charlie was one of them. Miss Pringle, Lizzie Lavery, old Mr. Mullet and Mrs. Pigeon were moving up and down the aisles asking for any who were not at peace with the Lord, and the revivalist by this time was intermittently singing and praying and shouting encouragement.

I could see Miss Pringle coming perilously near to me. I was sitting a little apart from the other boys, but close enough for them to overhear anything that might be said. I hung my head and waited for the onslaught, because I knew that Miss Pringle, having sung with me in the choir every Sunday for six months, was interested in my future estate. Bending over me, the gentle lady asked timidly yet distinctly enough to be overheard by the other boys,

"Don't you want to be saved?"

For a moment I was unable to answer. If I had answered that I wanted to be saved, then she would have started in to save me. And if I had said that I didn't want to be saved, I might have been struck down dead right then and there and

"Amen!"

*Shouted Old
Mr. Mullett*

*"Don't You
Want to be
Saved?"*

*Didn't Want
to be Saved*

been lost. Therefore I answered in as low a tone as possible and trying to be non-committal, "Mebbe".

Then one of the boys snickered. That was enough for me: I knew right away that I didn't want to be saved, that no power on earth could save me, that I was forever and eternally damned.

"Please, Miss Pringle," I said, "if you don't mind I'd rather not be saved."

And before Miss Pringle had time to reply everyone close at hand was distracted by Henry Perkins. For Henry had stopped beside the agnostic.

"Are you at peace, Charlie?" he asked.

"I am," said Charlie.

"But you haven't been converted."

"No."

"Would you like us to pray for you?"

"I would not."

"Don't you think it's dangerous," Henry asked, "to keep putting it off? You never know," he argued, "what a day nor an hour may bring forth. It's well to be prepared. I may come up to the village to-morrow and find you dead. Too late!"

"Oh, I'll be alive all right, never fear," said Charlie.

"But you never know," said Henry. "You might be dead."

"You come up," said Charlie, "I'll be alive all right. And I'll be asking you some questions about the Bible and religion and maybe, if I see you can follow me, about theology. I'll be asking you who was Cain's wife. And I'll be asking you about Jonah and the whale. And I'll be asking you about others of the miracles. And I'll want you to tell me about Mary and Joseph, about the resurrection and John on Patmos."

Henry looked at Charlie with a puzzled expression, and then he gave again the warning, "You never know what a day nor an hour may bring forth".

"You come up in the morning," Charlie replied. "I'll take a chance on being here. And bring your Bible with you."

"Hallelujah!" shouted the revivalist. "We'll close with the singing of 'Shall we Gather at the River?'"

*Again the
Warning*



A MADONNA OF THE PLAINS

From the Photograph by
Edith S. Watson



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NATIONS WITHIN THE EMPIRE

AN ADDRESS

BY HON. W. E. RANEY



BY-PRODUCT of the war is said to have been the birth of Canada and Australia and South Africa as nations. Others prefer to say that the war only led to the discovery of what has already long been the fact. Be that as it may, this is at all events true that there was no official recognition of the overseas dominions as autonomous states until the war, and that now the fact is officially conceded not only by Great Britain, but by all the other nations of the world.

Of course the birth of a nation, or the discovery of the birth of a nation, and of their own nation at that, must be a profound event for the lawyers of Canada, and it was fitting that they should invite their relations to assist in the celebration of the event. May we therefore regard this as a lawyers' national birthday celebration, and Viscount Cave, and Mr. Taft and Sir Auckland Geddes as wise men from the east and south come to honour

the new star in the national firmament.

When I was a school boy, we were taught that there were some half a dozen first rate powers in the Western World. There were Great Britain, the United States, Russia, Germany, France, Austria and perhaps Italy. Then there was a list of second rate powers headed by decrepit old Spain; and finally there was a list of third rate powers—Switzerland, Denmark, Portugal, Greece, Mexico and so on. And if any of the boys noticed that Canada was not included in any of the lists they were told that Canada was not a nation, but only a colony—and no other explanation was thought necessary.

It was true that some of the fathers of the Canadian Confederation saw visions and dreamed dreams, and in his correspondence with Lord Carnarvon over the jurisdiction to be given to the Supreme Court of Canada, Edward Blake made a brave attempt to establish the court on a national

rather than a colonial basis. But whilst the Minister of Justice at Ottawa had the best of the argument the Colonial Secretary in Downing Street had the last word.

Even a quarter of a century later, when the Australian Confederacy was being born, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was able, in spite of the vigorous protests of the Australians, to impose the colonial status upon the Supreme Court of the island continent.

But many things have happened since the Blake-Carnarvon correspondence of the middle seventies of the last century, and many things besides the automobile, and the flying machine, and wireless telegraphy, have happened even since the beginning of the present century. Some political dreams have come true and some political visions have taken on form and substance. The war has not only torn down, but it has built up, and whether we like it or not the political world of 1920 is a different world from that of the natal year of Australia twenty years ago, and a different world from that of the natal year of Canada more than fifty years ago.

Germany, the great Babylonia of the modern world, is fallen, bankrupt morally and materially. Austria has all but disappeared from the map. Russia is another name for anarchy and old chaos come again. France and Italy are war-worn and weary and will not recover from the shock in a generation. Besides they have no area for expansion and no reserve of natural resources. So that the geographers' list of first rate powers of my boyhood has been pretty well shot to pieces, and the Anglo-Saxon nations alone emerge comparatively and potentially greater than they were before and therefore with correspondingly greater responsibilities. The North American Continent, from the Rio Grande to the Arctic Circle, the continent of Australia, New Zealand, the continent of Africa, and lastly, the right little tight little islands, set like gems in the midst of the

seas, the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, mother of the free institutions and of the common law of them all—in the hands of these nations for good or for ill, is to a very large extent the destiny of the world.

And if any division of the nations of the world into classes were now to be made by geographers or historians for the information of the rising generation, Canada and Australia would certainly be included among the first half dozen names, and any study of the present, or forecast of the future, relations of the Britannie nations must take notice of this change of status of Canada and Australia. It has ceased to be a question for academic discussion. It is not a matter of theory or argument. It is a matter of conditions and of fact.

Greatness in a nation does not depend wholly upon any one factor. It certainly does not depend upon numbers—else China would be the greatest nation in the world. It does not depend upon area alone, or Russia would be greatest. Both numbers and areas are factors, but the greatest assets of a nation and therefore the greatest factors in nationality are in the character, the intelligence, the energy and the initiative of her people.

Canada has vast area and boundless reserves of natural resources and 9,000,000 of people unsurpassed in intelligence, energy, initiative and character by the people of any nation in the world, and if not now actually in the front rank of the nations, she is so potentially and before the middle of the twentieth century will, if she is true to herself, take rank in wealth and world influence beside her elder sister on this continent.

That is the material and practical side. There is also the sentimental side.

The young poet, Rupert Brooke, wrote in his diary just before his death, early in the war, that he intended to write a poem on the "non-locality of England". Wherever his

dust might mingle with mother earth, —whether on an island of the Aegean or under the burning sands of Egypt, or in the Southern Seas—there would be a spot of old England, there would be the lanes and hedge-rows of the banks of Avon, there the larks would soar and sing.

But England is not the only country of which "non-locality" can be predicated. In Flanders fields lies the dust of 50,000 or more of the sons of Canada, and wherever one of them who was born in Canada lies buried—and many of them were of the fourth or sixth and even the tenth generation of Canadians—there is a spot of Canada, a bit of the blossom-scented apple orchards of the provinces down by the sea, or of the blue skies and clover meadows of the valley of the St. Lawrence, or of the wild free life of the prairies, or of the mountain vistas of the Pacific slope.

They all died for Canada and for freedom and justice and the right of Belgian and Serbians and of all nations everywhere to control their own affairs free from the dictation of more powerful neighbours—and their memory will abide for evermore.

The cabled newspaper reports of the Russell case before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council credited Lord Haldane with the remark that "more and more the principle of self-government is being granted" to Canada. If Lord Haldane was correctly reported his words were not well chosen, for it is not necessary for Englishmen and Irishmen and Scotchmen and Welshmen at Westminster to grant self-government to Englishmen and Irishmen and Scotchmen and Welshmen or their descendants in Canada. We already have it.

It is true the shell of the old colonial order remains, but the life is as extinct as the dodo.

It only remains to make the necessary adjustments and the Blake-Carnarvon correspondence of forty odd years ago, as indeed Lord Haldane admitted in his remarks in the Russell

case, could not be repeated in the twentieth year of the twentieth century. There are no differences between Englishmen and Canadians on that point.

In short the old colonial bottles will no longer hold the new national wine.

Under the new order which is now here Canada will in the future amend her own constitution and make her own treaties.

The issues of peace and war for Canada will be determined both actually and technically at Ottawa, and the Governor General of Canada will be appointed by the King on the nomination of His Majesty's Privy Council for Canada. (Not of course that Canada has any fault to find with the Governors General of the past or present. They have been of the very highest type of British statesmen, which means the highest type of statesmen in the world.)

Moreover a nation cannot be a nation and have its ultimate court of judicial appeal located outside its own boundaries and independent of its own government. And, as this is a subject in which the Canadian Bar Association has a special interest, I will be pardoned if I discuss it briefly.

The Judicial Committee of His Majesty's Privy Council has rendered great service to the old order, and it will continue for many years and perhaps for generations to carry the white man's burden of "the lesser breeds without the law". But besides acting as an appellate court for India and the crown colonies it may render a great service to the new political order, the confederacy of British nations.

British, Canadian, Australian, South African statesmen — all are agreed that in this confederacy (or as Lord Cave prefers to call it, Imperial Commonwealth, and perhaps that is a better word) there will be no superior and no inferior. All will be of equal status, as are the provinces of Canada in the Canadian Confederation, and the different states of the

Union of the United States of America. The great state of New York has no right of suzerainty or superiority over Rhode Island, or Ontario over Prince Edward Island. If that is the correct basis—and that is of course the only possible basis—the jurisdiction of the reconstituted Judicial Committee for the purposes of the Imperial Commonwealth must be on the footing of the reciprocal rights and responsibilities of the nations in the Confederacy — Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Newfoundland, and in good time, India and the West Indies.

And here may perhaps be found the solution of the age-long Irish question—for to this High Court of International Justice for the Imperial Commonwealth will be referred—not as now questions between citizens of Canada, or between citizens of Australia, or even between different provinces of Canada or different states of Australia, (all of these will be determined finally by the supreme courts of those nations), but questions between the different nations represented in the international court,—between Great Britain, for instance, and Ireland; or between Canada and Newfoundland; or between South Africa and Australia.

Mr. Elihu Root is advocating an international court for the members of the League of Nations. The court that I am now suggesting will be a different court from that. It will be a Britannie court, a court for the British League of Nations, another happy phrase for which we are indebted to my Lord Cave—and that court is now at hand and almost ready made in the great tribunal of which Lord Cave is a distinguished member. Mr. Root's court will be composed of judges speaking different languages and schooled under different systems of law—the Common Law of England, the Code Napoleon, the Civil Law, the Law of Mohammed and what not? But the Britannie International Court

will be composed wholly of Judges speaking the English language and schooled in the Common Law of England—except when a French Judge is named from Canada, or a Dutch Judge from South Africa. This will be a wonderful advantage, and that Court, call it if you like (and there could be no better name) the Judicial Committee of His Majesty's Privy Councils (observe the plural) will be an invaluable guide and mentor to the other more cosmopolitan and less cohesive court proposed by Mr. Root, should that court be established.

Two converging events make it impossible for the public men of Great Britain and the other Britannie commonwealths to longer ignore the question of the relations of their countries to each other and to the other nations of the world. Those two events are the consummation of the League of Nations and the British Imperial Conference which is to be held next year.

Canada claims to be entitled to representation in the Assembly of the League of Nations and her claim has been conceded. No public man in Canada or in England will question Canada's right to participate in world politics, but such participation is obviously utterly and absolutely irreconcilable with the existence of a superior authority over Canada either in the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland, or in His Majesty's Privy Council for Great Britain and Ireland.

The whole subject must be discussed at the approaching Imperial Conference and it is vastly important that it should be the subject of public discussion before the conference meets, in order that Canada's representatives at the Conference may be fully informed of Canadian public sentiment. In this discussion the lawyers of Canada will of necessity take a foremost part, and I am therefore making no apology for introducing the subject at this national meeting of Canadian lawyers. It is not to be expected that we shall all agree. Per-

haps that is not to be desired. But what is desirable and what is essential is that there should be a free and frank exchange of views.

I am of course well aware that there are eminent members of this Association who look upon the control of Canada's constitution by the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland, and the control of Canada's courts by a committee of His Majesty's Privy Council for Great Britain and Ireland, as links of empire. And so they were under the old dispensation — under the order of superior and inferior. But we have the high authority of the War Cabinet of Great Britain and of Sir Robert Borden and of Earl Grey and of many others, including the Prince of Wales, that "the Dominions are no longer colonies, but sister nations of the British nation". In other words the only true bonds are the bonds of which Edmund Burke spoke more than a hundred years ago — bonds "light as air though strong as iron", the bonds of sentiment—bonds that grow stronger the lighter they are and the less they are felt. A common kingship is its sufficient expression. With all deference I venture to suggest that those who cling to the lesser so-called links of empire have their faces turned to the past.

Then there is that once large and still respectable school of political thought that looked, and still perhaps looks, for a partnership of the Britannic Dominions in an imperial federation. I am not proposing to discuss now any of the various plans that have been put forward from time to time for a closer political union of the spots marked red on the map of the world. I content myself with pointing out that Canadian and Australian and South African national

autonomy is the antithesis of imperial federation, and that imperial federation is inconsistent with the representation of Canada and Australia and South Africa in the Assembly of the League of Nations—as inconsistent as it would be for the state of Massachusetts or Texas to claim such representation. Canada has elected definitely in favour of membership in the League of Nations and by that course she has elected in favour of autonomy and against imperial federation.

This election was not the result of argument but of the development of events. In the language of the War Cabinet of Great Britain the question was forced to the front by the common effort and sacrifices of the war.

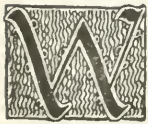
When a youth attains to manhood he assumes the rights and with them takes on the responsibilities of manhood. In assuming the rights of nationhood Canada must accept the responsibilities. In no other way can she play her part in the great world drama which is now unfolding so rapidly and which will continue to unfold whether any individual nation does its whole duty or not. Thus can only Canada assist in the vast schemes of world betterment whose focus at the moment is in England—thus only can she be a branch of the great tree of international probity, comity and fellowship whose leaves — justice, freedom, right, truth and open diplomacy—shall be for the healing of the nations.

The Canadian Bar Association is honoured in having as its guests at this meeting representatives of the best traditions of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, Great Britain, and the off-spring of her loins, the family of commonwealths known as the United States of America.



THE PILGRIM FATHERS AND THE MODERN WORLD

BY E. E. BRAITHWAITE



WHEN the pilgrim fathers landed on the coast of New England three hundred years ago they made a heavy dent not only upon the new world in its infinitesimal proportions of that distant day, but also upon the new world of a later development, as it grew into a vast continent embracing immense cities and thickly-populated commonwealths, with unlimited wealth of all kinds in its rivers, its lakes, its mountains and its forests.

Theodore Roosevelt went still further than this when he said at the laying of the corner-stone of the Pilgrim Memorial monument at Provincetown, Mass., in 1907: "The coming hither of the Pilgrims three centuries ago, shaped the destinies of this continent and therefore profoundly affected the destiny of the whole world".

In old England there had long been unrest in the hearts of many earnest conscientious souls who could not find that which satisfied them in the formalities of religion prevailing in their day. For decades there had been a deep undercurrent of dissatisfaction which in time came forcibly to the surface. These people were in reality searching for that which has been the goal of attainment for so many choice spirits of various periods—something which indeed is so difficult yet to be fully realized, even in our modern free civilizations—human freedom.

Their particular quest was for freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. This seemingly moderate pursuit had far-reaching results.

To begin with, it was considered sufficiently important to receive the attention of the English Parliament. Statutes were enacted requiring all to worship God according to a definite prescribed form. The path of the would-be Independents became more rigorous than before. For breach of the law a number of them were arrested and imprisoned.

After being harassed and persecuted in various ways, these pioneers of independent thought came to realize that they could not obtain in their own land that for which they were striving. Under Elizabeth their position was sufficiently difficult, but when James ascended the throne it became still worse. He said, "I will make them conform or I will harry them out of the land or else worse." They, therefore, prepared to leave their country on a great adventure of faith.

Holland was the only country in Europe at that time that was broad enough to open its doors freely to all followers of Jesus Christ, regardless of creed or ritual, and it was to Holland that they decided to go. Other Englishmen had gone there as early as 1593 for a very similar purpose. Amsterdam was already becoming quite an asylum of liberty. To this city these refugees of 1608

made their way. After a short time they decided to settle in Leyden, some twenty miles distant. Here they remained for eleven years.

As the years passed by it became increasingly clear that on account of their more or less uncongenial environment their permanent home could not be in Holland. Another move was necessary.

This time their course was by no means so clear. After much discussion they decided to try America. But to cross the Atlantic in the early part of the seventeenth century was a difficult and hazardous undertaking. However, they did not shrink from it. After careful preparation, overcoming many obstacles before sailing, and enduring great hardships on their long and perilous voyage of nearly ten weeks on the ocean, they finally landed on the shores of this continent so late in the year that winter had already begun. Without a house or refuge of any kind to shelter them from the severity of the rigorous Atlantic coast, what they must have endured can only be imagined. It is not strange that during that first winter about half of their number died. The wonder is that before the advent of spring they had not all perished.

It was but a small group that began that far away Christmas season to hew down the trees on that rugged Massachusetts coast to make themselves homes. When the winter was over there were only half a hundred of them to carry on the work of the colony. They had put the great ocean between them and their dearest friends. Except for the Indians they had no neighbours for hundreds of miles.

They were also a group of obscure men and women. They were not of the great or titled class. But the names of many of them are household words to-day: William Brewster, William Bradford, Edward Winslow, Miles Standish, John Alden, together with their curiously-named children, Wrestling Brewster, Love Brewster,

Fear Brewster, Remember Allerton, Desire Minter, Humility Cooper, Resolved White, Oceanus Hopkins, etc.

Even many of the simple incidents of their lives have become quite well-known to us, as, for example, the question which Priscilla Mullins addressed to John Alden when he was suing her on behalf of Captain Standish, which has its modern counterpart in the case of another Puritan maid who, in answer to the question, "If I should ask you to become my wife, would you say, 'Yes'?", replied, "If you thought I would say, 'Yes', would you ask me to become your wife?"

Dr. Charles E. Jefferson has gone so far as to say of these colonists that they "had more to do with the building of our modern world than any other body of men who have lived since the days of the Apostles," and then adds, "They are the men best knowing of all the men who have lived within the last thousand years."

The principles for which they stood were of that abiding kind, that they can in their broader significance be profitably applied to the problems confronting us to-day.

I.—THE PILGRIMS AND INTERNATIONALISM

The Pilgrims were internationalists. They dwelt successively in three different countries. They were not only loyal to each in turn. They continued to have a deep affection for each. Though they were not content to make Holland their permanent home, they had become not a little attached to the country and to the people during the twelve years they spent there. Moreover, the greater part of their company had remained in Holland after they left.

Still more did they love England. That was their native land. It was hard for them to leave it in the first place. It must have been still more difficult to spend a little time there en route to the New World, and then turn their backs upon it forever.

Many of their own kin were still there, most of whom they would never see again.

And America they soon came to love more than either of the others.

This experience was favourable to the development of a healthy international mind. This naturally proceeds from a consideration of the individual to that of the family, the nation and the sisterhood of nations. The result of this need not be feared if reasonable proportions be observed.

"That man's the true cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best."

"The man who loves his own home best makes the best citizen. The citizen who loves and cherishes his own native land most is the one who best understands the affiliation of the world."—Dr. S. A. Eliot.

It is time for us to learn a new international ethics. We have gone on the theory that for one nation to prosper it has been necessary for it to take some advantage of its neighbour by which the latter should be in some manner worsted. That was the old idea of a business transaction. Now we know that a good business transaction is that in which both parties to it are benefitted.

So of nations. There is a law which Dr. J. A. Macdonald has called "the law of the world's good-will", which is the good of each working for the welfare of all, and cannot be sinned against without its penalty being paid. "The law of the world's good-will is the first law of every nation No nation sins alone or suffers alone Slowly but surely and sometimes very painfully and at great cost, are the nations learning that the country that frames a tariff of spite so as to damage the industry or trade of a neighbour-people is whetting a two-edged sword that cuts both ways, and wounds the smiter as well as the smitten."

We may now narrow the thought. Those early immigrants belonged especially to two nations. Though the influence of their sojourn in Holland is not to be minimized, yet it was

mainly a "sojourn". Their abiding affection was for the land of their nativity. Though there came in the process of time what seemed an unfortunate clash, yet these two peoples have not only continued in the most harmonious relations with each other, but also to stand for the same exalted ideals.

If there is one thing that this troubled world needs to-day more than anything else, it is the active and enthusiastic co-operations on its behalf of these two nations. This does not mean that war between them should be averted. That goes without saying. Such a calamity is unthinkable. This would threaten the existence of all that is most precious in the world to-day. It would imperil the very being of civilization itself. It would at least retard the higher forms of civilization for centuries. We are of one family, and as the *London Spectator* puts it: "We are not, and we do not pretend to be an agreeable people, but when there is trouble in the family, we know where our hearts are".

But there is more than this. Lloyd George has recently said: "There is no more important work than to establish a good understanding between the American and British democracies. The future largely depends upon the co-operations of all the great western democracies in the colossal task of rebuilding the world on better lines It is especially on our two countries that the responsibility rests, because they have now in especial degree the energy, the wealth, and, as I believe, the ideals necessary to the making of a new and better world."

We have been waging war to end war. The final goal we have in view is that which Tennyson has portrayed:

"When the war-drums throb no longer,
and the battle flags are furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation
of the World."

All nations may not yet be ready to co-operate in this; but the two

greatest nations should now be in a position to take a strong leadership in it. They have been drawn closer together in recent times. This was noticeably the case during the war between Spain and the United States. Still more is it the case since they have been fighting side by side in the greatest of all wars.

"Two Empires by the Sea,
Two Nations great and free,
One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim
One God, whose glorious name
We love and praise."

II.—THE PILGRIMS AND INTER-DENOMINATIONALISM

The activity of the Pilgrims resulted in the formation of a new denomination, though this was not part of their programme. Like Luther in the previous century they had no intention of breaking away from the Established Church. Soon many other sects sprang up, showing at least an awakening religious interest.

It has now long been felt that the division into sects has been carried to an absurd extreme. It was only as a matter of expediency that the Pilgrims were led to form another denomination. It is quite in keeping with their principles, therefore, if similar reasons should now lead us in the opposite direction. This, indeed, is the proper method of approach to this problem. It is no conclusive argument to say that there was only one form of the Church in New Testament times. Nor is it primarily a question of church policy or theology. It is a matter of expediency, economy and efficiency.

There can be no doubt in what direction the pendulum is now swinging.

Shortly after the war closed leading representatives of over twenty denominations gathered in Philadelphia in the interest of the complete organic unity of the Protestant churches. Though enthusiasm and confidence

have been expressed as to the probable outcome of these negotiations, it may be doubted whether so great a step can be taken in a short time. In the meantime some very significant experiments are being tried.

In many places two or more local denominations are uniting for worship, retaining membership in their respective churches, earmarking their contributions and choosing their pastors from the different denominations in turn. In other cases the membership has been fused. Denomination A yields in one place to Denomination B, while in another B yields to A, a certain equity between them being thus preserved. In our Canadian West many union churches have been formed without affiliation with any particular body. If the proposed union of the Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists takes place many of these will doubtless affiliate with the United Church so formed.

A rather remarkable instance of cordial entente has been that between two denominations in the United States so different from each other as the Protestant Episcopal and the Congregational. Many prominent leaders in both believe that there might be a great gain from certain adaptations of the form of ordination to permit the clergy of each body to exercise their functions in certain cases within the bounds of the other as well.

In addition to these movements not a few unions have taken place in recent times, as in the case of three Methodist bodies in England, all of the Methodists in Japan, and three large Lutheran bodies in the United States, not to mention the earlier unions among the various Methodists as well as among the various Presbyterians in Canada.

A recent survey in Ohio seems to show that the smaller churches do not make the same impact upon a community as the larger. This survey indicates the percentage of grow-

ing churches among groups of different sizes to be as follows:

Those with membership of 1 to 25—	2.2%
“ “ “ 26 to 50—	16.6%
“ “ “ 51 to 100—	33.5%
“ “ “ 101 to 150—	48.2%
“ “ “ 151 to 200—	58.5%
“ “ “ over 200—	70 %

Lloyd George has well caricatured at least a portion of the existing divisions in his humorous statement to a friend, as follows: “The Church to which I belong is torn with a fierce dispute. One part say that it is a baptism into the name of the Father, and the other that it is a baptism in the name of the Father. I belong to one of these parties. I feel most strongly about it. In fact I would die for it. But I forget which it is”.

III.—THE PILGRIMS AND FREEDOM

From the very first freedom is what the Pilgrims were especially seeking. Their intense earnestness is shown by what they were ready to suffer for it.

This was characteristic of all these early pioneers. When the Virginia colony came out two years previously, they lost 130 of their 180 passengers before the voyage was completed. The Massachusetts Bay Colony which came a few years later lost no less than two hundred during their first eight months. A similar fate awaited the Pilgrims, for of the hundred and two who landed from the *Mayflower* about one-half died during the first few months. Nevertheless, when the ship was returning to England in the spring, not a man or a woman, in spite of all their losses, was willing to go back and abandon their enterprise, though a free passage was offered them. For a few years, too, they were frequently in great want, but they bore all cheerfully in the interest of the great cause.

Strange to say, however, after gaining their own freedom at such cost, they themselves have been charged with intolerance. Even if it should be admitted that there is any ground for the charge, the following defence

by Professor Gardiner has great force: “The question . . . was not whether they were to tolerate others, but whether they were to give others the opportunity of being intolerant to themselves. The cases, therefore, are not parallel between a strong government harrying out of the land a little community of conscientious men far too weak to be dangerous, and that little community fighting as for dear life, to guard the liberty which has cost them so much, and which might easily be taken from them again.”

But most of these charges are groundless, many of them resulting from confusion. It was not in Plymouth but in Salem that witches were put to death; Mary Dyer met her fate not on Plymouth Rock, but on Boston Common; and the Pilgrims are not to be blamed for certain forms of intolerance that developed in various places later.

Even these have been greatly exaggerated. The so-called “Blue Laws” were simply the fictitious production of a man who was driven out of the country during the Revolutionary War and took revenge when he returned to England by publishing this imaginative code of laws by which the new world was supposed to be governed. There were but five capital crimes in Plymouth compared with thirteen in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, seventeen in Virginia and thirty-one in England under James I.

Ex-President Charles W. Eliot indirectly eulogizes the Pilgrim Fathers when he says: “The present conception of toleration in religion was a gradual growth through four centuries, and is the principal achievement of the human race since the Reformation . . . In the church and state and family the real benefactors of our race are the men or the committee that have known how to increase mental and spiritual liberty.”

It was this spirit that the Pilgrims earnestly sought for themselves and consistently championed for others. The exhortation of their pastor, John

Robinson, rings out clearly over the centuries in tones that are suited to our modern days: "If God should reveal anything to you by any other instrument, be ready to receive it, for the Lord has more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy word." And freedom rests on truth.

Says a modern Pilgrim: "In the long run nothing lives or can live but the truth. The only way to combat an idea that we hold to be wrong is by another idea that we know to be right."

Said a Pioneer Pilgrim: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free". The glory of this position cannot be overestimated. The sense of freedom arising from readiness to follow the truth wherever it may lead lifts one up to the higher realms.

IV.—THE PILGRIMS AND SOCIETY

The spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers of course very strongly permeated the community life with which they were identified. The severe simplicity of this on the one hand, and its majestic sternness on the other hand, both witness the intensity of their convictions. Without regarding it necessary to adopt their formal habits and customs, we may nevertheless recognize that there is an inspiring message for us in the deep sincerity underlying these.

This is all the more remarkable in view of the youth of the "Fathers". William Bradford who so soon became governor of the colony was barely thirty on their arrival. Edward Winslow was but twenty-five, Standish thirty-six, Allerton, thirty-two, John Alden twenty-one. It is believed that only two of the whole company were more than fifty, while the greater majority were under forty.

A chapter from the life of Rev. Francis Johnson, though it refers to his experience while in Holland, throws some light upon the ideals of these newcomers to America.

He married a widow, Mrs. Thomasine Boys, who was charged with being garish and proud. George Johnson, his brother, protested vigorously against her gold rings, her busk, her whalebones and her "schowish hat". The more George criticized the more "peert and coppet" she became. A church council was finally called which decided that her hat was "not topish in nature", though some still thought it might be regarded as "topish" when worn by the minister's wife. Other charges were made against her including that of lying in bed on the Lord's Day until nine o'clock. Francis finally excommunicated his brother, and the minister's wife is reported to have been overheard to say that she wished she were a widow again, for as a widow she could have worn any hat that was becoming to her.

Some of the laws enacted after the colony had grown considerably, indicate the attitude manifested to social customs, sports, etc. A law was passed against masquerading, the fine for the first offence being fifty shillings, and for a second offence, public whipping. Similar penalties were adopted for card-playing, while there were also laws against horse-racing, smoking tobacco in public places and "being without doors at the meeting-house on the Lord's Day".

Their punctilious attention to certain formalities in the church services testifies to their deep love of the sanctuary. They "seated the meeting-house" in accordance with the social position of the congregation. This required them also to "dignify the meeting", the seating committee deciding that a certain seat on the floor was equal in dignity to a certain seat in the gallery, etc. In determining social position one's age, military service, position in the community, each counted so many points.

Some one usually acted as precentor to lead the singing. An extract from the diary of one of these officials reads as follows: "I set York tune, and the

congregation went out of it into St. David's in the very second going over. They did the same three weeks before. This is the second sign. It seems to me an intimation for me to resign the precentor's place for a better voice. I have through the Divine long-suffering and favour done it for twenty-four years, and now God in His providence seems to call me off, my voice being enfeebled."

The educational tendencies of the early New England colonists are sufficiently indicated by the fact that Harvard College was founded within sixteen years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, and only six years after the coming of the Massachusetts Bay colonists who were a stronger force numerically, and to whom credit for this achievement is chiefly due, though they had the sympathy and support of their brethren further down the bay.

Still more important was their attitude to religion. This was to them fundamental. Dr. George A. Gordon of Boston says that the Pilgrims had a special genius for religion, this being their supreme concern, and that their noble and fruitful lives testify by way of contrast to the fact that "man without religion is a poor thing, and man with a meagre religion is stunted in his nature."

It is another New England minister who asserts that the first of their fundamental religious ideals was the primacy of God, their creed consisting of the first sentence in the Bible, "In the beginning, God"; and that their second ideal was faith in the possibilities and in the sanctity of the human soul. They believed in the individual man, in what he can do, and in his inalienable rights as over against the tyranny of either state or popular opinion.

BITTERSWEET

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

A VASE of brass holds branches thin and brown,
 Clustered with scarlet berries bright as flame;
 Blue walls behind them; past the window-frame
 White wastes and little woods lie round the town
 And icebound waters musical of name.
 And from one little wood these berries came,
 Picked there when winter skies began to frown.

Here as a memory and a pledge they gleam
 Gem-bright, a flare of colour from the chill
 Of frosty whiteness; autumn's wealth they show
 And summer's warmth foretell; the frozen stream
 And quiet woods have lost them, but they fill
 Our thoughts with beauty such as dryads know.

THE LOYAL INDIAN

AN INCIDENT TO THE REBELLION OF 1885

BY E. C. STEWART



TELL you Totose-Apwe, there's goin' to be war."

This from Kutawa, a young Salteaux interpreter, on the File Hills Indian Reserve.

"What do you mean? War? Who will make war?"

"Injuns."

"Who will the Indians fight with?"

"Government."

"What for?"

"More grub."

"I say, Kutawa, you're a crazy Indian."

"No, sir. You'll see."

One fine morning in June, 1884, as the writer was preparing for a twenty mile drive by buckboard from File Hills to Fort Qu'Appelle, Kutawa had asked for a "lift" to the Fort. He had a few minutes previously announced his intention to throw up his work as interpreter and had demanded a voucher for the salary due him, to be cashed at the Hudson's Bay Company's store.

Half the distance between the two places mentioned had been covered when the Indian had voluntarily offered the startling information about impending war. Then this impulsive, hot-headed Red Man became suddenly reticent, nor during the remainder of the trip could any further information be coaxed from him. To shut off further questioning he characteristically related a story of the early spring time when, riding along the Qu'Appelle River, he had seen

an English immigrant, who, in crossing the ford had left the beaten track and had got into deep water. Kutawa had called to the Englishman in the Salteaux tongue, "Wagonin"? (What's the trouble?) The pioneer from London thinking he had been spoken to in English testily replied, "Yes, and horses too".

When the buckboard had rolled and rattled over the smooth hard floor-like road across the Qu'Appelle Valley, and finally stopped at the door of the "Echo House", the young Indian sprang lightly out and extending his hand said, "Well, good-bye, Totose Apwe, before you see me at File Hills again the war will be over". Then borrowing a pony from a relative who had just come in from the south, he rode off towards Pasqua's Reservation.

As we watched him climb the hill and disappear under the southern sky line, how little we realized that, before the June of another year, the war he had so tersely prophesied would have come and passed into history. Time proved that Kutawa had inside information.

In the following month, July, 1884, Little Black Bear, (Kusketai-Musquasis), chief of the most northern of the four File Hill Bands, asked his farm instructor for a pass to Duck Lake. "Our gardens," he set forth, "have been well hoed, and weeded, our crops well fenced, my young men have made ready to cut all the hay needed for our cattle next winter and now I wish to take my wife and daughter

to visit our friends on the South Saskatchewan”.

“You have done well, Black Bear,” replied Instructor Nicol, “to come to me, but since your trip will take you outside the boundaries of your own treaty, I must send you for a pass to your agent at Indian Head. You shall have some food and tobacco for your journey and I will give you a letter to him recommending that your request be granted.”

Early the following day Black Bear appeared at the office of Col. McDonald, the brusque, genial, whole-souled Indian agent for Treaty Four. The Colonel listened quietly while Black Bear at some length made known his wishes through an interpreter.

“Black Bear,” said the Colonel, “I am glad you came here. In this you have been more discreet than your brother chief, Star Blanket, who left for Duck Lake last week without permission. By the way, my good Chief, what is the attraction at Duck Lake this summer? I have had requests from some of my Indians at Crooked Lakes and Touchwood for passes to visit there.”

“My wife had wished for many moons to see her brother who lives there,” replied Black Bear with evident evasion.

“Now listen to me, Black Bear, and let me tell you a few things that you perhaps think I don’t know. You Indians are all going to Duck Lake to meet Louis Riel and pow wow with him and his following of discontented half-breeds. Is it not so? Speak truly, Chief?”

“My great white brother is wise and knows all things,” the Chief answered diplomatically, “and I would not seem to discount his wisdom by telling him what he already knew. This is why I did not mention the name of our half-brother, Louis. It is quite true, Shuniah Okemow, that Riel sent runners to our teepees last winter inviting us to a big talk, but it is also true that apart from meeting Louis,

we wish to see our friends in the North.”

“You shall have your pass, Black Bear, for yourself and family. The Great White Mother is not afraid to trust such men as yourself, to meet and talk with men who may give you bad advice, because she knows that Little Black Bear’s heart is loyal and true. I wish I could say as much for that rascal chief, Star Blanket.”

Thus it was that “Kusketai Musquasis”, with his wife, child, and servant set out on a long two hundred and fifty mile journey, with the usual retinue, creaking carts, hungry gopher-devouring dogs and extra ponies, the latter now sleek and fat from months of feeding on the rich green prairie grass. Past Little Touchwood Hills, Big Touchwood Hills, over the Great Salt Plain, a forty mile stretch without wood or water—past Humboldt, around the foot of Mount Carmel, and then one long last sixty mile fatigue, and the South Saskatchewan and Duck lake were reached at last.

It is not easy to estimate fully the significance of this pilgrimage and of Black Bear’s participation in the rebel council. It has been well established by evidence at Riel’s trial and otherwise that the astute métis depended in no small degree on a general uprising among the Indians for the success of his plans. It is equally certain that the stand taken by Black Bear—known and respected among all the tribes—influenced many of his people toward caution in their resolves, and distrust of Riel himself. It is safe to say that had there been at that meeting six Indians like-minded with Black Bear—the rebellion on the banks of the Saskatchewan in 1885 would never have materialized. Two days of the great Riel convention had gone and as yet our friend had not spoken. On the third day he took his place with others under the huge skeleton tent. The summer sun was fast hastening toward the meridian when with great

deliberation he laid down his pipe, threw away his blanket and standing majestically and fearlessly before an audience, who, he knew, did not share his views, he began:

"Brothers and half-brothers, the soft summer wind from the south land, the pleasant sunshine from the bright blue sky, the hills around us covered with verdure and the songs of birds among the trees, these tell us that Gitché Manitou, the Great Spirit, loves us all and wishes peace among his children, both white and red.

"Scarcely eight years have gone by since we touched our pens to parchment and took the hand of the Queen's Commissioner, who told us that we were thereby placing our hands in the hand of the Great White Mother.

"At that time we promised in the Great Spirit's presence that while the sun shines and the waters flow we would live in peace with the white man and be his friend.

"We stand again to-day before the Great Spirit. The sun still shines over our heads. We see yonder the waters of the swift flowing river, the Saskatchewan, swirling and tossing as they hurry on to their home in the ocean.

"With these three witnesses against us, shall we, can we, listen to the words of our half-brother and tear up our parchments? Will it ever be said of the Red Man that in an hour of weakness he was tempted to break his pledge, sealed with the clasp of the White Mother's hand? Oh, Red Men of the forest and of the plain, let us remember that our actions to-day will decide whether we and our children, and their children after them, shall stand erect as honest men, faithful to our word, or hang our heads in shame through all the many years to come.

"Go back to your people, my brothers—whether you have come from the Blackfoot of the sunny south, from your farms on the Battle River, from the far-off hunting-grounds of the

North Saskatchewan, or from the beautiful valley of the Qu'Appelle, go back, I say, to your people and tell them that so long as honour shall be known among us, and so long as red blood flows through our veins, our words stand firm as the lofty hills in the land of the setting sun."

Then turning to Riel: "My great half-brother, I have listened for two days to your words and the words of your followers. You are a man of much learning. It is known to you that our treaty with the Queen binds us to live in peace with all white people—whether they may come from beyond the Great Lakes or from across the Big Sea Water. It is no secret that we have solemnly agreed to let them till the soil and grow food for the hungry on these lands over which our fathers have chased the buffalo and the antelope. You counsel us to burn our treaty parchments, and drive out all white peoples. You speak to us in words that fall from your lips, smooth and pleasant as the waving of the summer grass, but you speak to us with a tongue that can be only the tongue of Mutehee Manitou, the Evil One. I push back your hand, and denounce you as a traitor to that noble Queen, who, fourteen years ago, gave you back your life which you had forfeited by the murder of a white man at Fort Garry! Brothers! I have spoken."

Three hours afterward, Black Bear had forded the river and was walking at the head of his little company on their return home.

It is a matter of history that a rebellion broke out in March of the following year, but ere this Black Bear had slipped away into the great unknown.

One cold January night, after weeks of illness, he sent for his four headmen: The-Old-Man-Who-Smokes; The-Man-Who-Ties-The-Knot; The Big Sky and his favourite son Pee-kutch.

"My children, before the sun again creeps across the snow, I shall fall

asleep. Lay my body on the hillside yonder where the trail curves to the south, plant over my grave the flag given me by Governor Morris, so that, as my people pass to and fro, I may still speak to them. For though my lips will be closed and my tongue silent, the flag of my Queen floating above may remind them of my words

and keep them also loyal and true."

To the writer's personal knowledge the Union Jack floated through two winters over the old Chief's last resting-place, before the winds whipped it into shreds. The flag staff was eventually burned down by a prairie fire, and was never replaced. No stone marks the spot.

REED BIRDS

BY FRANCIS H. DONAGHY

I N the sedge around the slough,
Red-winged blackbirds—likely two—
Hanging, warble notes of glee,
O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!

Through the fall of that refrain
Seems envoiced the lively rain,
Wind-whipped, as it splashes down,
Over water clear and brown.

Where their wings are jetty dark
Flames the clear vermilion mark—
So the world can hear and see,
O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!

Moist, deep banks—a verdant gloom—
Flowers of pale sequestered bloom—
Bubbly water all along,
That and more is in their song.

Swells their liquid, whistling tone
Fearlessly, for they alone
Dwell in tangles of the sere
Rushes, by the little mere.

On a lissome reed aswing,
Happily the reed-birds sing:
Pleasant thoughts for drowsy me,
O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!



THE STREAM

From the Painting by E. Suzor-Cote, Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy of Art

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND OTHERWISE

BY HON. JUSTICE LONGLEY

v.



PROCEED to give an account of the disposing of the case of Thomas vs. Fielding *et al* by the Privy Council of Great Britain. In 1895 the

Legislature of Nova Scotia was sitting and a petition was presented by the Mayor and Town Council of the town of Truro in which petition there were certain statements reflecting on the conduct of F. A. Laurence, Q.C., on whose motion a resolution was passed by the House that the respondent had been guilty of such a breach on the privileges of the House and should be summoned to attend at its bar.

At that time Mr. Fielding was Provincial Secretary and Premier of the Local House and I was the Attorney-General. Neither of us paid any particular attention to Mr. Laurence's motion to bring the Mayor of the town of Truro before us, neither did we feel deeply concerned in the matter of the libel on the member.

It may be explained that Mr. F. A. Laurence, Q.C., was then a prominent member of the Legislature of Nova Scotia; that he was afterwards a member of the Dominion House of Commons, and finally was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, which position he occupied for a few years before he died. The petition was rather an unusual thing and contained a direct assault

upon Mr. Laurence for his conduct and also upon members of the House, which constituted sufficient reason for the motion to bring the Mayor before the House.

Party feeling at that time was strong in Nova Scotia, but at last the warrant of the House of Assembly was served upon Thomas, the Mayor of Truro, and he was brought before the House. Mr. Thomas contended that the acts complained of were done by him in good faith in his capacity as Mayor and were not libelous. He was ordered to withdraw and remain in attendance, and subsequently ordered to be brought in and reprimanded by the Speaker. Both Mr. Fielding and myself regarded that as a sufficient dealing with the case. If he had come, the Speaker would have simply said that the House had regarded his petition as quite unnecessary and uncalled for and would have taken no further action in the matter, but, strange to say, influenced by counsel, he refused to obey and left the precincts of the House. Now we felt that matters had reached the stage when we regarded it as necessary for the House to take steps in order to protect us against this wilful disregard of the simple ruling of the House. The consequence was that Thomas was ordered to be arrested and brought to the bar of the House and directed by the House to be com-

mitted to the common gaol of Halifax for forty-eight hours.

There was considerable excitement. The House was crowded in the evening. The order was passed, and the detectives and constables took Thomas to the county gaol on Saturday night. On Monday morning, as early as could be done, he was brought by Habeas Corpus before the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia and the case argued fully. The result was that they passed an order discharging on the writ of Habeas Corpus. Thereupon Thomas brought an action against the member of the House of Assembly for damages for false arrest, laying his claim at ten thousand dollars. The case was tried at Truro at the next sitting of the Supreme Court and several lawyers were appointed on the case, and the Judge ruled that the action should be dismissed against the Speaker and other officers of the House, but against the others under the provisions of the Statutes, 5th Series, Chap. 3, under which they claimed to have proceeded, were not within the competency of the Legislature. I may remark in passing that the trial afforded opportunity for presenting the case in all its aspects to the jury, and I proceeded to speak on behalf of the defendants in a manner which called in question the whole circumstances of the case and placed the action of the plaintiff in the most amusing and dangerous light that could possibly be considered. The verdict, however, acting on the ruling of the Judge, was awarded to the plaintiff and the sum of two hundred dollars damages, which amounted to practically eight dollars a head.

I felt, however, that the case was misconceived by the Court and that the act of the Legislature which by sections 29-30 and 33 constituted the House a Court of Record with the inherent power to punish insults and libels upon its members during its session and the appellants possessed the privileges of Judges of a Court of

Record and that by section 26 they were exempt from any civil action or damages.

The Minister of Justice in 1869 had objected as being *ultra vires* an Act passed by the Legislature of Ontario to define the privileges, immunities and powers of the Legislative Assembly and to give summary protection to persons employed in the publication of sessional papers. The Act had the same effect in regard to the Ontario Legislature, that the Nova Scotia Act had in respect to the Nova Scotia Legislature, and in order to become perfectly assured that his position was right he referred the matter to the Secretary of State for the Colonies in order to obtain the opinion of the Attorney and Solicitor-General of England, and we have therefore on the 4th May, 1869, the following opinion:

"That we have considered the several Acts to which your Lordship has been pleased to direct our attention and we are of the opinion that it was not competent of the legislature of the Province of Ontario to pass such Acts or either of them, and consider them inconsistent with the provisions of Sections 92 and 96 of the British North America Act."

This is signed "R. P. Collier" and "J. D. Colridge". Both of these afterwards became distinguished members of the British Judiciary.

The provision in Nova Scotia had been embodied in the Revised Statutes of the country, and the Government did not care about disallowing the whole series of Revised Statutes, but drew attention that it was *ultra vires* and asked the Government of Nova Scotia to repeal the clauses to which I refer. As I was Attorney-General at the time I replied that we did not consider them *ultra vires* but strictly within the limits of our jurisdiction, and stated that we would agree to a case in which these enactments should appear and be discussed before the Supreme Court of Canada with an ap-

peal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and, if they were held to be *ultra vires*, we would repeal them, to which the Minister of Justice, Sir John Thompson, replied that it was useless to consider the matter because the powers of our parliament did not extend to that form of enactment and it would be useless to discuss it, in fact it was declined in a manner that was almost contemptuous. So the enactment still remained on the Statute book and we had the right to take advantage of it when the case was heard.

The matter came up for argument before the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia before four Judges. Two of them, MacDonald, C. J., and Graham, J., held that the provisions in question were *ultra vires* of the local Legislature and that the indemnity clause did not apply. Ritchie, J., and Weatherbe, J., thought the Statute empowered the House to deal with matters of crime only in protecting the members in their proceedings, and that so constituted it was not *ultra vires* but was applicable to the proceedings in question. The court being equally divided, the judgment below was affirmed.

Shortly after Confederation in 1867 the courts were disposed all to lean in favour of the jurisdiction of the Federal Legislature and against the jurisdiction of the Provincial Legislatures. At first the Dominion legislatures loomed rather grandly in the aspect of persons and they thought that all power was to be lodged in them. This view, however, did not continue and a broad conception of what the legislatures were and the powers which they had remaining in them and the powers which they had in regard to section 92 of the B. N. A. Act became apparent and the measure of decisions entirely changed in the course of time, so that at the present time the powers of the provincial legislature are as completely and fully recognized as those of the

Dominion, and to a certain extent the broad view of the question was presented to our Judges very largely through the Judges of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

The difference between the opinions of the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General of England in May, 1869, represented the Dominion view in a singular light. The decision of the Privy Council in 1896 represented the growth of opinion in this respect wonderfully well, and all the previous correspondence between the Minister of Justice and the Attorney-Generals of the Province seem like romance when dealing squarely with the issue as determined by the judgment in this case.

I was not satisfied with the judgment of the court of Nova Scotia and thought it was right to have the whole question argued before the highest court in the land and I took proceedings to bring the whole matter before the Privy Council of England. I went on in the latter part of June, 1896. At that time Lord Rosebery's government was in power and Lord Herschell was Lord Chancellor and would preside over the case, and I had the opportunity of referring to it in conversation with him at a dinner and also to Lord Shand. Before the case was reached, however, there was a change of Government and Lord Salisbury came into power and Lord Halsbury became Lord Chancellor instead. On July 28th the matter came on for argument. The court consisted of Lord Halsbury, Lord Herschell, Lord Watson, Lord McNaughton, Lord Morris, Lord Davie and Sir Richard Couch, as large and as able a court as could possibly assemble to discuss any matter of appeal before it. I first employed Sir Robert Finlay, but he was made Solicitor-General in the new Government and gave up his brief, whereupon I selected Sir Arthur Cohen, Q.C. Mr. Lewis Coward appeared and myself as well for the appellants. The Hon. Edward

Blake, Q.C., together with Tyrel Paine, appeared for the respondents. The cause was fully argued. Mr. Blake never appeared in any case in which he did not go to the fullest extent in availing himself of any points that were open.

The counsel for the appellants were not called upon to reply and the judgment of the Privy Council was given by the Lord Chancellor in a lengthy judgment in which they held that our Legislature was perfectly justified in passing the Act to which I refer, and they decided that the Legislature could relieve members of the House from civil liabilities for acts done and words spoken in the House, when they could not do so from liability to criminal prosecution. The judgment was that the Legislature had power to pass the Act in question and that it constituted a perfect defense to the action, that they humbly recommended to Her Majesty that the judgment in this case should be reversed and judgment entered for the appellants below with costs.

It is needless to say that the effect of this judgment was far reaching. It enabled the Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec and all the other provinces in the Dominion to pass similar laws to those in force in Nova Scotia and it rendered the action of the Canadian Government in disallowing the Acts futile.

The question of making the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council arbiter on all matters which they deem proper to bring before it supreme, is a question which will naturally arise in connection with our institutions. The Australian constitution forbids appeals to the Privy Council and makes the judgment of their highest court the last authority on any matter. The Privy Council has held that it has still power under the supreme jurisdiction of British law to hear such cases and it continues to hear them in spite of the

enactment of the Australian constitution. With us, we have no such rule whatever and actions are taken to the Privy Council at all times.

A few words may be said upon the subject. There is one thing must be apparent to every one, and that is that making the judgment of the Privy Council the final authority in all cases, to a certain extent interferes with the absolute independence of the colonial legislature. It is exactly the same as if in France, Germany or Italy there was an appeal from the judgment of their highest courts to the highest court of Great Britain, which would be considered perfectly absurd, and so it would appear in regard to any country which would allow such an appeal to be taken in matters which concern the country alone, but it is perfectly plain that, however much we may talk of the nationality of the several Dominions of Great Britain, in reality they are colonies dependent upon Great Britain, and the highest court for the hearing of judicial cases still remains with its powerful influences upon all commercial transactions. The court, as will be seen by references to it, is fully equal to the hearing of any matter whatever. Lord Halsbury, the former Lord Chancellor, is still alive, at eighty years of age, and is superintending the issue of a great volume of law. Lord Herschell is dead. Lord Watson, Lord MacNaughton, Lord Morris and Lord Davis are also dead, but they were all men of the utmost ability. Lord Watson himself might be singled out as a man who had the fullest grasp of all matters relating to the government and constitution of Great Britain and her various provinces.

The Canadian Bar Association has sometimes at its meetings discussed the question of continuing or dispensing with the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, discussions upon which have been chiefly in regard to the independent character of the Can-

adian Government, although the discussions have been purely and wholly academic.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is undoubtedly a tribunal of the highest possible standing, the highest we may assume of any in the Empire, and so long as Canada and the other Dominions remain as parts of the Empire in any and every sense whatever so long will the Privy Council continue to exercise its functions. It will never be complained that it has lacked the necessary ability to grapple with all matters, and undoubtedly if the question were taken among the leading barristers, and perhaps among the leading Judges, in Canada, their voice would be in favour of continuing the powers and functions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. We shall never be able to look at the matter thoroughly and carefully until Canada has reached a stage in which she can feel the necessity of throwing off the character of colonial relationships and assuming an independent position. That she may do so some time is unquestionable. Possibly at the present time the sentiment of loyalty, especially after the close of the great war, would prevent such a feeling from gaining much ground in Canada, and therefore we may assume that so long as our relationship with the Empire lasts we shall always have the advantages or disadvantages, as you like, of the

Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

I may state that at the last meeting of the Canadian Bar Association particular reference was made to the matter of the Privy Council by Hon. Mr. Raney, the Attorney-General of Ontario. I need not say that I approved of all he said on that subject personally, but it did not command the universal approval of all the audience. The matter of the retention of the Privy Council is to my mind a matter of the continuation of Canada as a part of the British Empire, and it is necessary for us to allow time to pass in order that the true meaning of carrying our suits on to England for a final determination is ultimately determined. No one at present can tell what the future may have in store for us.

This ends my Reminiscences and Recollections for the present, at all events. I could fill many, many pages of *The Canadian Magazine* with anecdote and with pleasant recollections. I have only dealt so far with the chief and leading matters that were engaged in by Canada. It is pleasant to me to employ what leisure time I have to this work. I shall soon be passing away like all the others that have been playing the political game, and when I do these Reminiscences will be something to remember and recall, and in this light only they are offered to the public.



CARLYLE AS PROPHET

BY P. M. MacDONALD



HE term prophet was applied originally to one who spoke the words of God without necessarily implying that he foretold future events. He was regarded as the interpreter of the Divine will, the expounder of the truths darkly joined in the mystic frame of humanity and nature. When we deal with a writer like Carlyle under the name of prophet, it is understood that we attach this meaning chiefly to the term, although, it is to be remembered that time, future time, constitutes an important part of the test of the prophet's message and interpretation of life's elements and events.

Materialism had its prophets and defenders before Carlyle began to write. The able arguments of Bentham, for example, captivated many and made disciples of such men as James Mill. When Carlyle began to assert the existence of a spirit in man and in his own manner and method proceeded to give reasons for his belief, he had a hearty reception from a large number of people in all ranks of society. He at once became the spokesman of inarticulate persons bewildered by what they had seen and heard through weary years of materialism and its effects. Emerson described Carlyle's work as being an honest attempt to "clap wings to the sides of all the solid old lumber of the world."

The clapper-of-wings was, in the beginning of his career, praised as a prophet. His "lawless praise of law"

was applauded by the generous and the youthful and as he exhorted his readers to extol law they took the next step and extolled him as a law-giver. It is true that these generous and youthful admirers of the prophet found it impossible, for the most part, to comprehend exactly the teachings and denunciations of their lawgiver, but in that respect they were in the same position as many older readers since their day.

Strangely enough Carlyle seems to have scorned the idea that anyone should indulge even the suspicion that he was "orthodox", or that he agreed with the common sense of any of the doctrines and questions of his day. He evidently wished to give the impression that he had "stept out into his own secluded walk, there to meditate in independenee", and it was easily known that he was unlike those of his day in his views of things in general. In the matter of sentiment he was a mass of contradictions. Now bland and liberal and expansive and approachable; and then gloomy, despondent, passionate, restless and inconsistent, he created as much talk by his actions as he did by his vocabulary, which, by the way, was of his own particular planting and cultivating.

He wrote much in the prophetic strain and was very fond of capital letters. He strove and cried not a little, and though he advocated silence on the part of others he did a lot of trumpeting and bellowing in the assemblies of the just. What stands as the contribution of Carlyle to the

solution of life's problems? "It is difficult to decide," says Edmund Gosse, "what Carlyle has bequeathed to us, now that the echoes of his sonorous denunciation are at last dying away. Standing between the infinite and the individual, he recognizes no gradations, no massing of the species; he compares the two incomparable objects of his attention and scolds the finite for its lack of infinitude as if for a preventable fault. Unjust to human effort, he barks at mankind like an ill-tempered dog, angry if it is still, yet more angry if it moves. A most unhelpful physician and a prophet with no gospel but vague stir and turbulence of contradiction. We are beginning now to admit a voice and nothing more. Yet at worst what a resonant and imperial clarion of a voice."

It may be that some will think that Carlyle might have taken such a criticism as an appreciation because of the concluding admission that he was a voice. Other prophets—who were not among the least of that class—were proud to be the voice of Truth. But it is hardly likely that he would regard it as praise, for he assumed high rank as a teacher of philosophy both moral and political. He claimed that the social panaceas he offered humanity were the only genuine ones. His great panacea was Hero-Worship. He saw such discord and contradiction in life around him that he looked backward among individual departed prophets, priests, poets and kings for an ideal of human nature, and clamoured with more zeal than wisdom for a popular adoption of what he professed to find there in the past. His constructive aid to willing followers was hardly inspiring.

After reading him the road of duty becomes dim and then loses itself in the tangle of strange words and broken sentences, for, as Taine remarks, he wrote in an "exaggerated and demoniacal style" when giving

out "this marvellous and sickly philosophy, this contorted and prophetic history, these sinister and furious politics." Carlyle concluded his essay on "The Hero as King" with this sentence—"This poor Napoleon, a great implement too soon wasted, till it was useless: our last Great Man."

After picturing the world as ditched and done morally, and every other way, Carlyle has no scheme or suggestion to help us. "What are we to do?" asks a critic. "Mr. Carlyle will not allow us call in the neighbours. That would be too commonplace, too cowardly and too anarchical. No; he would have us sit down beside him in the slough, and shout lustily for Hercules. If that indispensable demigod will not or cannot come we can find a useful and instructive solace during the intervals of shouting in a hearty abuse of human nature which, at the long-last, is always to blame."

Carlyle's power to describe detached scenes was marvellous and the oddities and peculiarities of human character were favourite subjects for his pen and they were handled masterfully. He lacked, however, a keen perception when he studied the temper of his time and tried to gauge the slow changing of opinion in the popular mind. In "Past and Present" he delivered his famous—or infamous—opinion of England: "We have forgotten God;—in the most modern dialect and very truth of the matter, we have taken up the fact of this universe as it is *not*. We have quietly closed our eyes to the eternal substance of things, and opened them only to the shows and shams of things. We quietly believe this Universe to be intrinsically a great unintelligible PERHAPS; extrinsically, clear enough, it is a great, most extensive Cattlefold and Workhouse, with most extensive kitchen-ranges, dining-tables—whereat he is wise who can find a place! All the Truth of this Universe is uncertain; only the

profit and loss of it, the padding and praise of it, are and remain very visible to the practical man." There is much more of this. He shrieks that constitutional monarchy is a failure, representative government is a gabble and that democracy is a birth from the bottomless pit. "There is no hope for mankind except in getting themselves under a good driver who shall not spare the lash."

Carlyle was always looking for outstanding men, leading figures to whom he might do homage. He thought of the mass of the people as a certain brute force in political tangles. The common sense of the majority he scorned. It is indicative of his mind that Frederick the Great and Cromwell were his choices for praise as individuals, and that he saw nothing but evil in the French Revolution. He was on the Watch-tower for Great Men, Heroes. They were the originators and agents of goodness and growth and he sets them up as models, and judges both past and present by them alone. The people generally—well, see what they did in the French Revolution and know them everywhere.

Now it is not true that "universal history is at bottom nothing but the history of great men". The years just past disprove and the doings of to-day disprove Carlyle's views. When the bugles sounded war in 1914, men of all classes and occupations put their games, their work and their money-getting away and with souls aflame against wrong and might went to fight and, if need be, die for truth and right. There were some great men, of course, whose splendid courage served mightily, but these same great men say—and they say it because it is true—that the war was won for right by the privates, the

obscure and unknown boys and men of Christendom, who had been living nameless lives of moral endeavour and gentle worth. These went voluntarily to the place of need and danger and won the war. The driven ones, the compelled-to-go ones were a negligible quantity. Carlyle had judged wrongly when he said the age of chivalry and heroism was past and gone forever. The devotion of the youth of the world to the explained cause of righteousness in this day, sets aside Carlyle's diagnosis of the malady of the social life of the world as being "very wrong indeed".

Moreover, the unparalleled support given to the volunteering men "who went abroad to die", by the gabbling governments and the masses of the people in the thousands of home-bases round the world, shatters Carlyle's hollow views. Democracy was not found to "a birth from the bottomless pit", but rather a divinely gifted company that sought the best for the world by the roads of suffering and self-denial. Kings fasted and abstained from articles of diet that they might be like the common people, and that by the consent of all the great thing might be done that the world needed to have done. Men and women gave their sons, some gave all their sons and others their only son, and then gave their time and their money without stint to serve the cause. They were of the crowd that Carlyle mistakenly called "mostly fools" and whose chief use he said was to make up a brute force to win elections.

It is a matter for thanksgiving that the prophet of calamity has been found out to have been far from the truth and that his despair of society was founded in his own ill body, not in universal fact.



SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE CARLYLE FAMILY

BY JAMES C. HODGINS

IN the year 1887-8 I was engaged as a probationer of the Canadian Presbyterian Church in the mission-field of Clear-springs, about thirty-five miles east of the city of Winnipeg. My charge consisted of about a quarter of a township which had been settled upon principally by retired lumbermen from the Ottawa country. They were a rough-spoken but kindly lot; hard workers, thrifty and hospitable. The majority of them were of Highland descent, MacTavishes and MacCaskells principally, though here and there some old Hudson's Bay man of pronounced Orkney lineage, tired of the arduous life of trapping in the far northern wilds, had settled down for peace and quiet on his half-section. In addition to these there were some lowlanders, and among these James Slater, or "Jamie", as he was affectionately called by his neighbours, was, as he well deserved to be, the most conspicuous. James Slater, as I recall him in memory, was a typical Scottish peasant or "hind"; wide-shouldered, of immense strength, with clear, glancing blue eyes. His ordinary speech was a broad, raucy Doric, and his wit of that dry, subtle order which seems to be peculiar to the Scotch and a certain type of Yankee farmer. Mistress Slater was just such another in appearance as Jean Walsh Carlyle: the same high colour, the same sharp, clear-cut

features, shrewd, penetrating eyes—the type of face, in fact, which Holbein delighted to paint.

Slater was not exactly in my parish; but in those days when everything was on the "rough and ready" order I not infrequently held service for the little band of Scots stranded like a small island among the *métis* and habitants around Point du Chene. It was while on one of these pastoral visits that the old gentleman, then considerably more than eighty, opened his heart to me on the subject of Thomas Carlyle and the Carlyle family. For he had played with Thomas as a child in Ecclefechan, and as he expressed it, knew the Carlyles "root and branch and down to the ground". Strange to say, the personality of Thomas did not appeal to him with quite the same force as that of the father, though he acknowledged his greatness as a literary artist, and was tolerably familiar with his works. Another curious fact was that he considered the father, for whom he had an immense respect, decidedly inferior to his gifted son, the doctor, and well known translator of the works of Dante. I can well remember the old man's eyes kindling when speaking of the latter. "There was a man!" he exclaimed. "Mind you, I'm no denyin' but what Tammas was a great writer, though somewhat of a bletherskite, to my plain way 'o thinkin', but the dochter was one of the best men God Almighty ever made."

Of Carlyle himself Slater had a vivid recollection. He described him as a tall, lean, scrawny creature, much given to argument, an unbending stickler for what he considered his rights, a prodigious walker, uncompanionable and melancholy yet with a fine sense of justice, and a strange victim of sentiment at times. He also mentioned quite frequently his fashion of going off into paroxysms of laughter at the tail of some particularly sarcastic criticism of men and things. I do not remember that he had a single story about Carlyle. His impression of his youthful personality was singularly vivid, so far as it went, but it was easy to see that the two had never really been congenial. The great Thomas drifted away to London, and the humble Scotch hind remained on his patient acres to desert them half a century afterwards for the hardships of the bleak Canadian North-west.

But though scant and dry as regards the great literary artist of his time Jamie was full and abundant when it came to the other members of the family. I shall never forget the inimitable way in which he described the chargin and sorrow of Carlyle's younger brother, who had set up shop in Ecclefechan as a grocer and had come to grief. As the bailiff was busily engaged in removing the goods and chattels into a cart the poor bankrupt took to the middle of the road and shouted at the top of his lungs so that all might hear: "I've brithers wha can talk to dooks and belted knights and I'm no fit to sell saut (salt) to the weavers of Ecclefechan." As who should say, "I'm but a poor ne'er do weel myself, but don't forget that the Carlyle stock is away up above par." From what he told me I gathered that James Carlyle, the elder, was a sort of incarnate conscience in the community. "A dour, just man," he described him, "not much given to words, but a tremendous 'doer of The Word,' ac-

cording to his light." We know from his son's loving testimony that that light was ethically very high and pure. He gave me an instance of the stern, unbending character of this old puritan which is too good to suppress. It would seem that on one occasion a neighbour openly coveted a huge boulder which lay near the dividing line between the respective farms. He wanted it as a weight for his cheese-press, and hinted his wishes publicly, not to Carlyle himself, but to some mutual friends. This was too much for the dour James, and without more ado he hitched up his horses, fitted chains around the monster rock and hauled it quite to the opposite end of his farm. "I'll no be the innocent cause of makin' my neighbour break the commandment 'o God, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods', was his strange justification for the act. On another occasion, the tenant-farmers having been invited by their landlord to partake of a dinner in the village tavern, as was the usual custom on rent-day, a venerable but long-winded elder was invited to say grace. He began with a general supplication, passed out to foreign lands, reviewed history, sacred and profane, current events, local happenings in the parish and, finally, after twenty minutes of a meaty prayer, came to a stop for want of breath. The moment he had got the "Amen" out of his mouth James Carlyle shouted aloud in a voice of thunder, "Man, Jamie, ye've gone and spoiled the brose!"

In those days it was the custom for the Irish peasants to cross over to Scotland and help reap the harvest. James Carlyle, as things went, was a considerable farmer as well as a stonemason. His holding was, I should judge, what would be called a stock-farm. At any rate, every blade of straw was esteemed precious for bedding and manure, and there was sharp rivalry among the neighbours to see who could leave the cleanest

gleaned field when all the grain was off. Poor Ruth, I imagine, would have had a hard time among those thrifty lowland farmers at that time. Among the band of wild Irish labourers who were engaged in reaping James Carlyle's fields, one day, there was a huge fat woman who found great difficulty in stooping down to pick up the windrows of wheat left in the wake of the cradle. Her row after a while became conspicuously "dirty". James Carlyle stood it as long as he was able, but at length, unable to restrain his wrath any longer, he marched up to the poor creature and thundered out: "Ye'r hecht and ye'r fu and ye'r little o' it. Selant the boag ye o'er-grown tinkled baith ye and your buckets." Which being translated is: "You are big and fat and you have little to show for it. Get over the meadow, you over-grown good-for-nothing, both you and your boots."

Carlyle's sly joke in his autobiography anent his wonderful precocity was really not far short of the mark. According to Slater, the future sage of Chelsea was a marvel of erudition even at the early age of seven, and would pass off-hand, vigorous criticism on the great ones of history with the easy certainty of an inspired prophet. Once an old conservative ventured to uphold the character of Charles I. in a little company. To his intense surprise, and the delight of the fierce radicals gathered about in dispute, young Carlyle, then about ten years of age, shouted at the top of his childish treble, "He was juist an ass!" This calls to mind the incident recorded by Sir John Richardson, he of Arctic fame. He had been invited to meet Carlyle at the house of a mutual friend. While the company was being seated in the drawing-room a friend of the host's came in quite breathless with the startling information that the Emperor Napoleon had abdicated. Without uttering a word, or even apologizing to the company,

Carlyle broke out into a loud guffaw of laughter and, seizing his hat, rushed away into the night.

The picture the old farmer drew for me of the Carlyle household was a very entertaining one. "They a' had a gift o' the gab, and were mighty sarcastic," was the way in which he expressed it. It seems that it was the custom of the family to meet in the kitchen of an evening after the day's work was over for a "clack". Those must, in their way, have been rare "noctes ambrosianæ". Old James would open out in his hard, just, moral fashion and proceed to lay bare the weaknesses of the parish, not even excepting those of the minister. Slater vouched for the perfect correctness of the incident, which someone has already recorded, of how James got up in the church-loft and shouted at the top of his lungs to the apologetic parson: "Gie the hirelin' his wages and let him gang to Jerusalem!" A strong man himself he spared no moral weakness in another. Without doubt the habit of moral preaching which Thomas developed to the point of genius in after years was begun here. On the other hand, the picture left on my mind of Mrs. Carlyle was a very tender and witty one. I should judge that she was the more human of the two and not infrequently would she retort on "the gude man" for his hardness, rubbing it in anent his own weaknesses with a "Ye need'na say that about the puir body. Ye ken ye yersel is no a'ways able to control that temper o' yours".

It is easy to give bald facts, but what is by no means so easy is to reproduce the atmosphere created by one who speaks of facts at first-hand. What is completely beyond me is the power to put down the broad lowland dialect in which things were told me. Oftentimes I had to pinch myself to make sure that I was not back in Eeclefechan listening to the very voices of those strangely gifted Dumfriesshire peasants.

CARLYLE AND CANADA

BY HERBERT L. STEWART



It has become the fashion to sneer at the outworn influence of Thomas Carlyle, and to liken him to a comet which blazes for a brief time across the sky, disappearing in due course into that darkness which it emerged. The war gave a great impetus to the revising of literary reputations, and the sage of Chelsea has been a special victim. We now hear much about those tirades against science which once seemed so crushing but which calm scientific advance has long since shown to have been mere sound and fury, about those outbursts against the democratic movement which did not avail either to stop or to discredit its progress, about those violent explosions in book after book,—the products of a dyspeptic but very eloquent old sage—in which the right of the “strong man armed” was urged with a vehemence which, men say, was just the Prussianism we have learned to hate. Criticism has clearly changed its tone since our fathers looked to Carlyle as their oracle. He has been re-examined under the glaring light of that authority which he himself used to name “the Able Editor”. It is safe to predict that much will yet have to be said and controverted before we find the golden mean between the old extreme of reverence and the new extreme of contempt. It may turn out that the more cautious and slowly formed valuation by his own age has not everywhere been improved upon in the

rapid and somewhat excited decisions of our contemporary press.

The present writer has been much struck of late in turning over the pages of “Latter Day Pamphlets” by one side of Carlyle’s message which few seem to remember, but which to us in Canada is of deep and lasting significance. Seventy years ago “colonies”—as they were called—received scant respect in the imperial household. The attitude taken up towards them became perhaps best known to Canadians by its later survival in the writings of Goldwin Smith. It was the current doctrine that these dominions of the Crown had a sort of sentimental charm as recalling the great soldiers and seamen who had acquired them, but that, like the proverbial white elephant, they cost far more than they were worth, that in the end Canada, for instance, was sure to break away, and that whether the change took the form of subjection to the United States or that of setting up an independent government the mother country would gain far more than she would lose.

He would be a bold man who would speak to us from Downing Street in such terms to-day. So long as the tale of Ypres and Vimy Ridge continues to be told, we shall scarcely hear of Canada either as a mere memorial of Wolfe or as a mere dumping ground for British surplus population. But we should not forget that one voice at least in that remote past was raised against the scheming of narrow politicians and the calculation

of avaricious economists. As we hear Carlyle reproached for his lack of political insight and his incapacity for practical statesmanship, we recall one problem whose gravity he with only a very few others was able to discern, and for whose settlement he spoke some of the wisest words that were then heard. To many he seemed to be arguing, as usual, against the "logic of events", and in truth he had little to sustain his courage but a kind of intuitive faith. Yet there is not now a true Canadian whose pulse is not quickened and whose blood is not stirred as he turns back to Carlyle's passages of withering scorn towards those who would have acquiesced in a breach with the British commonwealth across the seas.

The article in which he relieved his mind upon this subject was called "The New Downing Street", and it appeared on April 15, 1850. Carlyle began by noting in his usual contemptuous strain that the colonies were in a bad way, and that those who pinned their faith to parliamentary arrangements were hoping to cure the evil by "new constitutions". For himself, he cherished a doubt whether this would be found anything better than a "Godfrey's-Cordial to stop their whimperings". But what struck him most of all was the openly avowed contentment of British statesmen that Canada should, if she chose, cut loose from British bonds. Every mail was bringing news of singular meetings at such centres as Montreal, meetings in which the expediency of sedition was discussed as if it were a mere difference in party politics, where the chairman would ask all who were for rebelling to hold up their hands, where the representative of the Crown either absented himself altogether or came out to "receive the impact of a few rotten eggs"! Liberty had indeed gone to a great length in that quarter of the Queen's dominions. But no one

in Downing Street seemed to mind if it went farther still.

Why, asks Carlyle, is there such apathetic feeling on this matter? Were not these colonies the outcome of much toil and blood expended by "those we have the honour to be sons of?" Did they not contain limitless possibilities of expansion, incalculable resources yet to be tapped, boundless areas of fertility into which the overcrowded masses of Englishmen might still find their way, and "make at once the Old World and the New World human?" Had not our fathers bequeathed to us this vast heritage, and were we so degenerate children as to be unfit to develop what they had acquired?

The shameful answer to this question, says Carlyle, is that the economists have told us we are losing money on the business. "McCordy" finds that the accounts are bad in the national ledger, and he infers, not that we need better managers to make the concern a success, but that we had best abandon the concern itself, letting it fall into the hands of anyone else who knows how to work it! Like "spirited young gentlemen", whose father's estate is too complicated for them to handle, we have decided to give it all up to the attorneys!

Carlyle's view of Canadian problems seventy years ago will have varying kinds of interest for different Canadian readers who look at it again to-day. There are those who are concerned chiefly to recall the features of value, just as there are others chiefly concerned to emphasize the defects, in a great writer of the past. Among Carlyle's critics there are not a few who corroborate Byron's psychology when he speaks of

that desire which ever sways
Mankind the rather to condemn than
praise.

It is easy to point out aspects in which the old prophet's judgment was

mistaken, and to recognize the sources of his mistake. He distrusted parliamentary government at home, and it is natural that he should have disbelieved in its promise abroad. He thought it of little importance by what machinery a people is managed, so long as the managing is good, and he expected that democracies would go on managing worse and worse. He was writing soon after the anarchic disorders in the Europe of 1848, and he saw in the burning of the Parliament House at Montreal just a symptom of the same turbulence across the Atlantic. Thus, what he prescribed for Canada was reached as a corollary from his doctrine of the state in general. He would send out a "real Governor of Men", one of his heaven-inspired heroes, to hold office for a prolonged period, to treat rebellion with salutary rigour, to call into his councils a legislature elected not by universal suffrage but on a substantial property qualification for voters, and—whatever his detailed policy might be—to preserve as the lodestar of Canadian government a steadfast loyalty to the British household.

We all know, as Liberals knew even then, that such a plan would have defeated the purpose it was meant to serve. We know that the discontent which flamed out in the rebellion of 1837 was stirred by the same imperial arrogance which had lost the American colonies sixty years before, and which was bidding fair to repeat the same disaster again. We know that among the chief roots of the Canadian loyalty in which we now exult is that system of free self-governing institutions which was once branded as the parent of revolt. We know that the enthronement of "the strong man armed" or a scheme of discrimination among voters so as to increase the power of the rich would have provoked a resistance still more formidable in Canada than in England. Carlyle was indeed by no means alone in this sort of judgment

at the time. One may even suspect that there are "imperialists" to-day who in their heart of hearts still believe as he then believed, and who would make the same proposals still, if they dared.

Carlyle's insight was by no means limited to a sentimental enthusiasm for keeping firm the imperial bond, though for this—even if it had stood alone—he would merit our gratitude. But he also foresaw some of the most significant points of detail upon which the statesmanship of the future would have to be concentrated. For example, he diagnosed—with rare skill for one judging from such a distance—that Canada's problem would yet lie largely in her blend of many nationalities, her "fluctuating migratory mass, not destitute of money, but very much so of loyalty, permanency, or civic availability", and he inferred, some would say, with great wisdom, that not all of these should be trusted at once with the elective franchise. His imagination pictured with delight, at least seventeen years before it became a settled policy, the great enterprise of the C.P.R., "the grand Atlantic and Pacific Junction Railway". He touched the very spot of soreness at the moment in insisting that what Canada needed was "enfranchisement from red tape". Carlyle was indeed no friend of what is often called "democracy". But he, too, had words to say, with a very democratic ring about them, respecting the choice of Colonial governors, and perhaps his real service to an ideal, joined as it was with lip or pen derision of what he promoted though under another name, is to be all the more esteemed, even as he in the parable who said, "I will not"—but went—is more commended for obedience than he who said "I go, sir"—but went not. The very title of his paper was, like many of his titles, brilliantly suggestive. He saw that what was needed was not a dissolving of the tie with the mother country, but finding of men with deeper in-

sight into imperial administration, not new status so much as a *New Downing Street*. "Choose well your Governor—not from this or that poor section of the aristocracy, military, naval, or red-tapist; wherever there are born kings of men, you had better seek them out, and breed them to this work. All sections of the British population will be open to you, and, on the whole, you must succeed in finding a man *fit*." And he fiercely sounded the note which then as always the cunning devisers of new political machinery require to hear, that not all our dexterous contriving of checks and balances, but the inspiration of a higher moral spirit and purpose in

international relations is the safeguard of a people's prosperity.

The idealistic prophets are a perpetual object of scornful criticism to the "practical man". Perhaps the points to which I have called attention in Carlyle's message are among the most practical which our experience has since pressed upon us. But beyond all these was the lofty enthusiasm without which even these would be attended to in vain, and which only the seer is able to define or to arouse. Practical folk we have always with us, and little good they often do. Prophets we have not always, and woe unto us when they are wholly lacking.

THE END

Lines written on the passing of Sir Wilfrid Laurier,
February 17th, 1919

By J. W. G.

A N unfamiliar stillness falls,
And gloom o'er mart and street is cast,
While friend greets friend in softened tones,
For lo! the great tribune hath passed.

Still in his chosen task absorbed,
Though long and hard has been the day,
There came to him the resting-time,
And task and care were put away.

And over all his native land,
From east to west from tide to tide,
The people mourn a famous son
Who served them well and, serving, died.

Is it regret for service lost
Hath made the eye grow strangely dim,
Or that rare essence of the soul
They miss, that drew their hearts to him?

The wider loss they do not heed,
Assured that when the tale is told,
And Time and Truth have marked his place,
The scroll will bear his name in gold.

In days to come, when dawn shall sweep
Across the far horizon's rim,
And touch with glowing light the bronze
Men for remembrance built to him;

Then, as the wakened birds shall sing,
 And flowers lift their heads to smile,
 The commoner, for whom he wrought,
 Before that shrine shall pause awhile.

But now these things seem little worth—
 They render him from whom they part,
 Who lived, who loved, who was beloved,
 The richer homage of the heart.

Men meet and say: "Tis best for him
 Thus to be called from strife and fret,
 We would not keep him from his rest";
 But as they speak, their cheeks are wet.

And children, who have lost a friend,
 Come softly there beside his bier
 To leave the tribute of a rose,
 Made sweeter by a falling tear.

The toiler lays his tools away,
 The youth puts by his gown and book,
 And Age forsakes the fireside,
 Once more upon his face to look.

There high and low touch shoulder now;
 There rank is but a withered leaf
 Beneath the branching fellowship
 That strikes its root in common grief.

Yet these, from farm or modest home,
 With sorrow graven on the face
 In deeper lines, have precedence,
 For he was of their ancient race.

Then, borne in solmen state, he leaves
 The Chamber where his spoken word,
 Forged in a fire divinely fed,
 Ofttimes his fellow-men hath stirred.

Times past, the waiting multitudes
 Have marked his progress with acclaim,
 But this vast, silent host reveals
 The crowning lustre of his fame.

The moving silence of the plains,
 When nightfall still the feathered song,
 Holds naught to grip the heart like this—
 The silence of a countless throng.

Thus onward to the Holy Place,
 Where Grief may ever seek release
 From dark despair; where swells aloft
 The Requiem of hope and peace.

"It is the end." His work is done,
 Though fields he tilled are yet to reap.
 He lies at rest where stately trees
 Keep guard about him in his sleep.



CARCASSANNE, ANDE: LA CITE

From the Photograph by Dr. A. D. Chaffee
Exhibited by the
Canadian National Exhibition

OFF CAPE HORN

BY R. J. TEMPLETON



YOU will come with me before the jagged throne of Death upon the utmost south of Rameriz, and there you will, for a while, look through my eyes and think my thoughts as I go about my duty on the full-rigged ship *Kildare*. 'Twill be a boisterous hour or two of grim uncertainty, for there is never certainty in that gray region of the earth, only an everlasting war between the elements of Sea and Air and their old enemy the Sailor—man—the fluctuating tide of battle marked by the countless enslimed hulls and human bones which lie beneath the furious waters there.

And you will meet a lad, a stranger, too, to such environment; a lad of gentle birth, clear-eyed, slim-bodied, not yet grown from his teens; a lad with a trick of holding his head always proudly and telling you his every thought in his eyes; a lad who seemed almost a girl amongst the thick-set, brown-baked crew for'ard.

We lay at Newcastle, Australia, with a cargo of coal for Iquique, Chile, at which port we were to load nitre for Europe.

Jackson—that was the lad—came aboard from the *Black Diamond* launch—one of eight men procured for us by that boarding-house, and the only one of them sober. He carried a leather suitcase and he wore well-cut clothes. The suitcase and the clothes, taken in conjunction with his sobriety, proclaimed unmistakably that he was no sailorman.

He had never roughed it before, and I do not think he had ever done a day's work with his hands. They were awkward hands—awkward aboard ship, I mean—the hands of a gentleman, until the salt sea water had cut great cracks between the fingers, and the rough fibre of the ropes had turned the startling blisters into callous pads and the sails had broken and mis-shaped the nails. When he coiled a rope it was as if he struggled with a snake. Things dropped from him aloft. He was one of those naturally un-nautical men who never could be sailors if they spent their lives at sea.

Still everybody grew to like him, as everybody likes a clean-bred, modest chap; and his watchmates took his trick at the wheel without a grumble.

It would have been strange indeed if we had not liked him, with his naïve enthusiasm, his grace of movement, his impetuosities, his gay laugh like pealing church bells heard after months at sea, his speaking voice with its harmonious range from emphasis to emphasis. If you read a sentimental exaggeration in my words, remember the rough setting in which I knew the boy and you will realize how vividly his qualities would stand out from it, as the beauty of a tropical orchid is emphasized by the surrounding grossness.

Though he lacked all nautical facility he was absolutely interested in the life of the sea. In the dog-watches, he liked to sit and listen to the old hands' tales of other days

and other ships; and he would listen to them with such a charming intentness as must have gone right to their hearts. He was fond of watching sunrises and sunsets. To us they are the most ordinary of occurrences, of doubtful interest as an index to the day ahead; but to him they were opening flowers, and roads to fairyland, and fires dying in the gate at home, and other such extravagances. He liked to imagine—so the bo'sun told me once—that the fish playing about our head were harnessed to the ship, and that Old Father Neptune drove them from somewhere underneath the bows. He even found a charm in the decks after rain. They had the appeal to him, he said, of flowers wet with dew.

But all that was during the passage to Iquique and before we had reached the forties, south, on our way to Falmouth. No more the sunshine and calm waters; only gray turbulence and bitter cold. No more the pleasant dog-watch hours; only unending toil. No more the lively tale and friendly jest; only the sullen silence of bleak latitudes.

Then it was that something about him which had been barely noticeable before became very evident, something which seemed quite foreign to his nature—a weed growing in the fair garden of his soul; a noxious thing with roots too deeply planted for him to dig them out.

He was always afraid. To us the vagaries of wind and sea are as the changing seasons to the businessman ashore; to him they were at all times fraught with direst possibilities. His face grayed as the wind freshened; he trembled at a sudden order to shorten sail; he went aloft with terror lurking in his eyes.

He was no coward, though. Only once in all the time I knew him did he allow his fear to hold him in control. He did, as best he could, what he was ordered. That dread elated at his heart the while but added to his

task the noble duty of self-conquest. I warmed to see him fear yet plunge to do what he was told, with over-acted nonchalance. And it was good to see the flush upon his cheek, the sparkle in his eye, afterwards. Each time I marked his gallant fight against the craven thing that would enchain him, my heart went out to him in that strange love of men that takes no thought of sex.

Why he was so afflicted, I can only guess. Maybe his mother, frightened before his birth, was involuntarily responsible; maybe his fear was something inseparable from his artistic temperament. I get a curious impression as I think of him—that ever about him hovered the ghosts of gallant ancestors, ministering to him in his affliction; that it was they who had impelled him to take that Cape Horn trip, as a sort of spiritual medicine.

His people lived in Montreal, he told me once, and he was taking a ramble about the world before entering McGill. I spoke of my own brief college days, and from that he was led to explain that his father, apprehensive of the narrowing effect of academic culture, had sent him abroad first "to learn that there were a lot of different people and a lot of different countries in the world". He was on his way home. It was a round-about way, he admitted with a laugh, but he wanted to experience Cape Horn before he settled down.

He paid for that experience!

As we reached to the south of the Diego Rameriz the weather improved somewhat, and the Old Man, liking the spot as little as any of the rest of us, shook out all the upper sails except the royals and the flying-jib, to drive her through for every knot she'd make. But the demon of the place was only dozing for a spell! At the turn, just as we began to alter the course northerly, the glass dropped suddenly and great sullen-looking clouds crawled from the horizon and

spread themselves ominously across our clear sky, bringing with them a vicious wind which soon whipped up a nasty following sea. We ran before it for a while, taking in sail gradually; but as it became increasingly evident that we were in for a spell of unusually dirty weather we finally hove-to.

The clouded sky dropped lower and lower upon us, until it seemed to rest upon our trucks like a monstrous blanket pressing to smother us between it and the sea; the wind wailed itself to increasing frenzy; the waves, lashed to fury, sucked their great lips beneath our keel, growing in hunger for their prey with every hour that passed; mountains of water swept us from stem to stern, booming, as they struck our plates, like muffled bells of death; snow and hail cut at us, rapier-like.

But it is impossible to give in words, much less convey to any landsman, a true impression of that worst corner of the sailing world at such a time. I can but ask this feeble pen of mine to try. Memory is numbed so that afterwards details are blurred, as of an ugly nightmare, and a week seems as a day that was long-drawn-out with misery. Some things stand vaguely clear with a persistent prominence: The gray-green hills of curling water that toss the ship about as the rough waters of your coast play with a row-boat; the wind that presses like an unseen giant's hand; the frosty darts that pierce the body through and through and cannot be withdrawn; the half-death which must take the place of sleep; the speech snatched from the lips and torn to wailing fragments. But how the super-human tasks were done is not remembered, or what the thoughts were of. It is as if the body played an automatic part, the spirit hovering off prepared for flight.

There is a huddling together in the more sheltered spots, like fowl drenched under dripping eaves. There

are no longer coats and shirts and trousers; only a sodden pulp of freezing covering. Meals are forgotten, until a piece of uncooked meat and hard ship's biscuits reach the hand from some mysterious source; and now and then a little rum to warm the barely living body and coax the spirit back to it again.

Through it all Jackson carried his fear displayed in his sunken eyes. In other respects he was submerged in the indistinctness of a group of men levelled to the zero point of life. The hardship of that time took toll from all of us, but double toll from him who had much more to give. The spring went from his buoyant step; his body sagged where it had swayed in youthful liteness; there was a deadness to his voice; years leaped upon his shoulders in a week.

I mentioned that there was an occasion on which the lad allowed his fear to control him. It was one night during the ultimate fury of the gale. The other watch had gone below for the first time in a week. My men were with me on the poop, as the main deck was, of course, untenable. They were huddled about the mizzen fiferail and one of them was standing apart by the weather shrouds. I was at the lee wheel, assisting the steersman and watching the ship's action as indicated by the compass.

There came a faintly flapping sound from aloft, which brought my eyes searching up the mizzen-mast to the royal yard where a gasket had worked loose.

I waved my arm as a sign to someone to secure the sail.

Now, there is an understanding aboard ship that when a general order is given it falls to the man then nearest to where the work has to be done. It therefore fell to the man standing apart at the weather shrouds.

Immediately after giving the order I turned to give the man who was

steering a hand in putting the wheel down. Then I glanced forward again.

Nothing had been done. I looked sharply at the man who was hesitating by the weather shrouds, and for the first time I recognized that it was Jackson. Several of the men were shuffling about as if offering to take his place, glancing interrogatingly at me for some sign that I wished one of them to do so. But I hesitated to take such action as I felt confident that the boy would get a grip on himself at any moment and go through with what was his ordinary duty. Indeed, it was necessary, for his own good, that he should do so.

I made an impatient sign to him to hurry up, and he got into the rigging and began to make his way aloft—but with a torturing slowness.

I watched him, astonished. Quick action was necessary. In five minutes, in such a wind as was blowing, the sail would be wrenched completely free, and if it was not soon torn into ribbons the royal-mast must snap under the strain. There was no unusual danger attached to the job at the moment: but it would speedily develop into a downright dangerous undertaking, with the sail blown to leeward and out of control. Whoever went up then would have a race with death—his life depending on his success in cutting the sail from the jack-stay before the sail took him, with the mast, by the board. My duty to the ship almost compelled me to send another man at once. Yet still I hesitated. To do so, I felt, would be to force a moral wound upon the lad which would leave upon his soul a scar no time could heal.

All hands were watching him as he reached the futtock shrouds. He glanced down into the upturned faces of his shipmates, then looked towards me. Surely, I thought, he must now go manfully upon his task.

He hesitated for a moment, made several ineffectual attempts to reach the grab-ratline, then surrendered

abjectly to his fear, clutching the shrouds on either side of him as he stared fearfully aloft.

I motioned to the others, and a man named Murphy jumped into the rigging. He was a good man, and he made his way aloft as rapidly as was possible, but before he could get to the yard the sail had been wrenched completely free of the gaskets and streamed, like a board, to leeward. Like the true sailor he was, he sprang unhesitatingly upon the yard, holding his sheath-knife between his teeth. The wind dragged at the sail in vicious spite, seeing its chance to elaim at least one man from the ship which had successfully defied its worst. The mast bent as though it were a sapling, jumping in its collar with every toss of the ship. Still Murphy hung on, hacking at the sail until, in the hands of the wind, it was torn from its final hold. Cheers of relief rang from the throats of all on deck—a sound unusual off grim Cape Horn.

And Jackson had sent that man into great needless danger!

I tried to dismiss the incident from my mind, but the distaste of it remained with me for the balance of the watch, although, in truth, there was plenty else of serious moment to occupy my thoughts exclusively. The ship was behaving badly, swinging off and on like a pendulum, and every now and then, in consequence, taking the buffetings of the heavy seas too much abeam.

At eight bells I remained on deck for about fifteen minutes to instruct the second mate. Then I started for my cabin.

Jackson was waiting for me at the break of the poop. For a moment I looked into eyes of such dull, beaten misery as I pray God that I shall never have to face again. Then the lad's head drooped forward, as if his soul felt shame of the nakedness it had exposed.

I led him to my room.

"What on earth came over you?" I asked, moved to speak more softly to him than I had intended.

He attempted to answer me, but his feelings overcame him. He leaned his head against the woodwork, and great, long, quivering sobs swept through him. Hardened sailor that I am, I felt the tears fly to my eyes, and a strange motherliness to my heart. I put a hand grown gentle upon his shoulder as words long unfamiliar came to my tongue. And so I soothed him at last.

As he stood there, his face buried in his arm, it seemed to me that such a strength of feeling could not go with cowardice.

"Did you ever read *'The Drums of the Fore and Aft'*?" I asked, presently.

"Yes," he breathed, looking at me quickly.

"You remember how those men fled in utter panic—and how heroically they came back?"

He turned towards me and stood erect. For a while he was silent, looking at me curiously. Then,

"Thank you, sir," he said simply. But there was an understanding flash in his eyes which said lots more than that.

Then I sent him forward to his bunk.

Although I had not slept that week, I sat long afterwards upon my cabin locker smoking and thinking of the lad who had almost forced a woman's entry to my heart. I pictured him in the fore-castle, staring sleeplessly at the deck above his head, going over and over the whole wretched business and flaming in shame at each new thought of it. My heart ached for him in his lonely torture of the mind, and I resolved that some means must be found whereby he could retrieve himself. We had still two months at sea ahead of us. At least I could give him abundant opportunity to do those things he feared to do, and I had no doubt that he would gladly welcome all the chance I gave him.

Outside, the fierce Antarctic winds raged against the ship, flinging great seas across her decks, plucking at masts and stays, battering her sides, whining through her rigging, like devils' souls in torment, as they fought in hellish frenzy to add her, even yet, to the dread gallery of shattered hulls beneath.

I was preparing to get into my berth when there was a sound of some unusual confusion overhead, then a grinding, crashing noise, followed by the second mate's whistle and the shout "All hands on deck!"

I hurried into my clothes again.

When I reached the deck I found that one of the lifeboats had been wrenched from his lashings and was fast dashing itself to pieces in a mad career about the main deck forward of the fore-mast. The starboard watch had collected abaft the fore-mast and about the half-deck, waiting for our assistance to harness it. Two of the men were holding the bights of running-bowlines in their hands with the intention of slipping them round the lifeboat, fore and aft, when they got a chance, while the others made ready to haul the boat, for the time being, snug to the fore-mast rail, to which it could best be secured until such time as we could replace it in its davits.

Meanwhile, my men were emerging, in ones and twos, from their fore-castle. They would watch their opportunity, then charge through the swirling danger-zone to where we stood in comparative safety.

Jackson and Murphy were the last to leave. They waited until a sea, breaking over the ship, caught up the drifting lifeboat and dashed it splintering past them to the starboard rail. Then Murphy, signing to Jackson, made a run for it.

He had hardly started when he slipped on the greasy, sloping deck, and fell, head first, against the bitts. The blow must have stunned him for he made no move to get upon his feet

again, and he began to drift to leeward in the knee-deep frothing swirl which raced across the deck.

Some of the men made a move towards him, but they stopped when they saw Jackson dash after him from the fore-castle door. He grabbed at him, missed, grabbed again and fell. Then a monster gray-back curled in-board and broke upon us, blotting out everything in the churning confusion of prisoned water, and giving each of us all he could do to hang on to something and keep from being swept over-board.

When the decks had cleared somewhat, and we could gasp in air again, my first glance was to see how the two men had fared. I saw Murphy jammed under the lifeboat, which had become momentarily stationary beneath the starboard ladder to the fore-castle-head. Jackson had been separated from him and was now quite close to us. I saw him rising from the lee scuppers by the fore shrouds, against which he must have been flung by the sea, which would otherwise have carried him with it overboard.

The men were looking towards Murphy and glancing back at me for orders. But to attempt a rescue just then would be to hopelessly throw other lives away. The ship's head had fallen off badly, and another sea was at the moment mounting in-board.

Then came some minutes of utter and obscure confusion. Off the wind as she was, the ship shuddered from truck to keelson beneath the tempest's blows more squarely planted. Huge seas made ready to engulf us, tossing

their shaggy heads in gross malevolence. The deck lurched from our feet as the ship fought doggedly for better heading. Gusts of salt water, wind driven, swept over us in horizontal cataracts from rail to rail, blinding us as though we sailed beneath the ocean's surface.

It cleared for some brief seconds, and we had barely time to see Jackson floundering half-buried in the water that surged through the open port close to where Murphy lay when another mountain of water broke over us. Then the ship beat into the wind again and we could go about our work.

We found the lifeboat smashed and the two men crushed beside it.

We laid the bodies side by side in the sail locker. Murphy was dead; Jackson's heart still fluttered feebly.

"How did the lad get there?" asked the second mate.

The men could not answer, as no one had been able to see his movements during those minutes of blinding turmoil. There was no thought that he had gone to Murphy's rescue. They remembered the constant fear that he had not hidden from them.

"'E must 'ave lorst 'is' ead in the mix-up," suggested the bo's'n, voicing the general opinion.

Just then Jackson opened his eyes. He saw me bending over him, and his lips moved in a faint, proud whisper: "The drums—of the—fore—and—aft."

So he died, and only I of all that ship's company could guess how gallantly he had lost his life—how nobly he had retrieved himself.



A BOLT FROM THE BLUE

BY CHARLES DORIAN



AT seven-fifteen in the evening of July 5th an aeroplane made its seventh visit to Barryfield, alighting according to custom in the Fair grounds to the west. The pilot, George Dickerson, tramped the half mile into town and called at the Besson's house to see Florence, as he had done on the six former visits.

Going up the steps he met the minister who was looking especially funereal and the thing he whispered to George at once transformed his smiling features into an expression of horror. The maid, who answered his ring, said:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dickerson, but Miss Besson can't see anybody. Her father—"

Her chin quivered and her lips failed to make the rest of the sentence audible.

"I'm very sorry," said Dickerson contritely. "I'll be at the hotel till Monday. If I can be of any assistance, call me."

"I'm afraid it will be no use to call you," said the maid, looking extremely unhappy. "Miss Florence said to tell you never to come to this house again." At that the girl blubbered hysterically and ran indoors.

Dickerson fled reeling down the street more dizzy than he had ever felt among the clouds. He ran into the coroner, who immediately summoned him to appear at an inquest to be held at nine.

The coroner walked the short distance with him talking in his usual cordial tone.

"Did you happen to drop anything on your way in?" he asked casually.

Dickerson fumbled in his pocket and took out two pieces of sharp steel. They were about four inches long and fluted and about a quarter of an inch in diameter. They had long sharp points and the flutings showed up four prominent edges of razor-like sharpness.

"I had three of these" he mused half-stupidly. "Wonder if I *did* lose one?"

"There was one just like them found buried in Besson's skull out on the Midland road," said the coroner quietly, while closely observing the pallor that came into the face of Dickerson. "You will see for yourself at nine."

He was the first witness called. The coroner asked him:

"When you were approaching Barryfield, coming along the Midland road, did you see any pedestrians?"

"Yes, I saw a man walking slowly eastward just near the first jog in the road."

"Anyone else?"

"Only a horse and buggy also going east, but they were half a mile nearer town."

"No one else?"

"No one else," confirmed Dickerson. "I was flying low and saw no one else on the road. People stood in the doorways of the farmhouses, and

down near the little white farmhouse a hundred yards east of the jog in the road a dog ran out to the road and barked up at me."

"Did you put your hands into your pockets at any time during your flight close to town?"

"Yes—I took out my handkerchief twice."

"The pieces of steel you have in your right hand pocket—" Here the small group of listeners caught their breaths and crowded closer—"were they in the same pocket in which you kept your handkerchief?"

Dickerson produced them. The crowd gasped.

"Yes," he said.

"You had three of these?"

"I had three," Dickerson affirmed.

"Then it is possible that you pulled one out with your handkerchief?"

"Quite possible. I don't see any other way I could have dropped it."

The sheet was removed from the remains of David Besson, revealing a dart identical with those held by Dickerson, jammed two inches into the skull of the deceased.

"My God!" cried Dickerson. "Did I do that?"

"What would be your object in carrying those things?"

"I brought them along to give to Florence. They are souvenirs from France. These were fired from air bombs used by the French."

John Blezard was next called.

"What the boy says is right," he swore. "The girl herself told me about the souvenirs. I bring in vegetables to the Bessons twice a week and the girl used to tell me all about the things done by the flying men in France. It's an awful accident, but—"

"You were driving eastward from Barryfield about seven o'clock?"

"It was after seven. He was just gasping his last when I found him."

"Did you see him fall?"

"No. I couldn't see him at all till I drove around the jog in the road,

down there near the Hermit's bush."

"That will do," said the coroner. "Next witness, Slade Grant."

Slade Grant, better known as the Hermit, lived in a shack in the heart of the Hermit's bush. He grasped his shaggy beard with horny hands and in a creaking voice stated that he knew nothing at all about the case—that it was a mistake dragging him to any inquest.

"But you saw the aeroplane?" reminded the coroner.

"Course I seen it—I ain't blind."

"Did you see anything fall from it?"

A strident laugh greeted this question. "Yes—I seen a spider get off to build a web on top a telegraph pole."

"Answer straight. A piece of steel would have glistened in the sun. Did you see it fall?"

"My eyes ain't *that* good."

"Did you see anybody on the road?"

"Through that bush? I would be a wizard."

"Was there anybody in the bush?"

Another laugh greeted this question.

"Yes—the German army wuz all there layin' for Besson."

"That sort of answer won't do," scolded the coroner.

"Well, don't ask queer questions. Somebody killed Besson and saved somebody else the job. I didn't do it; don't know who did, so what's the use keepin' me here?"

"Sit down," ordered the coroner. "Billy Ferguson; what can you tell us?"

Billy Ferguson was a clean-cut farmer bachelor of twenty-five, who lived with his dog at the white farmhouse beyond the Hermit's.

"I heard my dog bark and I went to the door. I followed the dog's point and saw the aeroplane coming and soon heard the drone of the motor. It suddenly swooped low and the noise

grew louder and louder. When it passed my dog ran down the road after it as he usually does and came back about half an hour later looking sheepish as if he had seen something ugly, or just felt foolish following a wild goose."

"Did you see the pilot pull out a pocket handkerchief or anything fall from the machine?"

"No."

Briefly the coroner summed up the evidence and gave a verdict of accidental death caused by a sharp piece of steel dropping from an aeroplane.

That seemed plausible. David Besson had gone out for a stroll as he had often done before. That he was near the Hermit's bush when Dickerson passed in his 'plane was certain, but that any human agency caused deliberate murder was out of the question. So it seemed. The evidence pointed that way. Yet the general impression that David Besson was murdered would not keep down. Florence Besson herself was not satisfied with the result of the inquest. Dickerson sent her a short note before he left in which he hoped that she would reconsider her decision about his calling; and that he would wait until he was invited. After reading this note she tore it up and burnt it.

One clause in the will was significant. Slade Grant was mentioned for a hundred thousand dollars, "as a reward for saving me from drowning when we were boys. He would never let me help him while I lived and I want him to know that he was not forgotten."

It was town gossip that Slade Grant had saved Besson's life and the retired farmer had put Slade on his feet a couple of times. Then there was a quarrel and Grant refused to accept anymore "alms" as he called it. He lived a recluse's life because he was too lazy to work, except to cultivate enough vegetables to keep him alive.

On the face of it there was room for suspicion. Florence Besson would

inherit half a million. Who would immediately profit? The Hermit was getting a hundred thousand, so he ought to be satisfied. Perhaps he thought he was going to get more! Billy Ferguson was known to be "sweet" on Florence — schooldays courtship and all that—and nobody would ever suspect Billy. Dickerson, then—but pshaw, wasn't the thing as purely an accident as could be? Thus the reasoning, all in a circle.

If it was not an accident, then Dickerson deliberately aimed the dart that killed Besson. That was it in a nutshell. What was Dickerson to gain? He was getting only a living wage as pilot for the Aero Commercial Company and was getting tired of it. He said so to Florence.

He was an expert in aeronautics. What would be easier than to swoop down close to a pedestrian whom he knew was in the habit of taking a stroll about the same time every day along a certain road and so aim his dart, probably shoot it from an air pistol, so that it would penetrate a man's skull through his cap? No one would believe it of Dickerson. He was a nerveless young man of pleasant manner; handsome of face and physique; clear-eyed and clean-skinned.

Florence Besson first saw him during the early months of preparation for overseas, when flying was a strange game in that part of the country. He had a personality so engaging, and was so truly a "crack" airman, that she was at least infatuated if not entirely in love with him.

He took to her affectionately. Such was his nature. He had bought her presents—but no solitaire. Florence was not a beauty; she was comely and girlish, clean-limbed, strong and fair—the sort of girl a good man seeks for a wife. She was reared in the country and obtained the usual city education that girls in good circumstances obtain.

The conviction that her father was not killed by accident grew stronger day by day until at last she swore to secrecy the editor of the local paper and gave him an advertisement to insert:

"If any young man resident of Barryfield or vicinity wishes to take up detective work communicate with 'Detective', box eleven."

This was not the regular Besson box but one engaged for her purpose. She would test the latent detective talent of Barryfield. It so happened, from the deluge of replies, that the woods were full of budding detectives.

The morning when all the letters were handed her and she sat down to make her choice, the maid came to her and said that the nice young farmer that lives in the white cottage was in the hall and would like to see her.

Billy Ferguson, hat in hand, stood respectfully at ease while Florence Besson was making up her mind as to what she could possibly expect from this visit. Billy's dog, Blimp, an amber-eyed collie, lay quietly on the rug in the vestibule, panting healthfully.

"Oh, it's you Billy," she greeted. "I haven't seen you since the day you came home from overseas."

"No," drawled Billy. "Our paths don't cross very often. Wish they did. I aim to make them."

"Why? How? What do you mean?" she stammered, taken aback by his frankness. Yet she might have known that Billy would be blunt.

"There's an ad. in *The Bugle*," he went on, "askin' for a Barryfield hayseed about my size to act as detective."

"Yes, I saw it," she dissembled.

"Well, I didn't answer it," he confided. "Kind o' thought I'd trot right over and ask you for the job."

"Why," she faltered, "what have I to do with it?"

"It's your ad, ain't it? I hung round o'purpose to see who took the

mail out o' box eleven and it was your hired girl."

Florence smiled.

"You show promise," she admitted, "and needless to say, you're engaged. You know what I want. I'm convinced it was not an accident. I want it proved one way or the other for my peace of mind."

"I aim to find the mur—" he began. She interrupted.

"Then, you believe it was no accident?"

"Taint reasonable. Give me a free hand with no one else pryin' into the case and I'll show you. When's Dickerson comin' up?"

"Why, ah—" she evaded, "he's on long distance trips and may not be up for a long time."

"Let me know when he comes," he said, not as a question nor yet as a command.

"I will—but may I ask why?"

"I want to see if he lost this."

He took from his pocket the steel end of a chisel—a very small but very sharp one.

"Why do you ask? He admits losing one of the steel darts but it does not necessarily follow that he was dropping sharp-edged tools all along the route."

"Hope you're right," nodded Billy Ferguson. "But if a man wanted to kill from the air he wouldn't take a chance on but *one* shot."

"Shot!" the girl repeated.

"I'm only supposin'. If a man wanted to kill from the air a shot from a gun would be the surest way—especially from an air gun. But it wasn't done that way."

He moved toward the door and Blimp stood up ready to accompany him. Florence stooped to pat him and he snuggled his nose into her cool palm.

"What a lovely old Blimp," she cooed. "You're right," she said to Billy. "It wasn't done that way."

And man and dog departed—detectives both.

Billy stepped into old Hermit Grant's hovel to have a chat. He followed the narrow path through the pine grove to the two-roomed shack the old man pleased to call home. He greeted Billy with good-natured brusqueness, which was the nearest he ever came to being pleasant. He was as unkempt in person as his home was untidy. His hair and beard were graying and greasy, his face caked and seamed.

"What's the news?" he asked.

"Oh, railroad man's strike," yawned Billy.

The old man nodded while he sucked enjoyably at his cob pipe.

"Sign o' the times," he said. "The worm is turning under the heel o' capitalism. It won't be so easy one o' these fine days for one man to make thousands while another makes a dollar. Mark that!"

"You're right enough," agreed Billy. "But what about them that inherit small fortunes? You can't blame them for being rich?"

"Can't I though?" the old man flared. "Don't be so sure, Billy, me boy. No man has a right to inherit what he doesn't work for."

"That's fine talk for a man that's just inherited a hundred thousand," observed Billy, quietly.

"Willin' and takin' are different. What'd I do with it? I git all I want out o' life. I don't need money to spend because there's nothin' worth spendin' it on. Only thing I regret is he didn't leave it all to me."

Billy laughed. "That sounds queer," he said.

"Ain't 's queer's it sounds, though. He couldn't give back to them that helped him make it, but if he'd given it all to me he'd 've reached most of them. I know every family that was ever dependent on Besson and there ain't one o' them doin' at all well. I've a list o' them."

He showed Billy a large sheet of Brown paper on which were scribbled many names.

"Some o' them is widows, some o' them is orphans, and to each and every one o' them old Slade Grant is givin' a thousand dollars. What's left o' the hundred thousand goes to the hospital."

"Won't you keep some of it?" asked Billy, amazed at this declaration of philanthropy.

"Not a red cent. I don't need it. I can mortgage this piece o' ground t'pay funeral expenses. I'm independent o' Besson's money."

"Your tastes are simple," said Billy. "Now, take me—I'd like a lot of things I can't get now, such as an automobile, fine house, books to read, pictures, nice garden, and—and—a wife."

"Vaugh!" grunted Grant. "You could do without 'em all. Will power! Better for you doin' without things. When you go on wantin' things there's no limit. Never satisfied. The more money you get the more you take from them that need it. What this old world needs is a limit for all instead of just for nine-tenths. Make the best o' what you have—that's the idea."

"Takes brains or somethin' to make your dollar's worth look like two dollars' worth, but I guess there's people doin' it every day."

"It's genius," said the old man, "that's why the rich don't often amount to much except for show."

"Well, I must be goin'. Pipe's out. How's yours?"

"Out, too," said Slade Grant.

"Let's fill up again," and Billy packed Grant's pipe full; then filled his own. This was a regular performance at the end of Billy's visits to the old man.

"What d'ye make of him, Blimp?" he inquired of his dog as they walked along the road. "Queer ideas, ch?"

Blimp wagged his tail.

"Slade Grant didn't do it," Billy registered in his mind, "and George Dickerson didn't do it. Now, I wonder who did?"

Nothing disturbed Billy's bachelor life for four days after his chat with the old hermit. Then something he read in the city paper gave him a start. He immediately telephoned to Florence.

"Have you heard from Mr. Dickerson yet?" he asked.

"No—o," she replied. "I—really, Billy, I'm not expecting him to come up again. We—we quarreled."

"Did you read about him in the paper?"

"Why, no—is—he—hurt?"

"I'll bring the paper over," offered Billy and rang off. Which was more like a husband than a lover. He regretted his abruptness when he and Blimp arrived at the Besson home forty minutes later.

"Miss Besson was taken suddenly ill while telephoning," the maid told him. "The doctor sent her to the hospital at once."

"I'm blamed sorry," said Billy. "Is it her heart?"

"It was a shock of some sort, the doctor said."

Billy obtained an armful of flowers and charged head on for the hospital.

"Give her the flowers," he begged of the matron, "and ask her if she will see Billy Ferguson for a minute."

"The doctor says she's to see no one," declared the woman.

Billy was visibly crestfallen while the matron smiled the conventional "good-day" smile.

"You see," stammered Billy. "It was something I said that gave her the shock."

The matron opened her eyes wide.

"Dear me," she said. "Then, you'll make her worse if she sees you."

"I want to say it again backwards," he explained.

"I'll tell her," the matron smiled, "and let you know what she says."

Billy and Blimp waited in the reception room.

"What's the matter, Blimp?" asked Billy, noting in his dog's eyes the same "sheepish" expression he saw

on the night of the aeroplane incident.

Blimp stood up and walked around Billy's chair, then to the door, while the hair on his neck bristled. He slunk behind Billy's chair when the matron came back.

"She will see you," she smiled.

Billy jumped to his feet and hurried along the hall, Blimp at his heels.

"The dog," reminded the matron, "cannot go up. They're not allowed in the building in fact."

"Blimp—wait in the hall!" ordered Billy.

Blimp gave his master a pained look and retreated to the hall.

Billy blurted out the moment he saw Florence:

"I'm sorry I didn't explain—but I felt so glad about Dickerson I couldn't wait."

"Then he wasn't hurt?" she asked.

"No—just engaged." He showed her the announcement of the engagement in New York of Mr. George Dickerson to Miss Violet Osprey.

"The girl he met in France," she murmured. "I expected it."

"Feel better?" he asked.

"I'm perfectly all right," she assured him. "The doctor needn't have rushed me here for a fainting spell."

"Florence," he whispered, blushing like a schoolboy. "Does it sort o' make your mind easier?"

"Well, yes it does," she confessed, laughing.

"Mine, too," he sighed.

Blimp stopped further dialogue by a sudden rush into the room, licking Billy's hands with frenzied affection. For good measure he leaped upon the bed and licked Florence on the chin. The matron was at the doorway, stormily indignant, while Blimp backed out, followed by Billy. Then his whole manner changed; his hair bristled all over and he growled threateningly.

"He did that coming up. Really, we can't be too careful about letting dogs in. I wish—"

Here Blimp looked up at a door knob and snarled.

"Who's in there?" asked Billy.

"A blood-poisoning case, convalescent. It is Ted Granger who used to keep the Grange Hotel before prohibition. By the way, he was bitten by a dog. I'm really afraid of that animal."

"Maybe my dog did it," observed Billy. "If he did—" Billy indicated by his expression that even his love for his dog would not stand in the way of justice. "I'd like to ask Granger about it. May I go in?"

"Just for a moment," she conceded.

When Billy opened the door Blimp was through like a shot and stood bristling between Billy and the bed.

Ted Granger, ashy white, gasped at the intrusion. Billy stroked Blimp and commanded him to stand by the door. Blimp obeyed and watched proceedings warily.

"Did my dog bite you?" asked Billy.

"That's the dog," said Granger.

"When?"

"About a month ago."

"Can't you remember the date?"

"No," growled Ted stubbornly.

"Is this yours?" asked Billy, flashing the chisel blade in front of Granger.

"My God!" blurted the man, squirming.

"That's enough for now," said Billy. "Come Blimp."

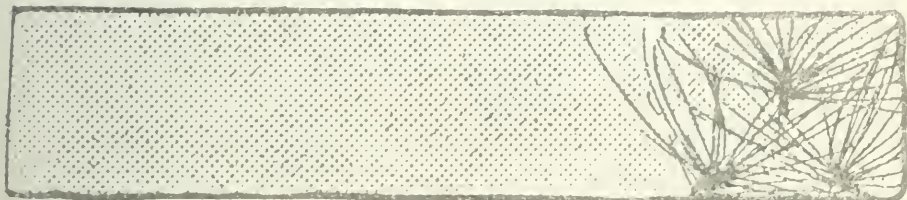
The matron was much relieved when the pair left the hospital.

"Ted Granger's the man," he told

Florence that evening. "I've doped it out like this: He kicked my dog and Blimp bit him. I've been trailin' Blimp around for the signs he showed at the hospital. I knew some one treated him rough that night last month. Granger no doubt intended to use this chisel. I found it on the road near Slade Grant's bush. When the dart dropped on the road from the aeroplane Granger got an inspiration, threw away the chisel and stuck the dart in the chisel handle. My dog was chasin' the 'plane and would make for Granger—that's when he kicked him. When the deed was done he probably buried or did away with the chisel handle someway. Looks as if he'd planned to put the crime on Slade Grant: that's why he picked the spot near Grant's place—he could jump out from behind a tree before anyone'd know. Kind o' suspected Granger after I talked with the hermit. He showed me a paper with a lot of names on it and Granger headed the list."

Granger later confessed that he was trapped:

"Grant and me was friends and we talked about squarin' up wealth and sech like. He know'd Besson was goin' to leave him somethin' but he allus said he'd give it to them as needed it. Heavens know'd I needed it—me that allus had lots. I thought first I'd make it look so's Grant done it but w'en the aeroplane started shooting down on the road I saw's quick as a flash that it could be all done accident-like."



CANADA'S RED ARMY

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS

Hon. Secretary of the Historical Society of Alberta



TODAY, to use the expressive figure of General Smuts, "the world's caravan is on the march". In Central Europe, in Ireland and in India, on the banks of the distant Euphrates, and in the valley of the Nile, mighty movements are stirring and one knows not what the next hour may bring forth. In comparison with these troubled areas Canada slumbers between her two oceans like the fabled land of the Lotos Eaters where it "seemed always afternoon". Yet even here there is "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees", and indications are not wanting that a race that has slept for centuries is now awakening to life. Indeed, to those who take time to scan the horizon for "signs of the times" no single movement is more highly significant than that now on foot for the federation of the Indian tribes of Canada.

This is one of the results of the War. The Indian feels that he has done a man's work, and he will never again be content to stand aside, uttering no word in matters that directly concern him. The spirit of unrest has taken hold of him and is expressing itself in various forms of race consciousness. Tribes far removed from each other, unknown to each other and hitherto uninterested in each other, are now corresponding and exchanging opinions. The more civilized Indians of Ontario are imparting

their broader outlook and keener desire for progress to their brethren in the West. An Indian League has been formed which most of the eastern reserves and many in British Columbia have already joined. The reserves of the Prairie Provinces are joining, and soon this federation of Red Men will be represented by every province in the Dominion.

A provincial constitution has been drawn up, and its general tone is wise and temperate. Its keynote is earnest co-operation with the federal Government and loyalty to the persons of King George and the Royal Family. Its aims include the following: Educational facilities more appropriate to Indian needs; enlightenment on matters of health; the perpetuation of the memory of those who died in the War, and proper provision for their dependents; mutual help and encouragement relating to the improvement of Indians in all walks of life. The constitution also calls for representative meetings of Indians to be held from time to time for the purpose of discussing ways and means whereby they may raise themselves above their present position, and the hope is expressed that Parliament will depute a committee to meet these representatives whenever any legislation affecting the Indian is being considered.

Keeping the foregoing facts in mind, we are quite prepared to hear that the Dominion Government is proposing to extend the franchise to

the Indians of Canada. In fact, since the ending of the War more than two hundred Indians, with their families, have passed out of wardship and are now Canadian citizens in every sense of the word. That our Indians deserve full citizenship can be doubted by no one who recalls the splendid part they played in the greatest struggle of all time. Out of a total Indian population of less than 106,000 men, women and children, more than 4,000 enlisted for active service with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, while there were probably many cases of Indian enlistment that were not reported. These figures represent approximately thirty-five per cent. of the Indian male population of military age then resident in the Dominion of Canada.

This record appears the more remarkable when we remember that their services were purely voluntary. The Indians of Canada were specially exempted from the operation of the Military Service Act, and there was no possible way of compelling them to enlist. It should be further borne in mind that a large proportion of the Indian population are located in remote and often inaccessible regions. Many, indeed, are so little acquainted with the English language that they could not possibly understand the cause and character of this world-wide struggle. As an instance of this, one of the head men of a northern reserve sent to the nearest missionary to inquire whether it was true that fighting was taking place just east of Battleford.

It may indeed be doubted whether, among all the peoples who went to the war, there were any who took up arms from a higher or more disinterested motive than these sons of the ancient possessors of our soil. Never before had the call come to them to lay down their lives, if need be, in a land beyond the seas. Yet they went, and right well did they acquit themselves. To quote from the

report of the Minister of the Interior: "Their officers have commended them most highly for their courage, intelligence, efficiency, stamina and discipline. In daring and intrepidity they were second to none, and their performance is a ringing rebuttal to the familiar assertion that the Red Man has deteriorated in spirit." As an inevitable result of their splendid enlistment record and the prominent part given them in the fighting line their casualties were very heavy, and to-day in common with their fellow countrymen of the white race, the Indians mourn the loss of their most promising young men.

But it was not only the younger and more adventurous braves who heard their country's call. One small band of eight men sent seven to the front, the one left behind having attained the ripe age of seventy-five. The File Hills Reserve in Saskatchewan sent twenty-four of its thirty-eight men. The Cote band of old Fort Pelly sent twenty-two out of a total male population of forty-three. The Algonquins of Golden Lake sent twenty-nine men to the front, leaving only three men on their reserve. The total number of adult male Indians in Prince Edward Island was sixty-four, of whom thirty or practically every eligible man enlisted. Perhaps the most striking instance of all is that of John Campbell who, when the war broke out, was living on the Arctic Coast. This full-blooded Indian travelled three thousand miles by trail, canoe and river steamer before he ultimately donned khaki in Vancouver.

One of the most interesting battalions to go from Western Canada was the 107th, commanded by the late Lieut.-Col. Glen Campbell, formerly chief inspector of Indian Agencies. Its muster roll contained the names of more than five hundred Indians, three of whom, Tom Longboat, Joe Keeper and John Mackaway, were

noted athletes. The Crees, Salteaux and Sioux of the West were drilled alongside the Micmacs of the Maritime Provinces, and both eastern and western Indians rubbed shoulders with the Mohawks, Onodagas, Tuscaroras, Delawares and Chippewas of Ontario. In fact, one might almost say that the new Indian Federation was conceived on the drill-grounds of old England and born on the bloody battle-fields of France.

At the front there were no better fighting men than the Canadian Indians. It was as marksmen that they specially distinguished themselves, and it is claimed that they did a great deal towards demoralizing the enemy system of sniping. They displayed all their old-time patience and self-control when engaged in this arduous work, recording each hit by a notch on their rifles. Corporal Peghamagabow won the military medal and two bars for his achievements in this species of warfare, and the official record states that he killed 378 of the enemy by sniping. Private Philip McDonald of the famous "Little Black Devils" regiment of Winnipeg killed forty of the enemy by sniping before he himself was shot. Lance-Corporal Norwest, an Alberta Indian, was officially credited with 115 observed hits. Private Ballantyne of Battleford killed fifty-eight of the enemy before he was returned to Canada with an injured knee.

But the Indian was more than a mere marksman; he proved himself to be an all-round soldier, and many acts of splendid heroism and self-sacrifice are recorded. John Pandash, besides saving life under heavy fire, procured information at Hill 70 that averted a serious reverse. During the heavy fighting around Cambrai Dave Kesik, the tallest man in the 52nd Battalion, untrapped a machine gun from his shoulder and ran along the top of the enemy trench, doing such deadly execution that he succeeded in taking thirty prisoners single-handed. Dur-

ing a heavy gas attack Sergeant Clear Sky of the 11th Battalion noticed out in "no man's land" a wounded man whose mask had been rendered useless. Clear Sky crawled out to him through the poisonous fumes, removed his own mask, and adjusted it to the head of the wounded man, whose life was thereby saved.

The foregoing are but a few of many instances that go far to support the strong statement made by the Minister of the Interior, that in daring and intrepidity Canada's red soldiers were second to none. They have nobly upheld the loyal tradition of their gallant forefathers who rendered invaluable service to the British cause in 1775 and 1812, and they have added thereto a heritage of deathless honour, which will be for all time an example and an inspiration to their descendants.

If, then, the Indian desires the full privileges of Canadian citizenship, shall we not grant him what he asks? We have long regarded him as a child, but it was no child's part he played in the War. The formation of a National Indian League is one way in which the Red Man has expressed his new-found manhood, and few there be who will not applaud the sentiments expressed in the words of one of its founders: "Not in vain did our young men die in a strange land; not in vain are our Indian bones mingled with the soil of a foreign land for the first time since the world began; not in vain did the Indian fathers and mothers see their sons march away to face what to them were unknown dangers. The unseen tears of Indian mothers in many isolated Indian reserves have watered the seeds from which may spring those desires and efforts and aspirations which will enable us to reach the stage when we will take our place side by side with the white people, doing our share of productive work and gladly shouldering the responsibility of citizens in this, our country."



OUT TO THEIR MIDNIGHT TOIL

From the Etching by C. S. Spackman

Exhibited by the

Canadian National Exhibition

LUIGI MARIOTTI

BY F. W. VROOM



THE ideals of higher education in Nova Scotia in early days were naturally those which were in vogue in the Old Country, and it was inevitable that the university system of the Province should have been modelled on Oxford, Cambridge and Dublin. A man of liberal education was one who was well versed in classical literature; who could freely quote from the Greek and Latin poets, and whose mind was disciplined in mathematics. Logic and mental and moral philosophy were sometimes regarded as a part of the humanities and the text books on these subjects were in Latin. Technical subjects like theology, medicine and law were the superstructure built upon this foundation, and the study of modern languages, such as French, German, Spanish or Italian, or even of English literature, men might take up or leave alone according to their tastes or the circumstances in which they were placed.

It was perhaps the Napoleonic wars as much as anything else that led men to think that undergraduates at Colleges ought to have the opportunity of gaining some knowledge of French and German; but it was not until the later days of Bishop John Inglis, to whose wisdom and energy King's College, our oldest university, owes so much, that such opportunity for students was afforded; and the first person to undertake the work in Nova Scotia was a young man of unusual interest who came out from England for that purpose in 1842 under the name of *Luigi Mariotti*.

His real name was Antonio Carlo Napoleone Gallenga. He was born at Parma on the 4th day of November, 1810, and graduated from the University of Parma at the age of eighteen.

Italy was then in a very unsettled condition. The disposition of its several states by the Congress of Vienna was anything but satisfactory. Austria held Lombardy and Venetia, and the rest of the country was divided up into little states, each under an autocratic ruler. There was a spirit of insurrection in the air, and it is no wonder that young Gallenga was thrilled by it. The French Revolution of 1830, which placed Louis Philippe on the throne caused a ferment in Italy, and Gallenga was stirred by the impulse to throw himself into the struggle. For a few months at the beginning of 1831, we are told, he was "a conspirator, a state prisoner, a combatant, a fugitive; and for the five ensuing years an exile", wandering in France, in Spain and Africa.

It was apparently from his unwillingness to bring any injury upon his family that he changed his name to *Luigi Mariotti*, and under this name he went to Turin in August, 1833, furnished with a passport, money and letters by Mazzini and commissioned by him to assassinate Charles Albert, King of Piedmont. The whole story of this struggle is told in a most interesting way in Thayer's "Life of Cavour". For two months Mariotti stayed in Turin, waiting for an opportunity to strike the blow which he rashly thought would be heroic,

but which he afterward learnt to exonerate as a crime.

After this he lived at Corsica for two years, and then for a time at Malta, and at Tangier, where he was employed as a private tutor. In August, 1836, he wearied of this work and sailed for New York, resolved to try his fortunes in the new world. He was in hopes of obtaining a position at Harvard; but Harvard was a comparatively small and struggling university at that time, and although he formed rather close friendships with Edward Everett and others of influence, the best he could do was to accept a temporary mastership in modern languages at a ladies' school, supplementing this by private tuition and a little literary work.

During the three years which he spent at Cambridge he met most of the well-known literary men of the time, including Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Longfellow he found particularly charming. He was then, he says, "about 30 years old, beautiful as the god of the day, with golden hair which he wore down to his shoulders, clear blue eyes, a fair healthy complexion and well-cut features. He was somewhat undersized, but there was both ease and dignity in all his movements, and the expression of his face was that of a cheerful, benevolent disposition".

An experience of three years convinced him that he was not fitted for American life. Private teaching was drudgery to him, and he could not bring himself to what he called "the theatrical exhibition of public lecturing"; and on May 1, 1839, he embarked again for England, and reached Portsmouth after a voyage of thirty-two days, where he delighted to lunch once more on "English mutton-chops and English stout".

The next year he visited Italy, but decided that he was not safe there, and returned to London, where he was employed in writing articles on Italian subjects for English reviews.

Here he made the acquaintance of Disraeli, Sir Edward Lytton-Bulwer, Tom Hood, George Lewes, Leigh Hunt, Thackeray and Carlyle. The latter he described as "the grisly philosopher, seated in a low arm-chair near the fire, with his feet half up the chimney-piece, Yankee fashion, with half-closed eyes, and a meerschaum between his teeth, holding forth in his own drawling Scotch sing-song, and so much in the phraseology with which I had become familiar in his writings . . . that I often turned to him wondering whether he was merely talking, or reading, or reciting".

He published a book on Italy in 1841 which met with no success, and was much disheartened, when Sir Edward Lytton-Bulwer offered to make him his private secretary until something better should turn up. While he was considering this offer, and there seemed to be no alternative but to accept it, a letter came to him bearing the Boston post-mark, and signed "J. Nova Scotia", offering him a position at King's College, Windsor. The Bishop, while in Boston on diocesan business, had picked up a copy of Mariotti's book, "Italy Past and Present", and had been greatly struck with it, and on making inquiries concerning its author it occurred to him that perhaps he might think favourably of an invitation to come to Windsor.

The Bishop in his letter said that they were desirous of enlarging the plan and extending the efficiency of King's College, and among other improvements they proposed to establish a professorship of modern languages, history and literature. He referred Mariotti to the Rev. Ernest Hawkins, secretary of the S. P. G., who informed him that the salary would be £100 sterling, besides students' fees, with the opportunity to earn what he could outside for six months in the year as private instructor, or in any other capacity, both in Windsor and Halifax. The offer, coming at such a time, seemed too

good to be rejected, as it furnished a fixed income, although it was small, and in less than a day he had accepted it, and took the first steamer, the *Britannia* of the Cunard Line, in January, 1842, from Liverpool to Halifax, where he arrived safely after a most unpleasant voyage of sixteen days. The sharer of his cabin was a Mr. Shannon—doubtless S. L. Shannon, barrister, a graduate of King's College — whom he describes as “a well-educated man, and very popular in the town”.

The Bishop was surprised to see him, as he came by the same steamer which brought the news of his acceptance of the position; but he welcomed him heartily and took him in his carriage to visit the Governor, Lord Falkland, and asked him to dine the same evening. He describes Bishop Inglis as “a dapper little man with a lively face, on which the sense of what was due to his prelatie dignity was perpetually struggling to check the impulses of his bustling activity”. “The Bishop's wife,” he says, “and her four thin and not very young daughters had stateliness enough for the whole Episcopal Bench in the Lords”.

His drive to Windsor by sleigh, on a foggy day, over a rough road, did not impress him favourably; but at last he was landed at the principal hotel in Windsor, and with the assistance of black porters his luggage was taken to the College. His recollections of Windsor and the College are not very flattering: “Windsor was something between a town and a village on the estuary of a little river at the head of the Bay of Fundy, on the north-west of Halifax, from which it was divided by the whole width of the Acadian Peninsula, here only forty miles across. The little town was surrounded by low hills, on the summit of one of which, about half-a-mile outside the town, stood the College, while another hill facing the College, was then the residence of Judge Haliburton, the humorous creator of

‘Sam Slick’. The College—King's College and University of Nova Scotia’—consisted of one building, divided into five large and lofty wooden barns called ‘Bays’, in one of which resided the president, Dr. McCawley, with his wife and an only child, a daughter, ten years old. In the bay next to that the ground-floor was reserved for the Professor of Modern Literature. On the floor above it lived Mr. Stevenson, a raw Scotchman, the vice-president and bursar of the College. The students at the time, eighteen in number, were quartered in two of the other bays. The fifth contained the dining-hall and the apartments of Mr. Mahon, the Steward. The President,” he says, “besides theology taught Latin and Greek, and the Bursar . . . had charge of mathematics and the humanities”.

The new professor found his position almost a sinecure, because his lectures were not a necessary part of the curriculum. “The poor students were already crammed more than to their hearts’ content with studies about which they would have to undergo an examination, and they were not likely to volunteer to add to the classical lessons a task about the fulfilment of which no one could call them to account.” The classes soon dwindled away, and the professor was left with only two or three pupils.

What was he to do to pass the time? He bought a horse, hired a black groom, and went riding with Dr. and Mrs. McCawley, and sometimes with Judge Haliburton or some of his daughters. Then Windsor had balls and concerts, where, besides the Haliburtons he met the Murphys, Uniackes, Heads and others. In the summer he formed a class in Halifax, where the time passed pleasantly with boating-parties, picnics, balls, etc., but he notes with respect to all the Halifax beauties and indeed to his pupils generally that he was heart-whole. “But,” he adds, “there was in Windsor someone who would be sure

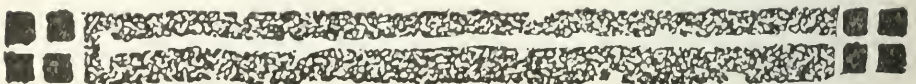
to be seen at morning service at the College chapel"—meaning the old Parish Church where the students attended on Sunday mornings—"and in order to see that one, and with hardly a hope or wish to be seen, every Saturday evening, my duties being over for the day, I had my horse brought to the hotel door, and sallied out at dusk, riding all night, moonlight or starlight, fair weather or foul; riding the whole forty miles' distance to Windsor, barely stopping for two hours to bait at the half-way house, and only arriving at King's College at break of day. At College I breakfasted with McCawley and his wife, went with them to the College chapel, where the Doctor preached, and Mr. King of the Academy read prayers; dined with the latter and his wife; and when all good people went to evening service, I shook hands at the church door with all of them and left them, who said nothing, but doubtless wondered and thought me crazy, as they saw me mount my horse and ride away into the night. I rode back the way I came, and arrived at Halifax in time for my earliest classes on Monday morning."

He returned in the autumn to what he calls "another term of ignoble idleness" at the College, and at Christmas he begged the Bishop to permit him to go back to England. The Bishop granted his request on two conditions; first that he should wait till Easter to go, and then that he should find someone else to take his place. His successor was his friend Signor Montovani, a Milanese, of whom he writes, "he was a wiser man than I was, and had the success he deserved". Montovani married Miss Murphy, of Windsor, and built a house about five minutes' walk from the College.

Mariotti left for England on the Cunard steamer *Acadia*, and most of the leading gentlemen of Halifax and some of the ladies came on board to bid him good-bye. There is probably no one now living who remembers him in his Windsor days. His friendship with Dr. McCawley lasted for many years. The last of those who were students of King's College in his time was the late Col. C. J. Stewart of Halifax. It is said that he was a handsome man, with the bearing of a soldier, but rather shy in manner, and short-sighted; but he seems to have been a man of attractive personality.

His subsequent life may be touched upon briefly. He lived in London from 1843 to 1848. He became a British subject in 1846, and in 1847 he married an English lady and resumed his own name, Gallenga. In 1848-49 he filled the position of *Chargé d'Affairs* for Piedmont at Frankfort, and for the next few years he travelled backwards and forwards between Italy and England in the interests of his country. For a time he was Professor of Italian in University College, London, and in 1854 (through the influence of Cavour) he was elected deputy of the Piedmontese Parliament, and retained his seat till 1864, passing most of his summers in England.

During the Austro-French war of 1859 he was war correspondent of *The Times*, thus beginning a connection with that paper which continued until 1883. He was correspondent in the United States in 1863 during the Civil War, and subsequently in Spain, Cuba and Constantinople. He was a forcible and picturesque writer, and his published works number about twenty volumes. He died at his home, The Falls, Llandogo, December 17th, 1895.



THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

BY A. WYLIE MAHON



ANY endearing names were given to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe by those who knew her best, but there was none which expressed more truly than "The Queen of Hearts" the unquestioned sway which she exercised, not only over the brilliant coterie of world-famed Boston celebrities, but also over all classes and conditions of men and women who came under the witchery of her charming personality.

One of the laughable regrets of Mrs. Howe's life was that she arrived in this world three days too late or Queen Victoria and she, who were so much alike in personal appearance, might have opened their eyes upon this dear old world on the same day, and opened their mouths in concert to express in an unconventional way their joy at being alive and at being girl-babies. Some poor male body has said that girls as a general thing are sorry that they are not boys. This was not true of Victoria the Good or of this American girl, whose winsome personality and untiring labours of love won for her a kingdom where she queened it over loyal, loving hearts.

Julia Ward was a beautiful child, but like Anne of Green Gables she had red hair, which was a great grief to her mother, who tried by the use of washes and leaden combs to change the colour, but she was no more successful in her efforts than the immortal Anne of Miss Montgomery's delightful story.

The time came when her red hair was no longer looked upon as a social handicap. She was a beautiful girl who by her keen wit and sweet graciousness of manner won every heart. Men, young and old, fell in love with her at first sight. James De Mille, the most versatile genius of Canadian literature, in his amusing story, "The American Baron", tells of a girl who was travelling in Europe who could not go anywhere without meeting with an accident from which she was always rescued by a man who hastened to propose to her. The girl came at length to fear the face of man. She longed to get to Rome where she thought most of the men were priests, and then she knew that if rescued from death by one of them he would not propose. Julia Ward had good reason to wish that all men were celibates, although some of her friends felt that she rather enjoyed her fate.

Sometimes there was a serio-comic turn to the love-making. One day an old bachelor sea-captain, who was on friendly terms with the family, asked Julia, who was then eighteen, to walk with him in the garden where the roses and the gooseberries grew. Drawing a visiting card from his pocket on which he had written these words, "My heart is yours", he presented it to her. She felt that he had lived so long with his heart, which had no doubt done him many a good turn, that it was unkind of him to give it away under the influence of the roses and gooseberries.

In due time this charming girl met her fate, or as she put it, her fortune, in the person of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, who first taught language to the blind deaf mute Laura Bridgman. Her marriage with Dr. Howe proved a singularly happy one, which resulted in an ideal home with children aplenty to keep the mother's heart young.

In one of her jocular moods Mrs. Howe said that she felt that she was an incarnation of one of the goody-goody stories where the heroine marries and lives happily ever after. She had no sympathy with the splenetic critics who maintain that authors should substitute death for marriage and end their stories with the formula that the couple *died* and lived happily ever after.

In one of Mrs. Howe's poems there is a beautiful picture of herself one rainy afternoon, taking exercise by walking up and down the street past the window where her children were watching in merry eagerness to catch a glimpse of their mother, and the mother was watching with equal delight to catch a glimpse of her babies. Her untiring efforts to advance the interests of every good cause never weaned her heart from home, and never made her less of a wife and mother.

Mrs. Howe had an aunt who had for a husband a brilliant but most eccentric man. When a member of the family asked her how she put up with his queer ways she replied, "My dear, I shipped as captain's mate for the volage". Mrs. Howe thought at the time that this was a good conception of the relationship subsisting between husband and wife; but as the years went by she began to realize that woman's true position is one in which she shares fully with man every human right and responsibility. She says that there was a time when she thought that superior women should have been born men, and that inferior men should have been born old women, but she completely out-

grew this way of looking at life, and saw very clearly that woman's work in the world was in no way inferior to man's, and required a no less active brain or cultured intellect.

It was the Civil War which awakened in the women of the United States a desire to make more of life than they had done. The work which they did for the soldiers brought them into public companionship with men, and led them to feel that woman's world was larger than it had been. History repeated itself in the late war and made women realize as never before what their capabilities and responsibilities are.

When it dawned upon Mrs. Howe that women had rights in the world from which they were deprived, and that women themselves as well as the world were suffering from the manifest injustice of the centuries, she threw herself mind and heart and soul into the fight for women's rights. It was when this thought, that there is no position that man can fill which woman cannot fill, had taken complete possession of her that one night she dreamed that she had an interview with a female pope. The pope blessed her and she blessed the pope.

It was at this time that Mrs. Howe began to organize Women's Clubs because of the opportunities which they would afford for self-culture and public service. She had a perfect mania for institutions of this kind, so much so that she was sometimes called the "Queen of Clubs".

Some wag has pictured Mrs. Howe to-day as an angel of light smiling benedictions upon the head of President Wilson for espousing the cause so dear to her heart. Soon, we are told, this same angel of light will wing her flight to Ottawa and shower blessings upon the head of Sir Robert Borden. It is feared that some members of the Canadian Parliament may not participate in this benediction.

If Mrs. Howe has organized clubs in heaven—and heaven would be no heaven to her without clubs—what

joy there must be as the members meet together over the wonderful success of the woman suffrage movement in Great Britain and the United States and Canada. They will be able to sing to-day as never before the triumphant refrain of Mrs. Howe's battle hymn, "Our God is Marching On!"

It is not so much as an advocate of woman suffrage, successful as she was in popularizing this reform, as the author of the "Battle Hymn" that Mrs. Howe has found a place amongst the world's immortals. Wherever English songs are sung this hymn has gone with its heavenly inspiration and hopeful outlook. During the late war some of the largest Canadian audiences were thrilled by these words, and the Chancellor of one of the Toronto universities, a few days ago, in addressing a large congregation, quoted one verse of this song with telling effect.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was
born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that trans-
figures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die
to make men free,
While God is marching on!"

The story of the writing of this hymn is told at length by Mrs. Howe's daughters in the illuminating biography of their mother, recently published. A little company of Boston people, including Mrs. Howe and her husband, and the celebrated Dr. James Freeman Clarke, visited Washington during the early days of the Civil War. They drove out of the city to witness a review of the troops. On their way back they were delayed by the soldiers who had possession of the street. As they waited in their carriage they sang that most popular war-song of that time, "John Brown's Body", the soldiers joining in tumultuously in the chorus as they marched along.

On the way home Dr. Clarke asked Mrs. Howe why she did not write some better words for that popular

air. The next morning, when the day began to break, the words of the "Battle Hymn" came to her like an inspiration, and rising hastily she committed them to paper. The poem was published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, and soon the whole nation was singing it.

It was this hymn which Abraham Lincoln, with tears rolling down his face, asked a great audience in Washington, which had just sung the song with thrilling effect, to sing it again. It was this hymn which General Pershing's American soldiers in France sang so lustily as they marched away to join the French and English at the battle front. The following additional stanza has been written by Dr. Henry Van Dyke:

"We have heard the cry of anguish from
the victims of the Hun,
And we know our country's peril if the
war-lords' will is done
We will fight for world-wide freedom till
the victory is won,
For God is marching on!"

Mrs. Howe's daughters, who wrote their mother's biography, are greatly incensed against Dr. Van Dyke for what he has done. They have likened his attempt to "making an annex to Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, or to Hamlet's soliloquy". They think it very foolish to try to "gild refined gold, and paint the lily, and throw a perfume of the violet"; but at that awful crisis in the history of the world anything which brought our national songs to tell more effectively against the enemy was not unwelcome.

Although Mrs. Howe was a great lover of peace, she fully realized that there are times when we must fight in order to enjoy this blessing. At a great Peace Congress, where war was being denounced as evil and only evil and evil continually, Mrs. Howe felt compelled to do what she could to set the Congress right. She said: "Assembled in the blessed cause of peace, let me remind you that there is one word even more holy than peace,

namely, *justice*. The impulse which causes men to contend against injustice is a divine one, deeply implanted in the human breast."

After reading these words we can understand why Richard Watson Gilder in his poem on Mrs. Howe refers to her as "Priestess of Righteous War and Holy Peace".

The author of the immortal "Battle Hymn" never grew old. With far more enthusiasm and far more success than many a school boy, she began the study of Greek when she was fifty. On her seventieth birthday her daughter wrote to Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Mamma will be seventy

years young to-morrow. Come and play with her." Dr. Holmes in his characteristic reply said, "It is better to be seventy years young than forty years old."

When the end of Mrs. Howe's life was approaching, with more than fourscore years and ten of intensely active life behind her, she felt that she was just beginning to live, that she was just ready for college. Perhaps Wordsworth was right in thinking that death is matriculation into God's great University. Mrs. Howe lived a beautiful life and died a beautiful death, and her soul goes marching on.

COVE ISLAND

By MARGARET HILDA WISE

AUTUMN has painted the island yellow and brown
 And red, with a brush of frost,
 And the voice of the wind goes ever-moaning down
 In piteous anguish tossed.
 Above, the white gulls circling fly
 Far out, and plaintively they cry;
 White is the slender beacon light,
 And the crests of the tumbling waves are white
 That curl, as the ships go by——

The day has vanished below the western rim
 And left for the water a robe of richest blue;
 Far to the north there lies the vision dim
 Of the island hunting-ground of the Manitou.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

Some of the most influential newspapers of Canada oppose renewal of the alliance between Great Britain and Japan. There are also sections of British opinion which have always regarded the alliance with disfavour. It will be remembered that the first treaty with Japan was entered into during Great Britain's period of "splendid isolation". France was not too friendly, Russia was in league with France, and even closer to Germany than to Great Britain, there was smouldering if not active hostility to the British Empire at Berlin, and even at Washington there was at best a feeling of cold neutrality. There have been revolutionary changes in the relations of the great nations to the British Empire and to one another, but there are still powerful if not decisive reasons for a close understanding between Britain and Japan.

The position of Australia cannot be ignored. It would be idle to deny the power of Japan to make mischief in India or even to effect a dangerous alliance with Russia. Probably, too, Britain as an ally of Japan, has greater power to protect China than she would have if no actual alliance existed. There is no prospect that Britain will ever support Japan in aggressive action against the United States. This seems to be fully understood at Washington and at Tokio. Doubtless this understanding will be made more absolute in any renewal of the treaty if there is need for more definite reservations. It is true that Canada can have no interest in the Pacific, nor any relation with Japan even under Imperial engagements, which could separate Ottawa and Washington. If Canada is to interpret the British Empire on this continent the first and last letter of the condition is sympathy and co-operation between the Dominion and the Republic. As to this we may be certain that British statesmen have no illusion even were it not inconceivable that the Mother Country could consider any alliance which would hold the possibilities of conflict with the American people.

But as an ally of Japan Great Britain can be very powerful in promoting goodwill between Americans and Japanese and in maintaining happy relations between Japan and the British overseas Dominions. No alliance which stood the test of war can be lightly abandoned and one does not need to go far beneath the surface to find pregnant reasons against any action by Great Britain which would excite distrust at Tokio and breed the suspicion that interests hostile to Japan would henceforth control British world policy. There is nothing in conflict with the Covenants of the League of Nations in the British understanding with Japan. To refuse to renew a treaty which was respected by that country and which was never made an instrument of aggression would seem like a proclamation of distrust which Japanese statesmen would resent and which British statesmen could not explain in language which a proud and spirited people could easily accept as consonant with their dignity or their honour.

II

It is remarkable that Ulster should be preparing to establish a legislature with powers of self-government which its people have never demanded. The Home Rule Act which has been finally adopted by the Imperial Parliament provides for parliaments in Northern and Southern Ireland. In the North the House of Commons will have fifty-two members while in the South there will be a House of Commons of 128 members. But, hereafter, Ireland will send only forty-six members to the Parliament of the United Kingdom. The Act also establishes a Council which will have, if it is ever constituted, twenty members from each Parliamentary area with a President appointed by the Sovereign. Each Parliament must also create a Senate and send to the Council seven members from the Senate and thirteen from the Commons. Of supreme significance is the provision that the two Parliaments may by common action establish a single Parliament for Ireland or delegate powers to the Council of Ireland.

The Irish Parliaments may not make war in respect of the Crown; peace or war; the navy, the army or the air force; treaties or foreign relations; dignities or titles; treason, alienage or naturalization; trade outside Ireland; submarine cables wireless telegraphy or aerial navigation; coinage or legal tender; the Lord Lieutenantcy continues and Irish ministers must be Privy Councillors and members of one or other of the Irish Parliaments. For three years the police forces will remain under Imperial control. The Postal Service, stamp designs and the Public Record office will pass under Irish control when Irish Parliamentary union is completed, or they can be taken over by identical Acts of the two Irish Legislatures. These Parliaments cannot levy a capital tax, nor will they have authority over customs, excise, excess profits taxes or corporation or income taxes, but they will have full power over local taxation. It is provided that Ireland shall contribute £18,000,000 annually towards Imperial expenditures and liabilities of which forty-four per cent. shall be provided by Northern and fifty-six per cent. by Southern Ireland, and that to Ireland the product of Irish land purchase annuities shall be credited. The Act also provides High Courts of Justice for North and South with an Irish High Court of Appeal. As significant as the provision for the creation of a common Parliament by mutual action of North and South is that which stipulates that if either Irish Legislature is not constituted within three and a half years the Act becomes inapplicable to the contumacious district and in the meantime the section which fails to accept the measure will be administered as a Crown Colony.

No doubt the Act falls short of "Dominion Home Rule", but it gives a great measure of local self-government and affords the Irish people opportunity to reconcile their differences and prove whether or not they are equal to common political action in the general interest of the country. At the moment the Sinn Fein separatists will have nothing to do with the Act, will have no reconciliation with Ulster, will have only an Irish Republic with its seat at Dublin. But even De Valera and his insensate extremists must sooner or later abandon the hopeless struggle in which they are engaged. There cannot be "self-determination for Ireland" until Great Britain is ready to strike a mortal blow at British prestige the world over and confess its inability to maintain the authority of its government and Parliament.

The story of Ireland since the war constitutes one of the most distressing chapters in all its tragic history. There can be no doubt that the excesses of the Sinn Fein faction have led multitudes all over the world in natural sym-

pathy with Irish aspirations to wonder if the Irish people are equal to self-government. All of us who have believed in the natural humanity of the Irish character have been amazed at the cowardly, brutal and inhuman methods which have been adopted to force British statesmen to their knees and to humiliate and discredit Great Britain before other nations. Probably in Canada there is less active sympathy for the Home Rule movement than there was twenty-five or thirty years ago. There is evidence also that even in the United States the appeal for Ireland against Great Britain has become less effective for political purposes. The references of Cox and Harding to the Irish question in the recent Presidential contest were far milder than were those of James G. Blaine when he was among the chief spokesmen of the Republican party. When Hon. Edward Blake, a sincere and courageous Home Ruler, was leader of the Liberal party of Canada, he did not hesitate to make Home Rule for Ireland a direct issue in Canadian elections. Even Sir John Macdonald permitted a Home Rule resolution to be adopted by the Canadian Parliament and Sir Oliver Mowat followed his example in the Legislature of Ontario. One wonders if any political leader would now think it profitable to raise Home Rule as an issue in Canada. No faction in Ireland which demands an Irish Republic can command much sympathy in the Dominions while in other countries responsible statesmen recognize that Sinn Fein demands what Great Britain dare not concede.

The Republican leaders of the United States do not forget the conditions and the issues which gave birth to the party. They remember that the North fought a long and bloody war to hold the South and prevent the dismemberment of the Union. Mr. Lloyd George has not overlooked one of the supreme facts of American history nor has he hesitated to challenge the American people to pass judgment between himself and De Valera upon the evidence which their own teaching and example affords. It is still true, however, that in the Dominions and in Great Britain there is a stronger and more universal sentiment than has ever existed before in favour of the most generous measure of local self-government for Ireland. The only condition required is that the measure shall not be such as will merely pave the way to an Irish Republic and dismemberment of the United Kingdom. For organized reprisals against Sinn Fein there is and can be no justification but one does feel that among certain political groups in Great Britain there is a vigour and anger in denunciation of reprisals which is not so vehement in denouncing the cruelties, maimings and murders by which they were provoked. There are things which revolt human nature and produce a temper which cannot be controlled. In history there is a curious toleration for Ku Klux which drove the carpet-baggers out of the South and whose methods had a close likeness to reprisals in Ireland. But to reprisals which meet murder with murder no one would dare give his sanction.

The new Home Rule Act cannot be without effect. It is clear that Mr. Lloyd George will go far to establish peace and goodwill among the Irish people and despite all the excesses of Sinn Fein there is singular restraint and a flavour of compassion in Irish debates in the Imperial Parliament. Even the House of Lords reveals a new spirit. Possibly we may be nearer than we have ever been before to a united Ireland and a united Empire. In the speech from the Throne, dissolving Parliament a few weeks ago, the King expressed the hope that "this Act, the fruit of more than thirty years of ceaseless controversy, will finally bring about unity and friendship between all the peoples of my Kingdom".

III

An extraordinary railway situation has developed in Great Britain. When the war began the State took over the railways. Through Mr. Asquith the Government pledged itself to reimburse the private companies for "deferred maintenance", for damage and for deterioration. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, declares that, "Mr. Asquith gave the railways a blank cheque and left the present Government to pay the bill". It is estimated that there are 600,000 investors in British railway securities.

The Government offers to give the companies \$600,000,000 for "deferred maintenance", but they demand \$1,000,000,000. It seems that Mr. Lloyd George also promised the Railway Union that the workers should have a share in the management. The Ministry of Transport proposes that the roads shall be consolidated into seven groups and that each group shall have a board of twenty-one directors. It is suggested that seven of these directors shall be shareholders, seven shall be shippers and seven shall be employees. The Association of Railroad Companies, however, objects to Labour directors, while Mr. J. H. Thomas, speaking for the union, says, "We were promised a voice and a vote in the Boards of Directors and there will be a big fight if this promise is broken".

According to Mr. Herbert N. Casson, special correspondent of *The Wall Street Journal*, the railways are not strongly opposed to nationalization but in effect they say to the Government, "Either buy the railways or pay us our indemnity and leave us alone". By the British Railway Act of 1844, which seems to have contemplated ultimate public ownership, the Government has the right to buy the roads by paying twenty-five times the average profits. To this Mr. Casson thinks the companies would not object. Discussing the effects of government control a writer in *The Trade Supplement of The Times* (London), says: "One result has been that all initiative on the part of railway companies has been paralyzed; the public is deprived of reasonable facilities; rates and charges have advanced beyond all precedent or expectation, grossly falsifying the forecasts of responsible ministers; and the trading public has been drawn into a state of exasperation which is now reaching a climax and threatens to bring the Ministry of Transport to an untimely end."

It seems that recurring annual deficits reached ultimately the great sum of £70,000,000, and it is alleged that because railways were subsidized undertakings rival or complementary forms of transport, like road motors and coastwise shipping which had to charge rates that would cover working expenses, have been almost driven out of existence. *The Times* writer does not declare definitely against nationalization but insists that the railways shall be divorced from political considerations and handled on business principles. He contends that a reversion to the old policy of individual management and the free play of competition through the deplorable results of a prolonged period of government control has been rendered impossible, and seems to think that a further increase of rates and fares cannot be avoided. Finally he asks, "Are the railways to be allowed the necessary measure of freedom to work out their own salvation after being almost ruined by the Government—or are they in future to be the sport of political parties?"

Probably the Government would be very willing to restore the roads to the private companies if the difficulty over the representation of Labour on the Boards of Directors could be satisfactorily adjusted. But apparently

the companies will not accept such representation except under actual coercion by Parliament. It is clear that in Great Britain as in the United States experiments in public control have not produced any great body of opinion favourable to government interference in business or in transportation. Nor can it be established that the railways of either country gave as efficient service during the war under public control as did those of Canada under private management. This is not submitted as evidence that the Canadian National Railways will not be economically and efficiently managed. Mr. Hanna and his associates are showing a resolute determination to keep the system "out of politics". They inherited a grave situation and the whole disposition of the public is to say nothing and do nothing that will make their task more difficult. It must be remembered also that the action of the Government in Canada arose out of conditions which did not exist in the United States or in Great Britain.

IV

Sir George Foster and Mr. Doherty have been engaged in important negotiations with Imperial ministers in London. It is desired that the British North America Act shall be so amended as to give Dominion legislation the same force of extraterritoriality as now inheres in measures passed by the Parliament of the United Kingdom. The Canadian Government does not ask power to enact legislation which shall have force outside the boundaries of the Dominion but only that Canadians offending against Canadian statutes while they are outside the country may be punished on their return. The amendment is required chiefly in order to assert authority over seamen and airmen. Canada is now unable to impose penalties on airmen disregarding Canadian regulations while not actually flying over Canadian territory. A resolution in favour of such amendment of the constitution was adopted at the last session of Parliament but points have arisen which require explanation and discussion with the Imperial authorities.

It is not understood that the wider proposal, endorsed by Mr. Doherty, and by Mr. Mackenzie King, to vest in the Canadian Parliament power to amend the Canadian constitution without reference to the Imperial Parliament will now be considered. Indeed Parliament has not seriously discussed or formally sanctioned this proposal, although in the press it has been freely debated and perhaps generally approved in the English Provinces. In Quebec, however, opinion is far less favourable although Mr. Doherty and Mr. King agree that constitutional changes suggested by the Federal Parliament would require ratification by all the Provincial Legislatures. There is a disposition in Quebec to regard the Imperial Parliament and the Imperial Privy Council as the safeguards of the rights and privileges of the French minority guaranteed at Confederation, and to examine very closely any proposal which might seem to weaken these guarantees or in any way disturb the federal compact of union. But these considerations do not arise in the immediate negotiations with Imperial ministers.

In recent years the Imperial Government and the Governments of the Dominions have sought to establish uniformity in the conditions of naturalization throughout the Empire. But it is found that amendments are still required. The position of a Canadian woman, married to an alien and therefore becoming the subject of an alien State, needs to be more clearly defined. There is legislation enabling such a woman to resume her British nationality under special circumstances, but cases arise in which the existing regulations are defective. It may be, too, that war experiences have dis-

covered perplexities and difficulties in relation to naturalization which require common legislative treatment by the Dominions and the Mother Country. There is no reason to think that Canada has altered its attitude towards Hindu and Oriental immigration or that races or nationalities now debarred from citizenship will secure greater rights or privileges. Remote as is British Columbia from the seat of government the Dominion is as resolved to maintain a "white Canada" as the Commonwealth is to maintain a "white Australia".

V

It is stated that the case for Canada over the "Cote de Labrador" is still in preparation and there are few official documents on the subject. The Royal Proclamation of 1763 defined the boundaries of Quebec on the Labrador coast as the River St. John, and from thence a line drawn from the head of that river through the Lake St. John to the south end of the Nipissimi and up to the Hudson Strait. All the country to the east was then assigned to Newfoundland. But by the order of 1774 all territories and islands in America which by the Proclamation of 1763 became part of Newfoundland, were transferred to Lower Canada. The Imperial Act of 1909, however, declares that all that portion of the Province of Lower Canada lying on the north shore of the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence and called "Le Cote Labrador", to the east of the River St. John, together with the Island of Anticosti and the Magdalen Islands are re-annexed to the Province of Newfoundland, while the Imperial Act of 1824 says that all that part of the Province of Lower Canada heretofore annexed to the Province of Newfoundland is re-annexed to the said Province of Lower Canada. Quebec by this Act extends from the River St. John descending the Gulf of St. Lawrence to L'Anse au Sablon inclusive.

It seems to be clear that the territory of Quebec extended along the coast line to Blanc Sablon. It is equally clear that Newfoundland has been administering, and that its right to do so has been tacitly recognized for the last ninety years, the remainder of the Labrador coast from Sablon up to Cape Chidley. What is disputed is its right to administer the interior west to the old boundary of Quebec running up to Ungava Bay. The point is, how far inland does the jurisdiction of Quebec extend from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. A map prepared by William Sax and placed in evidence before a committee of the Lower Canada Assembly in 1829 and thus recognized by that body, shows the eastern boundary of Lower Canada to be, or is defined as, the fifty-second degree of north latitude extending from the River St. John to Blanc Sablon. The average depth of this strip is approximately twenty-five miles. A map issued by the Department of the Interior as late as 1881 shows the eastern boundary of Quebec to be practically that outlined on Sax's map, with this addition that running northward the boundary follows the height of land to Ungava Bay. All to the east and north of this is described as Labrador, and coloured the same as Newfoundland.

In the Act of 1912, by which Ungava was assigned to Quebec, it is set forth that the boundary shall extend along the shore of Ungava Bay and Hudson Strait to the boundary over which the Island of Newfoundland has lawful jurisdiction; thence easterly along the westerly boundary of the said last mentioned territory to the middle of Hamilton Inlet, thence westerly along the northern boundary of Quebec as established by the Act of 1898, to

the place of commencement; and all the land embraced by this description shall be added to Quebec. The Act of 1898 seems to have recognized the boundaries as defined by the legislation of that Province and Quebec apparently claims all but the territory east of a line drawn between Blanc Sablon and Cape Chidley. But, as has been said, within the area north of the eastern boundary of Quebec outlined on Sax's map, Newfoundland has administered the territory for years and has granted valuable concessions. Out of the right to grant these concessions the necessity for an adjustment of the boundaries arises.

A despatch from St. John's thus explains the position of Newfoundland: "The coast of Labrador was annexed to Newfoundland in 1763. Ten years later, owing to difficulties arising out of grants made to a number of persons under French rule, it was transferred to the jurisdiction of Canada. In 1809 it was again transferred to Newfoundland and has since remained under the jurisdiction of that Colony. The difficulty arises over the interpretation of the 'Coast of Labrador'. One view is that Newfoundland can claim only the coast between Blanc Sablon and Cape Chidley, with perhaps a mile inland, and that the rest of Labrador belongs to Canada. As defined in the letters patent constituting the office of Governor of Newfoundland the boundary was described as a line drawn between Blanc Sablon and Cap Chidley, which would pass through the ocean at certain sections and leave large areas of the coast to the westward of the line and therefore not under Newfoundland's jurisdiction. Some Newfoundland officials claim that the correct delimitation was made in a sessional paper issued by Newfoundland in 1864, under which the Colony would be entitled to thousands of square miles of the interior of the Labrador peninsula in addition to the coast."

Newfoundland in brief claims that portion of the peninsula of Ungava which drains into the Atlantic and the Straits of Belle Isle through her Labrador coast strip. Canada contends that Labrador is entitled only to the coast strip from Blanc Sablon to Cape Chidley, and that as this was assigned to Newfoundland because she could better attend to the administration of the fisheries her control of the coast inland would only extend to the depth considered necessary for the work of administration. The act of 1912 extending the boundaries of Quebec did not define the boundary of that Province on the side facing the north-east Labrador coast, but merely declared that on that side the territory extended to the "lawful jurisdiction" of Newfoundland. The territory in the interior of the peninsula of Labrador, after the cession belonged in part to the Hudson's Bay Company and the Crown, the former having the north and the latter the southern portion. There seems to be no doubt that by the Quebec Act the Crown lands passed to Quebec and that the Hudson's Bay Company's portion passed to the Dominion by the Imperial order in Council of 1870. On official maps issued by Canada after 1912 Newfoundland is given only a strip of the coast from Blanc Sablon to Chidley, and clearly these maps conflict with admissions in 1911.

It may be interesting to add an opinion by Mr. Bram Thompson of Regina, who is understood to have investigated the whole question for American capitalists. He says:

"Old Quebec, after its surrender in 1763, was bounded on the east by the River St. John, which runs west of the Island of Anticosti, and all the rest of the territory in question was placed under the 'control and inspection' of the Government of Newfoundland. In 1774 through an enactment of the British Parliament this whole area

of Labrador was annexed to and made 'part and parcel' of Quebec, but the coast strip for fishery purposes was again in 1809 placed under Newfoundland. Government control and proprietary rights are two different things and the net result of the Imperial orders and statutes was that at the time of Confederation the whole territorial area of Labrador belonged to Quebec, though the coast strip was subject to the Newfoundland Government. It all entered the Confederation and became subject to the British North America Act of 1867. This Act was the last Imperial enactment on Provincial rights. By three different sections it gave to each Province absolute ownership of and legislative control over its own resources and it repealed by implication all anterior enactments repugnant to it. It repealed, as of course, the old makeshift enactment of 1809, giving Newfoundland a governmental control over a part of Labrador, and Labrador to-day is, if our Dominion Government were as astute in affairs of the east as it is avaricious in propensity in regard to the west, 'part and parcel' of the heritage of Canada."

No doubt investment and development in the disputed territory have been affected by the delay in delimiting the boundary but definite evidence in support of this statement is not easy to obtain. For any considerable development of the pulp and paper industry much capital is required. If there is any cloud upon the title capital cannot be obtained. For this reason while grants of timber have been made no development has followed. No valuable mineral resources have been discovered in the disputed area. But neither geological surveys nor geographical explorations have been carried on since Mr. A. P. Low explored the Hamilton River in 1895, a quarter of a century ago. With the boundary defined the governments of Quebec and Newfoundland will be in a position to issue patents and licenses to prospectors. But capitalists will not make investments in an area where a legal decision may invalidate the authority under which they are operating. Possibly, however, grants made in good faith before protests were registered by Quebec or Newfoundland may be confirmed by the Privy Council. It is important that the dispute should be settled before controversy becomes acute.

There is reason now to think that the Ashburton Treaty was advantageous to Canada. The British Government had full knowledge of the "Red Line" map but did not produce it because it was valueless as evidence. Webster was persuaded to produce the map in Congress as an authentic document of high significance when it was almost certainly a French map showing the French contention prior to the cession of Canada. The settlement was made in 1842, but the people of Canada are still convinced that Ashburton was over-reached by the Americans and a valuable section of territory lost forever through the feeble fatuity and complacent ignorance of "British diplomacy". Not so long ago there was an eruption of Canadian feeling over the Alaskan Boundary Award. Many of us have believed that there was a deliberate if reluctant betrayal of Canada by the British negotiator. But there were those in Canada who had made long, deep and anxious study of the whole question that thought otherwise. One remembers that in 1899 when the Joint High Commission was sitting at Washington which ended without result because of differences over the Alaskan Boundary, Sir Wilfrid Laurier said: "So far as I can see we have not a leg to stand on, but politically it is the best question on which to disagree". Public men hesitate to make admissions in international negotiations and posterity cherishes grievances which sometimes have no sounder foundation than a confident patriotism. Between British Dominions no doubtful position should be taken or held for a moment against reasonable evidence and it will be wise to have the issues arising out of the Quebec-Newfoundland-Labrador Boundary argued in this spirit before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.



MATERNAL CARE

From the Photograph by A. R. Blackburn, Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition

ALONG THE ATHABASCA

BY MARY RUSSELL



EARLY in the afternoon a gentle rain had started. Slowly and persistently the heavy sky crept downwards until the whole atmosphere was one damp, soft gray mist, which settled on the broad branches of the trees and fell in heavy showers of drops when the branches were touched.

Louis Leblanc crouched beside a smouldering camp-fire, coaxing it in every possible way to burn properly. His efforts seemed all in vain, the spruce twigs would splutter for a moment, then die away in smoke. The dreary, dripping rain fell suddenly from the branches of the jackpines above, and almost drowned the feeble spark that struggled for existence.

Impatiently he pushed all the smouldering twigs and sticks to another spot, more out of the drip of the pines. Then on his hands and knees he blew and blew, until he gasped for breath; then he took his old battered felt hat and fanned it with all the strength of his arm, as he muttered furiously in his great exasperation.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, burn, will you? You meeserable, damned, sulky fool, *sapré!* The boys will be in soon, and there will be somet'ing doing on thees camp if the grub she's not ready Bon Dieu," he exclaimed excitedly; "there she go at last, I am save thees trip, bagosh."

A cheery flame had sprung up, and soon the spruce branches were crack-

ling, and the heat of the fire was making the ground steam.

Louis got slowly to his feet, and searched nearby for two green birch saplings, with a fork at one end. When he found two that were right he cut them with his pocket-knife—sticks about three or four feet long—and carefully stuck them into the sodden ground, one on each side of the fire, with the forked end upwards. Then he looked for a stout, straight green willow, about two inches in diameter, which he carefully peeled with his knife, and laid across the fire, resting it at each end in the forked stick. On this cross-stick he swung a big billy tin of pork and beans, which sat close by, with his pack and axe. Attached to his pack were several frying pans and another big billy tin. With it he proceeded down the steep bank on his right hand, to the whirling Athabasca River below.

He had to go slowly, and most carefully, clutching for safety to the ground juniper, and red willow bushes. The soft, loose, brown clay, and shaly gravel crumbled away beneath his feet, and fell splashing into the water. Big flat-faced boulders were exposed in places, and against these his moccasin-clad feet got a good grip. Reaching the bottom at last, he filled his billy tin with the brown-coloured water, and laboriously climbed with it up to the fire, and slung it on the stick beside the pork and beans, to boil for the tea.

These preparations being done, he proceeded to unroll his pack, consisting of a tent, blankets, and food. Clearing the small bushes off a piece of ground with his axe, he erected the tent, as close to the fire as possible. This tent was just for sleeping in, or a place of shelter from the rain; the meals were eaten sitting round the fire.

The tent set up, Louis pitched the blankets inside, and set about making bannocks for supper, with some flour, baking powder, salt, and water; cooking them in the frying pans over the glowing coals. He had done two panfuls when he heard footsteps approaching, and loud voices shouting.

"Hurrah, Louis, By the great jumping Jehoshophat, we hope you've got the grub pile ready, we are famished, and so beastly wet and cold."

Louis nodded assent, he was very busy tossing flap-jacks.

One by one the men appeared out of the gray mist, eight in all, nine counting Louis, the half-breed cook, and man-of-all-work. They were a Government Survey party, going from Edmonton to Fort McMurray, down the Athabasca River. They had been out since April, and were now returning to Edmonton. There was Douglas Ward, the boss, and the head surveyor; two young surveyors, Mitchell and Wood, just fresh from the University in Edmonton; they were the chain men, and carried all the chains and the iron pegs. The line men, Hardy and McGinnis, were Western Americans, and old-timers on the job. They carried spades, shovels, axes, and they prepared the lines for the chain men, cutting necessary timber, and digging the four holes at the section corners, and driving corner stakes.

Last, but not least, were three Indians, Straw Hat, Hawkeye, and Angel:—who were the guides, and paddled the canoes, and carried them over the portages. Their names were characteristic in some way.

Straw Hat was never seen without a bedraggled old straw hat without a crown, just the brim—with his jet black hair showing above; and below two long black pigtails, threaded with brass wire, and an old brass lamp burner attached to each end. One dangled over each shoulder, and they were his greatest pride and delight.

Hawkeye was chief guide, and he ran the canoes over the rapids on their way down the river: coming up they had to make portages over these rapids in many places. He had marvellously piercing black eyes, and also wore two long black pigtails.

Angel looked seraphic and also very meek. He had been at the Mission School in St. Albert, and had his hair cut like a white man. Yes—he looked seraphic—but in fact he was an incorrigible rustler, nobody's pipes, tobacco, matches, pencils, or socks were ever safe, when he was round. Very often in the morning Angel's blankets would be unrolled by someone and a systematic search made for missing property! It was no good asking questions, he would just shake his head, and pretend he did not understand, looking so very innocent all the while.

What a strangely assorted outfit of men they looked, as they sat round the camp-fire, and devoured pork and beans, and flap-jacks, and drank cups of strong, black, smoky tea. The fire burnt like a beacon light in a sea of fog, which shut out all the outer world. It illuminated the faces of the men, leaving the rest in shadow. Behind them, for a background, where their wet outer garments hung upon the branches of the trees, to dry in the heat of the fire. Douglas Ward, tall, dark, clean-shaven, was a natural leader of men; he was one *of* them, and yet he was the one *above* them. He was one of the circle round the fire, where there was no dividing line; he did the same hard work, and shared the same hardships, yet perfect order and harmony prevailed.

When he spoke it was not a command, it was an expressed wish, yet his slightest wish was carried out without a murmur. The men saw he often took the heaviest end himself, and at nights, when all were dead tired, and had crept to their blankets in the tent, he would still be studying maps, and writing by the light of the fire.

The young surveyors were boyish and keen, but fearfully plagued by the swarms of mosquitoes, gnats, sandflies, ants;—all the myriad hosts of insect life that take no rest either day or night, and are determined that no man shall do so either. It was an unending, weary fight against them, and many a night the boys dozed by the fire, instead of going to the tent, for the smoke kept them off a little anyway.

The two Americans were more hardened to the mosquitoes, but both suffered from rheumatism in the rainy weather, the result of hardihood.

All wore dark flannel shirts, mackinaw coats and overalls, and some wore moccasins. They all looked burnt and brown, and very weary.

It had been a trying day. A portage of eight miles had been necessary. The Indians shouldered the canoes, but the other men had the tools, tripods, instruments, blankets, and provisions. The going had been very bad. Almost impassable muskegs and creeks up to their waists; or else over timber, the windfalls of generations. This was infinitely worse than either muskeg or deep creeks, this jumping from log to log, with a heavy pack on your back, keeping your balance all the while. To make matters worse the rain had started. Louis's burden had been lightened to enable him to get ahead quickly to the camping-place, and prepare supper for them.

To-morrow night they hope to reach the junction of the House and the Athabasca Rivers. Here was a stopping-house of a sort, and for one night they could have a roof over

their heads if they wished. Other survey parties were coming in, and they were almost sure to meet someone they knew; it would be a welcome change after months in the wilderness, seeing no fresh faces, and hearing no news.

Still, Douglas Ward was rather nervous of stopping-houses. Half-breeds and Indians are notorious gamblers, and at a stopping-house he was never sure that the canoes, provisions, guns, etc., would be forthcoming in the morning. When an Indian begins to gamble, his favourite canoe, or his precious gun or rifle, have just the same value as his last cent; he will bet one just as easily as the other.

Douglas had had this gambling propensity of the Indians impressed upon his mind in Fort McMurray in the summer. He saw eight solemn old Chiefs sitting in a circle on the grass, while one stood by them, waiting. Thinking to hear some words of wisdom from this Great Council, he drew near and listened. There was not a sound, and it seemed most mysterious. They had an old red blanket stretched all over their feet and hands, and under this were strange weird movements. Suddenly the Chief standing by made a quick jump and seized something moving under the blanket, speaking excitedly in Blackfoot as he did so. Douglas understood enough to know that he was betting one cayuse on something. He was taken on at once, while many smiles went round the circle, and great struggles under the blanket.

But the cayuse-better held on to the object he had grabbed, and it was brought to light amid the delighted titterings and headshakings of all the solemn old Chiefs. It was a hand, tightly clenched. When forced open there was exposed the silver paper cap off a salt bottle.

Over this valuable article Douglas discovered that a whole bunch of cayuses had changed hands that day!

However, as they struggled up the river the next day in the canoes, Douglas forgot his fears; and in the evening was sincerely glad to reach the stopping-house at the Junction. It was run by a half-breed. Pi  re Dubois, though a dirty old squaw presumably did the scanty cooking, which was served on a long counter at the back of the room. You took your own plate, knife and fork, and tin cup, and marched up to this counter, to be helped to pork and beans; sour, heavy, black-looking bread; and vile coffee, without milk of any kind. For this the charge was fifty cents, for which you also acquired the right to lay your own blankets on the dirty floor, and go to sleep, if such a thing were possible among such a rough, noisy crowd.

The only furniture of the place was a stove, one small rough board table, and some boxes for seats. The illumination was one smoky stable lantern hung from the ceiling of peeled spruce poles.

Two other parties were in, also on their homeward way, one from Lesser Slave Lake, one from the West country, and there was great talking and excitement. It was inevitable that gambling of some kind should begin.

The Indians were tossing five-cent and ten-cent pieces, heads and tails, all down on the floor; the Americans seized the small table for a game of poker; twenty-five-cent ante, every time; and on a roll of blankets Louis Leblanc and another half-breed were playing black jack. Their serious play and betting seemed greatly to amuse a young Englishman of one of the other survys; he stood watching intently, and finally attracted the attention of Louis, who was winning, and who at once laid a challenge.

"Hello, ma frien' you like a hand on thees game? Bagosh, I'll beat you too," and he picked up the cards and the money, as if dismissing his first opponent.

"Well,—I do not know," drawled the Englishman, "it does not seem very hard to play that game, I'll try a hand if you like," and he sat down upon the old soap-box that the other man had vacated.

Louis was shuffling the cards, and they cut for deal, lowest cut taking the deal, and the game proceeded. At first it was very cautious, nothing being bet higher than a quarter. Louis was winning, he had about two dollars to the good, when the Englishman began to go higher, he raised his opponent two dollars on one hand, and Louis was forced to show down; he had nineteen spots, against twenty of the Englishman.

This made him very angry, and he shook his fist in the air, declaring vociferously,

"Bagosh, I'll bet you \$25. this time!"

"All right" said his opponent, "I'll raise you \$25."

When the cards were all drawn, the Englishman quietly and calmly laid down Knave, Eight, and Three, against Louis's two tens.

At this Louis went quite crazy for the time being.

"Sapr  ! Bon Dieu!" he cried frantically, "You go for take all ma monee on thees dam' game. I'll have heem back, I'll bet ma last dollare on the next hand."

Douglas Ward now thought it was time to interfere. It grieved him sorely to see Louis losing his money at this useless game with a perfect stranger. He came forward and spoke very gently:

"Louis, Louis, don't get so excited, and waste your money, you have not got much, anyhow."

"Bagosh, I've got my whole summer's wages," he interrupted rudely, "over \$300, I'll bet it all if I like; damned if any meeserable man can stop me! By the Devil, I'll bet it all on thees hand, if I like!"

Douglas laid his hand upon his arm, in expostulation, saying sternly:

"But Louis, you have not got that money, you won't get it until we reach Edmonton."

"Oh, bagosh, can't you leave me alone?" Louis growled fiercely, and impatiently shaking off the detaining hand, "If I am lose thees game, someone will write a note for me. The monee, she come sure. I'll be dam' if I can't do what I like with it. Come on, ma frien', I'm on the game."

And again he shuffled the cards. Again the Englishman won the deal. Amidst the crowd of interested watchers Louis looked at his first card, it was a five. He should have bet very little on that, but excitement was too much for him, and the fear that people would think him a coward.

"I bet \$25," he shouted, "and another card, please."

"I'll raise you \$25," said the dealer quickly, and dealt another card to them both. Louis's was another five.

He muttered fiercely under his moustache.

The Englishman looked at his second card, and said nothing, only looked at Louis questioningly,

"Yes," demanded Louis, "another card." This time he drew a ten, that was twenty spots, he stood at that. He was feeling more confident.

"Show down, then," said the dealer. Louis exposed his twenty spots.

The Englishman then turned up his two cards—one was a ten, the other an ace, a natural twenty-one!

That meant the loser had to pay double, that would be a \$100!

Louis was almost too excited to speak, his eyes were jumping, and he could not sit still; he began to swear incoherently.

"Sapre diable, of all the blankety, blank fool Engleeshman, he is the limit. I'll beat heem if we play all night."

Douglas Ward saw there was no good doing anything more. The gambling fever had completely taken possession of him, and he would not stop until all his money was gone,

perhaps all his other belongings as well, his gun, his blankets, his beaded jacket, and his sheath-knife.

It was a great disappointment. Louis Leblanc was such a good fellow, hardworking, uncomplaining, and always so cheerful. Douglas thought of the long trying summer, the hard work, the mosquitoes, the sandflies, the burning hot days, and the pouring rain. Louis had been cheerful through it all. He had done a share of the work, then had stooped over a smoky camp-fire, doing the cooking, perhaps when the other men were having a swim in the river. Struggling along all summer, with scant provisions, and miserable ways of cooking, he had always had meals ready—and now—it had been all done for nothing, his hardly-earned money was gone.

He had a wife, too, Douglas knew, and a small family, at Lac St. Anne. What a beastly shame it was, it really ruined the success of the summer.

The next morning Louis thought that way too, and could almost have drowned himself, he felt so sorry and miserable. But the thing was done, and irretrievable, he knew. He had signed an I.O.U., and given it to the Englishman, for his whole summer's wages.

He was morosely packing their dishes into the canoe, when an Indian boy in a blanket touched him on the shoulder, and held out a dirty looking envelope, without saying a word. Louis took the envelope and could see his name was written on it. He opened it and held a single page of writing in his fingers. As he had never learnt to read or write more than his own name, it was incomprehensible to him.

At that moment the Englishman appeared, also bringing luggage to the canoes; he had to pass in front of Louis, who looked up, and said bashfully,

"Excuse to me, but will you read thees for me?"

The man seemed rather surprised, yet he dropped his pile of blankets on the top of a canoe, and slowly took the half-sheet of paper, and began to read the bad, ill-spelt writing aloud. It was a letter from his wife.

Deer Louis,

I am send you these by Running Deer. I want you to know I am verree seeck, I lie on the bed all day, verree bad pain in the side. The baby, he is seeck too, and we are nearly starve. Leetle Jeanne he snare some rabbit, and peck some beree, else we are hongry. Come home as queeck as you can, with all your monee, then we get well again for sure. Your wife Marie
at Lac St. Anne.

The Englishman flushed to the roots of his hair. He felt keenly the awkward position he was in, the man's money practically lay in his pocket; yet he had not wished to take the money from him, he had won it fairly enough. In fact he had been annoyed at Louis's wild betting, it almost seemed as if he wanted to throw his money away. Could he offer it back? He would do it in a minute if he would accept it, but it would be adding insult to injury; he knew the pride of these blooming French half-breeds. He picked up his blankets and went on his way, feeling very puzzled and annoyed; it would be a lesson to him not to gamble with strangers.

By the time he had packed his canoe, a brilliant idea had struck him, he would go and have a talk with the boss of that survey.

The surveyors worked steadily up the river. When they reached the landing they would leave the water, and go by rail to Edmonton. The days were getting shorter and colder, and all seemed anxious to get back.

Louis Leblanc had lost all his cheerfulness, he was moody and very irritable, and hardly spoke to anyone. By the fire at nights he would sit with his elbows on his knees, smoking his pipe silently, thinking of a letter in his pocket, which he had never mentioned to any of these men.

He was worried and discouraged. He had visions of his wife, lying in bed sick, with very little to eat. He had told Running Deer to go back and shoot some partridge and prairie chicken for her, but he would be some time getting back. He saw his baby, little Pierre, with the soft, white skin, and round, black, beady eyes; he saw him sick too, and longed to reach him, and hold him in his arms again, and coax him with dainty pieces to eat.

And where were the dainties to come from, he had gambled away all his money. Poor Louis! He was paying dearly for his weakness.

He fancied the men were smiling at him all the time, in contempt, he imagined, so he would not speak to them. None of them had ever mentioned the night at the stopping-house, nor were in any way different in their attitude to him. But he was suspicious, and wanted to be left alone, and if they chaffed or teased him, he would flare right up, and want to fight, instead of laughing as he used to. So they left him alone, with his thoughts.

In the beginning of November they reached Edmonton, and were waiting to be paid their wages. In a Government office on Jasper Avenue Douglas Ward sat talking to the Head of the Survey Department. He scanned the different maps presented to him, and glanced over pages of reports.

Next in order came the pay-sheets, which Douglas had carefully filled in for each man on the gang. He laid them on the desk.

"Ah, just so," remarked the Head. "Good men, I suppose? No wages to be deducted, I see."

"Splendid men," answered Douglas, "never would want better on any survey. They earned their money thoroughly."

"No faults at all, I see, eh? And no complaints. Are the men here?" He was busily writing cheques by this time, not waiting for an answer.

"Yes," replied Douglas. "I told them to call here this morning for their money, they will be in the waiting-room now. I expect."

The Head finally handed him nine cheques, and a lot of forms to fill in. He took the cheques to the outer room, where the men were waiting.

Mitchell, Wood, Hardy, and McGinnis were all talking together of what they were going to do during the winter with the little wad they had earned. Straw Hat, Hawkeye, and Angel stood at the window gravely watching the traffic in the street below, while Louis Leblanc sat at one end of the room alone, his broad-brimmed hat drawn down over his eyes.

They all turned to Douglas as he entered, one hand full of cheques. With the other he fumbled in an inner pocket for something, it was a very soiled scrap of paper, folded small. He unfolded it slowly.

It was instantly recognized by everyone.

Louis flushed red. He imagined what was coming—he expected to pay the I.O.U. at once—and his mind was full of the things he could buy for his sick wife and child out at Lac St. Anne. To him it seemed

hours before Douglas spoke, very slowly,

"You recognize this note, Louis?"

"Yes, M'sier, for sure I do." His face grew redder than ever.

"Then watch, all of you."

He deliberately went to the stove, lifted the top, and lightly dropped the scrap of paper into the flames, saying quietly and firmly, as he watched Louis's astonished face.

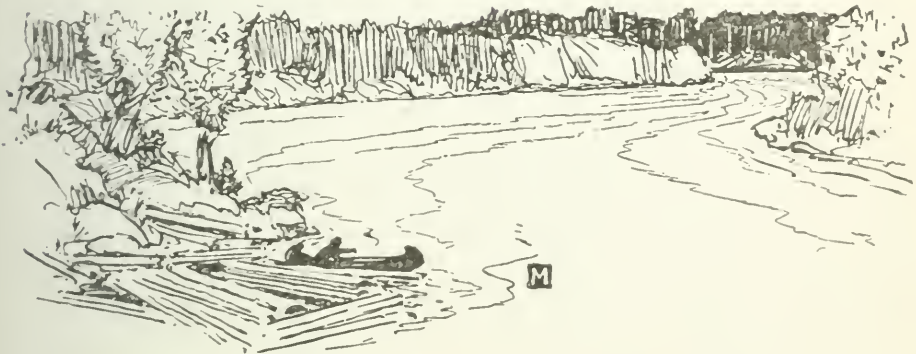
"That is the end of the whole thing. The I.O.U. does not exist. Now here is your money, go straight with it to your wife at Lac St. Anne, unless you buy food here with some of it. And I hope both she and the baby will soon be strong and well again."

Too bewildered to ask for explanations, he ejaculated hoarsely.

"Merei, M'sieur, merci, ma frien'," and held out his hand to Douglas, who shook it warmly.

With that handshake the moroseness of weeks passed away. The old cheery, happy-go-lucky smile came back to his face, and he exclaimed gaily as he shook hands all round.

"Bon jour, ma frien's, bon jour. Bagosh, you'll see me hit that trail. Queek march! Again merei, Monsieur, ma frien'."



THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE PARTS MEN PLAY

By ARTHUR BEVERLEY BAXTER. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.



ORD BEAVERBROOK certainly is a sportsman, for he took the sportsman's chance when the author of this universally interesting novel, then but little known as a writer, was discussing with him the possibility of occupying a position on one of Beaverbrook's London dailies. "Do you know anything about newspaper work?" Beaverbrook is reported as having asked. "I haven't had any actual experience," Baxter had to confess. "Then I'll give you a job," said his Lordship. Baxter had published "The Blower of Bubbles" and some good short stories, and being a Canadian, a native of Toronto, with Canadian adaptability, he soon mastered the position (on the staff of *The London Daily Express*), and this novel of international life and affairs soon followed. It is an unusually clever novel. Lord Beaverbrook contributes an estimate of it, and of that estimate we quote the following:

A Canadian lives in a kind of half way house between Britain and the United States. He understands Canada by right of birth; he can sympathize with the American spirit through the closest knowledge born of contiguity, his history makes him understand Britain and the British Empire. He is, therefore, a national interpreter between the two sundered factions of the race.

It is this rôle of interpreter that Mr. Baxter is destined to fill, a rôle for which he is particularly suited, not only by temperament, but by reason of his experiences gained from his entrance into

the world of London journalism and English literature.

I do not know in what order the chapters of "The Parts Men Play" were written but it seems to me that as Mr. Baxter gets to grip with the realities of his theme, he begins to lose a certain looseness of touch which marks his opening pages. If so, he is showing the power of development, and to the artist this power is everything. The writer who is without it is a mere static consciousness weaving words round the creatures of his own imagination. The man who has it possesses a future because he is open to the teaching of experience. And among the men with a future I number Mr. Baxter.

Throughout the book his pictures of life are certainly arresting—taken impartially in Great Britain and America. What could be better than some of his descriptions?

But I fear that I may be giving the impression that "The Parts Men Play" is merely a piece of propagandist fiction—something from which the natural man shrinks back with suspicion. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Mr. Baxter's strength lies in the rapid flow and sweep of his narrative. His characterization is clear and firm in outline, but it is never pursued into those quicksands of minute analysis which too often impede the stream of good story-telling.

I am glad that a Canadian novelist should have given us a book which supports the promise shown by the author of "The Blower of Bubbles" and marks him out for a distinguished future.

If in the course of a novel of action he has something to teach his British readers something about the American temperament, and his American public about British mentality, so much the better.

Mr. Baxter was a lieutenant in the 122nd Canadian Infantry and was transferred to the Canadian Engineers. He went to France with the Signals of the First Canadian Division, and returned invalided, in 1918.

DOOMSDAY BOOK

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

A TRAPPER walking along the east side of the Illinois River, a mile above *Starved Rock*, finds the dead body of Elenor Murray, and the coroner, a public-spirited man who is interested in life and its mysteries, conducts an inquest. The result, as recorded in this book by the author of "Spoon River Anthology", "Toward the Gulf", "Starved Rock", etc., is a formidable revelation of the flights and eddies of one life—Elenor Murray's. An account is given of the birth and death of this woman, the inquest reveals the rest. The reader sees how a human being is adamant to one person and softer than clay to another—"the seed of that old grandma, who was mad, and cousin of Taylor, who did murder". And yet this is the estimate of Barrett Bays, her lover, the one in whose arms she died, of "syncope", that memorable day by the river.

"This Elenor Murray,
What was she, just a woman a little life
Swept in the war and broken? If no more,
She is not worth these words. She is the
symbol
Of our America, perhaps this world
This side of India, of America
At least she is the symbol. What was she?
A restlessness, a hunger, and a zeal,
A hope for goodness, and a tenderness;
A love, a sorrow and a venturing will;
A dreamer fooled, but dreaming still, a
vision
That followed lures that fled her, generous,
loving,
But also avid and insatiable;
An egoism chained and starved too long
That breaks away and runs, a cruelty,
A wilfulness, a dealer in false weights,
And measures of herself, her duty, others,
A lust, a slick hypocrisy and a faith
Faithless and hollow. But at last say
She taught, saved me for myself, and
turned
My steps upon the path of making self
As much as I can make myself—my thanks
To Elenor Murray!"

THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY

By H. G. WELLS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THESE two large volumes do not pretend to be a record of the progress of the universe and of men therein, but rather a plain, understandable review of what has been revealed by historians, geologists, astrologists, biologists, indeed, by science and the scientists. It admits doubt frankly where doubt exists, and while the author favours the Darwinian theory of evolution, he confesses that the line of ancestry is broken here and there and that while indications point to an early creature, or creatures, that resembled men, so far no remains have been discovered that are final or convincing. But there are traces in the Upper Palæozoic Age which show the "first-known step of our own ancestry upon the land, the amphibia". Then come the "Mesozoic ancestors of all existing mammals up to and including man". The author proceeds to speculate on the origin of man, and concludes that he is descended from a walking ape. Still he confesses that the origin of man is "very obscure". He doubts descent from the ape, but he refers to crude stone implements found that must have been made about four hundred thousand years ago. But no remains have been found of any creature that might have used these stones. However, at Trinil, in Java, in strata that are said to correspond either to the later Pliocene or to the American or European First Ice Age, there have been found some scattered bones of a creature such as the makers of these early implements may have been—the top of a skull, some teeth, and a thigh bone. The skull shows a brain-case about half-way in size between that of the Chimpanzee and man. "We cannot say that it is a direct human ancestor, but we may guess that the creatures who scat-

tered these first stone tools over the world must have been closely similar and kindred, and that our ancestor was a beast of like kind."

The Outline ends with the prophecy that history will yet record the final achievement of world-wide political and social unity. But that will be no resting stage. "Life begins perpetually. Gathered together at last under the leadership of man, the student-teacher of the universe, unified, disciplined, armed with the secret powers of the atom and with knowledge as yet beyond dreaming, life, for ever dying to be born afresh, for ever young and eager, will presently stand upon this earth as a footstool and stretch out its realm amidst the stars."

*

ACANTHUS AND WILD GRAPE

By F. O. CALL. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

A BOOK of poetry, after it has stood the test of truthfulness and a certain standard of beauty in the impression of an idea or an emotion, must then submit to a comparison with other books of poems, first of its own generation and later with the poetry that through the years has been acknowledged great.

"Acanthus and Wild Grape," by F. O. Call, passes the first test—the inspiration is genuine and the workmanship honest and to a large extent successful. The reader may make the second test by comparing these poems with contemporary work such as "Day That I Have Loved," by Rupert Brooke, or "I Never Knew the Earth Had so Much Gold," by Louis Untermeyer or "My November Guest," by Robert Frost.

Mr. Call, who is a professor in Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec, has divided his book into two parts, the first under the heading of "Acanthus", comprising poems in rhyme and metre; the second, under

the heading "Wild Grape", free verse forms. In "Wild Grape", because free verse is easier, he has produced better effects, but Mr. Call is young in poetic work, his book is extremely interesting and it may confidently be expected that he will grow into finer achievement.

"Hidden Treasure" built about the lines,

"For we are two pirates, fierce and bold,
And we'll capture the hoard of the
morning's gold"

carries its point." Japanese Prints" and "Love Songs" are gems of delicate imagery. The following, "Lucerne", is done strongly, after the ultra-modern manner:

From staring eyes
Of hotel windows,
From flaunting rich
And cringing poor,
From men and women
Drunken with wine, passion, money,
From tired Cook's tourists
Doing Switzerland on sixteen pounds,
From shrieking steamers
Tearing the shadow of Mount Pilatus into
shreds,
From bands beating out brazen music
Under the twisted plane-trees,
From all that is poor and rich and ugly,
I lift my eyes unto the eternal hills
Which are outlined upon orange and
crimson
By a Supreme Master with a brush of sun-
light,
And there my soul finds peace.

*

NEIGHBOURS

By WILFRED WILSON GIBSON. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IN reading this book one thinks of "Spoon River Anthology", more because of the subjects treated than of the treatment. For whether one doubt the poetic values of "Spoon River" one has no doubt of it in "Neighbours". The first part of the book, from which the title is derived, reveals English country characters and the temperament, foibles, and peculiarities of an English commun-

ity. The author has a simple, terse, vivid style, which is displayed with equal force in the section entitled "Travels", poems descriptive rather of places than of persons, and in "Home", a group of poems on England and some love songs. Of these we quote:

THE SADDLE

The Saddle—where that August noon we
basked
Above the gorse in the quivering golden
glow
Was a smother of white mist and driving
snow
That, stinging, blinding and bewildering,
tasked
My utmost powers as in the wan twilight
I crossed the ridge this afternoon alone,
Plunging thigh-deep through drifts of
whirling white
In a wind that seemed to strip me to the
bone.
Yet as I struggled through the drifts I
knew
No sharp regret for golden days gone by;
For in my heart was the blaze and scent
and bloom
Of unforgotten summer, as I thought of
you
And the happy babes even then awaiting
me
In the golden heartlight of our little
room.

*

TENSION

By E. M. DELAFIELD. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

"TENSION" is distinctly a story showing how ruthlessly a girl's actions and character, though perfectly good, may be made a topic of scandal by that most pernicious method, common among women, of suggestive criticism. Lady Rossiter was an honorary member of the governing board of a college in an English town, and upon hearing that the new lady superintendent was Miss Marchrose, she decided she must be the young lady of that name who had jilted a distant cousin of hers some years previously. Although the cousin married someone else in the meantime, Lady Rossiter felt it her duty to warn everyone of this girl's

light tendencies, ignoring the fact that she fulfilled her duties at the college in a highly capable manner. Finally, as a result of her assisting Mr. Easter, Sir Julian Rossiter's business agent, it provided a splendid opportunity for Lady Rossiter, with a word to one and a hint to another, to set numerous tongues wagging on incidents that ordinarily they would not have noticed. But the whole air of the college became charged with such a tension that it was evident something drastic must occur. What did occur came like a bolt from the blue, and makes a very interesting ending to the book. Lady Rossiter is a character which typifies many women who take a hobby-like interest in some institution and paint their own narrow ideas in such pleasing colours that they cannot discern the more drab but vastly broader suggestions of those handling the situation, who understand it from all sides.

*

BLIND

By ERNEST POOLE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS semi-social, semi-romantic document can be termed a novel only by courtesy. It is even more formless than Mr. Poole's 'novel'—*The Village*—touching conditions in contemporary Russia, and there is, we think, less excuse for its formlessness. While it is true that certain interestingly developed thoughts and tendencies emerge from the preliminary welter of the book and attempt some definition, they do so at the relative expense of the two or three characters that have any "body" and at the complete expense of the thin-funnelled, cyclonic plot. The book is adventitiously epical, a thinly fictionalized reaction to the problems revealed and induced by the Great War. Nor is it by any means an adequate interpretation of the spirit that is moving on the face of the social and political waters of the world.

THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

CHRISTOPHER DRAKE

*He was a
Devonshire-
man*

CHRISTOPHER DRAKE was a Devonshireman who settled on a farm in Ontario fifty years ago. God had not thought of him as a farmer, but fate cast him there, and there he remained. He is remembered now because of the paradoxical nature that permitted him to display the very essence of heartiness and goodwill towards everyone outside his own home and the very essence of deviltry and illwill within. On one hand he had the spirit of geniality, on the other, of a tyrant and a despot. For he had primitive man's idea of the proper fitness of things. A wife, for instance, was an inferior member of the household, a creature convenient whenever anything had to be fetched or carried; indeed, as one who catered to his comfort and well-being. And his comfort and well-being demanded certain things on certain occasions. For one thing, he demanded apple-butter for breakfast summer and winter, with pancakes and bacon. At dinner, the mid-day meal, he insisted on having with his meat a huge slice of cheese, whose surface he always covered with mustard. At this meal also he called for a pitcher of hard cider, drawn from the spring-house in summer and heated with a red-hot iron in winter. And red-hot, to be sure, was Christopher Drake whenever he revealed his real personality. But on those memorable occasions when two little boys came his way, he did not even try to conceal the fact that he possessed as well all the mirthful qualities of Santa Claus and King Cole combined. For he just went on in his own assumed manner, shaking for all the world like a real bowlful of jelly, puffing out his whiskers, getting red in the face with merriment, coughing and hiccupping with nervous excitement, and twinkling his eyes like two stars on a winter's night.

*Always wore
a Mink Cap*

Winter, as one thinks of it, is his proper background. For he never appeared in the village except during the cold months, and he always wore a mink cap, with earflaps flapping

loose, a great shaggy coat of buffalo hide, gauntlets of brown calf skin and top boots of soft kip, with high heels and patent leather fronts. And although his farm adjoined the village and the stones of his house showed gray beyond the beaver meadow, through the apple orchard, only half a mile distant, he never came afoot, but always drove a black blood stallion hitched to a red cutter and engirdled by a chime of bells that even with their warning notes gave out a measure of delight. And as he drew up at the post-office, threw the buffalo robe over the dashboard and stepped out with the reins still in his hands, he looked like a picture from a fairy book. And if he actually was not Santa Claus or King Cole or some wild rover of seas, he must have descended from his own illustrious namesake. For Christopher Drake, notwithstanding his pitance of opportunity, lived in a world of colour and action and romance. He was not just the average old countryman determined to go afarming. Not Christopher Drake. For he had an imagination that took him all over the world, serving him much better than his gouty feet, and making it possible for him to work out his own salvation even in the face of an arrogant disposition, a slender education and a squeamish community. And although he moved amongst settlers from Scotland, Ireland and his own England, and listened to several differing accents, he still retained his broad Devonshire twang, uttering words which in strange ears sounded as if begotten of a foreign tongue.

"Wa'ar be gwine?" he would ask if the village boys happened to wander into his orchard in harvest apple time. "Ah doan min' a vew apples, but doan sgin the bark off wi' they bare feet o' yourn."

And whenever anyone inquired as to the health of Mrs. Drake he always answered, "'Er's a little better'n 'er 'ath abin, I tzank 'ee."

Mrs. Drake was a woman of conspicuous resignation. She was resigned to everything, even to one of her husband's proudest possessions—a Peruvian parrot. This brilliant bird Christopher had taught to pronounce profane words, for no other reason than to amuse himself and harrow the tender feelings of his pious wife. In the midst of grace at table (in this respect Christopher had not departed from the ways of his fathers) the parrot oftentimes would exclaim, to Christopher's huge delight, "Oh, 'ell! damn 'er eyes, Polly wants a cracker." To a woman of Mrs. Drake's natural piety and sensitiveness, the effect of these exclamations was relieved only

*And a Great
Coat of
Buffalo Hide*

*Mrs. Drake
was Natur-
ally Pious*

*Christopher
Never Went
to Church*

by her attendance at church and other forms of worship.

Worship of an unseen deity did not appeal to Christopher. Perhaps for that reason he never was seen in church. Nor did he ever accompany his wife anywhere in public. On the other hand, he never was known to enter the tavern or even to darken the doorway of a neighbour's house. He had keen, social tendencies, but he confined every social act to the village street and his own fireside, where Mrs. Drake enacted the rôle of feminine inferiority.

Inferior in Christopher's mind Mrs. Drake was, because she had come from Cornwall. Her genealogy also was the cause of his contemptuous attitude towards her. He nicknamed her "Cornwall", and on all important occasions, such as threshings, logging bees or apple-picking time, it was Cornwall this and Cornwall that, with as sardonic a flavour as anyone could produce. But she bore up under it all with marvellous resignation, thanking the Lord every Thursday night at prayer-meeting for His great mercy and setting an example to any who on slighter provocation might groan or complain or appear to be ungrateful.

Gratefulness was Mrs. Drake's conspicuous virtue. She was so grateful it was hard for her not to keep on talking about it. She had many things to be thankful for, even if she were ailing at times and had a constant pain in her side. For the Lord was good. But the pain continued.

"One of these days," said the doctor to Christopher, "she will just topple over."

He was right.

Christopher followed her remains to the graveyard one cold winter's day, and the occasion was the nearest he had ever come to appearing with her in public.

At the graveside he joined with gusto in the singing of "Come, Ye Disconsolate", and then he lowered himself into the grave, took a screw driver and screwed the lid of the rough-box tight into place, then took a spade and helped in the ghastly practice of throwing the loose earth back into the hole. Having thus committed his better half to earth, he returned, let us write not joyfully, to his widowed fireside.

And what a fireside, compared with the box stove of every other house in the neighbourhood! It was constructed of stone cut roughly and large enough to receive a stick of cordwood. The mantelpiece was decorated with an old musket, a powder horn, a mug or two, and several churchwarden pipes. For Christopher smoked inordinately, morning, noon and night. And he took great pains in the preparation of his

*He Smoked
Inordinately*

tobacco, all of which he grew in his own garden, giving much time and consideration to every stage of its development, from seedling to drying rack. In holding his attention tobacco almost divided honours with cider.

Cider, however, was Christopher's pet lamb. Of it he was a connoisseur. And well so. For he had an ample orchard, and the cider mill was on the corner of his farm, next to the village. From fresh cider in autumn he had this cheering beverage in several degrees of potency up to five years in wood. And it was his delight to produce a jug of it every time anyone appeared at his door, and nothing gave him greater joy than the manœuvres of the one who would dare to imbibe freely of the five-year-old extract. It was his boast that he could drink a quart of his hardest cider and never feel it and that there wasn't another man in those parts who could drink even a pint and remain upright.

Cider affected greatly the momentum of Christopher's life. For with it he seemed to be perpetually saturated. He sat down to breakfast always with a jug of it at his elbow. A stone jar accompanied him to the fields. At noon he drank freely of it before eating and again after eating. He kept cider by him during the afternoon; and in the evening, when the chores were done, especially in winter, he loved to stretch his huge legs in front of the open fire, dreaming or cajoling or cursing, according to his humour and the character of his audience. If his audience consisted of his wife and two sons and two daughters or any fraction or combination of the five, cursing was in order as an appropriate indulgence. And what opportunity he had on the rare occasions when his pipe and tobacco were not in place, when the cider was not nipping hot, when the log was not roaring behind the dogs! But, oh, whenever a stranger graced the hearth, whenever two little boys, permitted to pass the night under that roof, found themselves at last cuddled close against that great paunch and listening with ever-increasing interest to the tale of the Hairy Man or of the two bear cubs that found a nest of honey in an old hollow log.

Hollow, indeed, are all the stories told by all the great writers of the world when they are compared with the stories hiccoughed by Christopher Drake as he sat before his fire, sipping betimes from an earthen jug and sending blinding whiffs of smoke between the boys and the tall tallow candle that flickered wistfully in the brass stick upon the mantel. For you could see the Hairy Man in his den away down in the ground and hear him roar should anyone be so bold as to

*Cider and
Tobacco
Divide
Honours*

*Stories
Hiccoughed
by
Christopher*

*The Hairy
Man
in His Den*

pass that way. And you watched with exquisite terror a little fellow who always carried with him on his adventures a shining tin dipper, for he never knew when he might need a drink, or the protection of sunlight reflected dazzlingly from the tin into the bewildered eyes of some prowling beast. And as he drew nearer and nearer you held your breath and listened eagerly to every word, for you knew that the Hairy Man was crawling yearningly and cunningly up the sides of the well-like entrance to his den and that the moment the little boy, lured on by a determination to see what was in the hole, should come near enough a great hairy hand, with long fingernails like claws, would dart out and snatch the boy, just as a spider might snatch a gnat that has wandered into the web. But the boy outwits the Hairy Man, for by an adroit movement he flashes some sunlight into the Hairy Man's eyes, and then during the second or two of blinking he strikes him full on the head with the dipper and sends him kerplump down, down, down to the very bottom of the den. Then was the time to laugh and gloat. And Christopher laughed, too, after first roaring and hiccoughing and drawing with great gusto at the blackened stem of his old clay pipe.

After everyone had settled down again, Christopher would begin to recite in slow, even rhythm:

There was an old woman all skin and bone,
Who went one day to church alone.
As she looked up, as she looked down,
She saw a corpse upon the groun';
And going up to it she said,
"Shall I be like thee when I am dead?"
"Oh, yes, oh, yes," the corpse it said,
"Thou shalt be like me when thou art dead."
And with that she gave a yell and died.

The yell, which was half shriek, that Christopher would emit always made the boys shrink under the skin, and kept ringing in their ears until they would fall asleep, hours and hours afterwards, to dream of goblins and graveyards yawning.

Christopher was born a story-teller. But how often he lacked an audience. Think of all the hundreds of nights that he sat there alone, doing nothing but drinking and smoking and settling down into his thoughts. Perhaps that explains how the cider at last undermined him. But with or without evident cause, he slipped away, and we put what he represented of Devonshire beside the fragment of Cornwall, yonder upon the hill. The spot overlooks what were his own acres, where we used to help ourselves to his marrow fat peas, his tender white turnips, and the Astrachans that hung red and luscious under a harvest moon.

*Devonshire
beside
Cornwall*



STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

From the Photograph by
Edith S. Watson



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INDIANS AND INDIAN AFFAIRS IN CANADA

BY R. E. GOSNELL

I.—THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF THREE ARTICLES



THE committee which sat during the late session of Parliament at Ottawa investigating Indian affairs heard a good deal of evidence and discussed many matters of current and historical interest. The Indians of British Columbia and the Six Nations tribes, more particularly, have for some time been showing symptoms of unrest in respect of supposed grievances, and the Committee in question was appointed at the instance of Hon. Mr. Meighen, at that time Superintendent of Indian Affairs, so that the entire scope of the management of these affairs might be brought under review and that the Department might to some extent at least be relieved of the responsibility of policies of direction and control, in other words, that onus and responsibility might be divided with Parliament. Many representative Indians made

statements and they were also represented by counsel and others.

When I referred to the "unrest" among the Indians it must not be understood to convey the idea of its usual significance in that connection as applied to native tribes, say, of India, or Africa or even in Canada as exhibited in the Northwest at the time of the Riel rebellion, an unrest which usually precedes an uprising. Our Indians are not in the slightest degree in a rebellious mood, and not one of them has a thought of going on the warpath. Two or three of the tribes of Northern British Columbia have been in a surly mood, but, of course, they realize that any demonstration of force would be a futile and dangerous course to pursue. The policy of the Canadian Government towards the Indians since assuming their guardianship in 1860 has followed the well-known traditions of the Home authorities, one of tender solici-

tude in respect of their welfare and of preserving absolute good faith with them. The loyalty of the Indians to Canada and Great Britain was best attested by their conduct in the late war, when, exempted as they are from military service, large numbers enlisted and fought nobly at the Front. In one instance, at least, all the males of military age joined up, leaving only old men, women and children on the reservation. Moreover, after all, the unrest is confined to comparatively few tribes, and has taken rather the form of constitutional agitation than any form of menace. When the Indians of the Northwest took up arms during the Riel rebellion of 1885, it was not the result of any grievances on their part. It was because they were misled by Riel and his associates, and also because in some measure the fighting blood of ancestors, near and remote, was still in their veins and the warwhoop was still a familiar and welcome sound to their ears. In a somewhat similar sense the unrest of to-day as to supposed rights to which they think themselves deprived, has been fostered by certain persons, who, if not to be termed agitators are not wholly disinterested in creating grievances for them. I have in mind the ancient Society for the Protection of the Aborigines—or some such title as that—whose meddlesomeness with perfectly pious intentions often did more harm than good. It may be, too, that the more civilized of the tribes have become infected with the virus of general unrest, which next to victory itself seems to have been the most conspicuous product of the war. It is to be regretted that at this time, the worries and responsibilities of the Government and Parliament in respect of after the war problems should have superimposed an agitation on behalf of the Indians. However, as I have already stated, the discontented element has proceeded in a perfectly constitutional way and this is perhaps the best evidence of their

advancing civilization. Among the Indians, especially in the Six Nations tribes, there are men of high intelligence and considerable education, worthy in these respects of their greatest representative in history, Joseph Brant, who was not only educated in an academical way, but was of high renown as warrior, orator and statesman, and he had been preceded by sachems of his nation whose gifts of eloquence and leadership would have been remarkable even in white men. For this very reason, such men whose viewpoint and logic are not altogether those of the white man, have given the Indian Department a great deal of trouble in the way of correspondence, delegations, etc., and Mr. Duncan C. Scott, who is the administrative head, does not in such circumstances lie on an official bed of roses. His worries on their account do not conduce to higher flights of poetry than those to which he has already reached. Hence a committee of the House of Commons to whom, as to a policeman, the Indians could tell their troubles. But in addition to that the Committee had an even more important purpose in hand and that was to consider the better education of Indian children and the enfranchisement of the Indians so that ultimately they shall cease to be wards of the State and stand as men upon their own feet.

I did not at first intend to deal at any length with the Six Nations or their contentions, except in so far as this may be regarded as constitutional issues of interest in themselves; but as we have in these Indians the most notable of the North American Aborigines, touching upon her own history, a few facts should be noted. Originally they were the Five Nations allied in stock and neighbours, to whom afterwards were added the Tuscaroras, who had fled to them after the war with "the people of Carolina", and became incorporated with them. We are told that the Five Nations encouraged the people of other na-

tions to so incorporate and when they subdued a foreign tribe, or nation, after the usual revenge in the way of torture, making "cruel examples", they adopted their captives, who upon good behaviour, became equally esteemed with members of their own tribes. We are also told that from time immemorial, the Five Nations were the most democratic of all the native tribes of North America and their views of personal liberty and equality were most pronounced. Each nation was an independent republic governed by their sachems, or old men, who held public councils or what might be termed federal parliaments at intervals, at which speech-making was a great feature. Oratory was much cultivated and was the most distinguished of their gifts of inheritance. As a people they had good conceit of themselves, thinking they were "by nature superior to the rest of mankind, and call themselves Onguehonwe; that is, men surpassing all others."* Comparing them with other autochthonous peoples, they were probably the intellectuals of North America, as the Greeks were of the Ancient World. Do we wonder then that their descendants of to-day give the Indian Department trouble?

Another bit of history interesting for its own sake might be given. Before the first settlement of Canada by the French, what is known of the Indians is darkly clouded with tradition; but at that time the Five Nations were at war with the Adirondacks who drove them from their ancient habitat in the country around Hochelaga (now Montreal) to the territory which they made famous by their occupation. In "Colden's Indians" it is stated that the Five Nations were more or less agricultural in their pursuits and inclined to peace, being despised by the Adirondacks—whose ancient domain, by the way, was the Ottawa country—for follow-

ing business, bartering the products of the soil for the spoils of the hunt—which they thought fit only for women. It was through conflict with the Adirondacks that they became trained in warfare and warlike, and shortly the very name of "Mohawk" was terrifying throughout a vast extent of the Indian country. Like that of Cromwell, it might have been used by mothers to make their children good.

We come now to the important and pertinent part of our subject. Without referring at all to the tragic and bloody chapter of Iroquois warfare which Parkman has made as familiar to Canadian readers as the War of the Roses, or the Riel rebellion, in the War of Independence the Six Nations took sides with the British and shared the fate of the loyalists in the final issue. The British Government, in compensation for their losses in that struggle and as a recognition of their loyal co-operation, gave them a large tract of land on the Grand River in Ontario to which new home they were brought under the leadership of Brant and upon which they settled. The rest of their history does not interest us, except in the way that out of ancient treaty rights in New York state and the terms of transference to Canada certain claims have arisen, not at all new, it is true, because they have been urged for years; but pressed with great vigour last year before the Committee of the House referred to. In a very brief way, it may be stated that it is claimed on their behalf that the power of Parliament to deal with the Six Nations is limited by the international obligations between the British Crown and them. In other words, by virtue of treaty rights extending as far back as 1664, specifically recognized later at intervals, until their settlement in Canada, they regard themselves as allies, not subjects, of the

*"Colden's Indians," 1724.

Crown. They assume the position of a protectorate, governed by their own hereditary council of the Six Nations—preserving its historic forms, rights and powers, intact from very ancient times—and not subject to the laws and authority of Canada except in so far as these are affected municipally—an *imperium in imperio*. Incidentally, the term hereditary indicates that this council is not elective, but in direct descent from time immemorial. The claim of under-sovereignty is based on the fact that the British Government and British Colonial governors from the very beginning of friendly relations always regarded and referred to the Six Nations as allies with whom they made treaties and compacts, recognizing them as a free and independent state possessing the fundamental rights of governing its own internal affairs in its own way; and that nothing since has transpired to alter or destroy that status. It is pointed out in their behalf that they were given extensive territory in Canada by patent under the Great Seal which they and their posterity were to enjoy forever in the most free and ample manner according to their several customs and usages. When the management of Indian Affairs was transferred from Imperial to Canadian hands in 1860, all Indian rights and titles, as then existing, were carried on unimpaired. The interference of the Indian Department with the internal affairs of the Six Nations and the assumption of Parliament to make laws governing them are, in essence, the complaints made by these people who seek a recognition of their ancient status.

I have here tried to state as clearly and fairly as possible the case of the Six Nations which on the face of it would appear to raise a nice constitutional issue. Unfortunately for the case, it is confronted with facts and conditions that make the law and govern the situation and not a theory of historic rights. It is true that at

a time when the French and English were in deadly conflict in America and the Six Nations were an important factor, they were referred to as allies and in other terms of friendly equality, such as "brothers" and so on, but it is also true that the Six Nations acknowledged themselves to be subjects of the King. In many of the conferences with the Governor of New York, the latter would speak of them as being subjects of the same sovereign and he actually exercised authority over them in matters which affected their relations with their "white brothers". The speeches at these conferences were filled with an imagery and rhetoric suited to the comprehension of the "untutored mind" that are not to be taken too seriously at this date and were not taken too seriously by the Indians themselves at that date. In fact, the Indians were adepts in ornate and highly poetic expression which did not bind them too seriously to any line of action and their alliances had to be frequently renewed for that very reason. The Six Nations formed a buffer between the French and English Colonies and it was highly diplomatic to always refer to them as "Allies" and "brothers". Moreover, the Six Nations specifically acknowledged the right of conquest, and while they were never conquered by the British in the usual sense and were never at war with them, except as they harried white settlements at times, there is another kind of conquest which comes of occupation which only superior might can resist. The possession of North America by the whites is largely the result of that kind of conquest. Dr. McKenna, in the April issue of *The Canadian Magazine* very clearly, or as clearly as it is possible to do so, defines the nature of sovereignty over a country originally sparsely inhabited in a more or less nomadic way by the Indians. It is the kind of title in sovereignty that has given us large areas in Africa, India and other parts

of the world, and we comfort our conscience with the practical thought that we have occupied these wide domains for the ultimate good of their original inhabitants.

Again every person born in Canada is a Canadian citizen, and a subject of the Crown. It is not conceivable as practicable that there can be even quasi-sovereignty of peoples living with us and among us and not of us. It is acknowledged that there are certain municipal laws and regulations which affect the liberty and independence of the Indians and which must be obeyed. Municipal law of whatever nature derives its authority from the Crown through the Provinces or in another wider sense from the Crown of the Dominion. Any rights and usages of the Indians that they enjoy on their reservations in the way of internal regulations are in their nature municipal and not sovereign, and not included in the law of nations, but opposed to it. Therefore, we may dismiss the contentions of the Six Nations Indians as untenable and the principle involved as unworkable, if for no other reason. If the Indians were segregated on an island wholly by themselves and were capable of self government and self-sustaining in all respects as are the people of the Isle of Man, for instance, their claims for a degree of local self-government enjoyed by the latter would be on a different basis. They would still, however, be Canadian citizens, and under Canadian sovereignty. It was claimed by certain persons who appeared before the Committee that they represented all the Indians of Canada, and if certain rights were not recognized it would have a bad effect and set a bad precedent throughout Canada. To the boundary of British Columbia all the Indians have been settled by treaty and all such issues as land titles and sovereignty are as extinct as the dodo. Outside of the Six Nations the tribes are not interested and are giving no

trouble on that score. British Columbia Indians are on a little different basis and I propose to deal with them in a separate article.

The report of the Committee, which is likely to become one of the standing committees of the House, has in the main supported the Department of Indian Affairs in its policy in the past and in its aims for the future. It has not recognized the claims of the Six Nations, nor has it given countenance to the demands of those representing the Indians of British Columbia. It supports the position of the Department in respect of provision for enfranchisement, not all at once, of course, but as speedily as is practicable, and also in respect of compulsory education. Obviously, the sooner the Indians cease to be wards of the Nation and become full-fledged citizens of the Dominion the better. Many of them, possibly the great majority, may object, because the responsibility which goes with it has its drawbacks for people unused to exercise it. It is the fear of the novice in swimming or attempting any new physical feat. Education is the training for the exercise of that responsibility. Voluntary education has not been a success taking the Indian population as a whole.

Compulsory education with them, it will have to be conceded at the outset, will be attended with many difficulties, especially in the West, where the reservations are usually remote from settlement, and will involve largely increased expenditure on the part of the Government. In the West, particularly, missions conducted by the churches—Roman Catholic, English Church, Methodist and Presbyterian—have had to do almost altogether with the education of the Indian children, and while much good has been done as a restraining influence, it has not been wholly a success. It has been, for one thing, a source of much trouble and vexation for the department, through the rivalry, per-

haps I should say the zeal, of the several denominations in claiming certain tribes as of their own flock, and these rivalries are not calculated to impress the mind of the Indian favourably. He cannot understand. And, personally, I am of the opinion that too much attention has been paid to the doctrinal aspects and forms of religion, to an understanding of which the training of the mind—very important in itself—is the preliminary essential. The new policy, I imagine,

looks to the establishment of central or consolidated schools, which necessarily involves the children being educated off the reservations, and one of the difficulties to be overcome is the disinclination of Indian parents to being separated from their children, though the establishment of efficient schools on the reservation is not practicable. Perhaps it will have to be carried on with not too great haste and with, at first, not too much compulsion.

(To be continued.)

SPRING IN TOWN

By MARY SUSANNE EDGAR

HERE the Spring wearies on the dusty pavement,
Here her heart falters on the gray stone curb,
Alien she wanders 'mong the dull-eyed strangers,
Begging a grass-blade or a cooling herb.

But out on the hillside, did you hear her merry laughter
When the wind sang through her tresses and the brook danced o'er
her feet?
Did you see the pale arbutus she had twined into a garland?
Did you catch the scent of violets strangely sweet?

Ah, the Spring may be a beggar-maid, beside the dusty pavement,
But enthroned upon the hillside she rules the world as queen:
Her heralds raise their bugles along the sunlit highway,
And her loyal subjects spread their cloaks of green.

"CARELESS"

BY BILLEE GLYNN



OLD BILL was in the habit of shaking his grizzled head over it.

"He was pek-u-lar," he would say, "pek-u-lar!

The whul darn thing was pek-u-lar, in fact, till it looked like nuthin' more'n as if a page or two o' that magazine the Tenderfoot left behind with her picture in it 'ad somehow slipped covers an' got torn up on the trail till a feller couldn't help ridin' on romance nohow. A long trail it was, too, all the w'y to the capital from the foothill country, but it ran like a placer stream from beginnin' to end—bright with more'n one woman's eyes and the purtiest of the whul sex at the end of it.

"None of us believed him, of course, when he came baek and spun the yarn—though he did do it so out of the or'inary, gentle and reserved like. The best lie he ever told, we said, and he had let loose some. Always runnin' to imageration and head, that feller, like a buckin' bronco. But you couldn't help likin' him for wot he was any more'n you could guess wot that was goin' to be or had been. He never told us that. Just blew inter camp one mornin' a little poorer and gayer'n we'd ever seen anyone afore an' we called 'im "Careless" on the head of it, an' set up a drink that he didn't take.

"He wasn't very sociable in that line—didn't need to be, I raiekon, for he was a little gay, more or less, alwus. Anyhow, when it came to a scrap he was his weight in wilcats, an' the beast that could buck 'im or he didn't look a picture on has yet to be bred

in the foothill country. Then he was such a bloomin' kid in it all—an unroped, reckless sort of young'un, with his smile an' his kurly hair, that the average woman simply went daft over 'im. At least the only average one we knew at the McTavish did, till he had to fight for her, and as for the other—well, as I've said afore, not a soul of us hitched up to it, till the newspaper came with the whul blame story, headed in big, black letters, when it made us sit up some an' take notice."

That was Old Bill's version of it and the man—but then Old Bill beneath his oilcloths was a poet born, just the same as Careless. Indeed if it came down to facts it might be ascertained that the Tenderfoot was a poet too. At any rate, though he had worked on the press in the East, he was a very young tenderfoot, and described her vividly as only a very young tenderfoot and newspaper man could. He told of the fine, fresh, virginal lines of her body, of the light in her eyes, of the siren sweetness of her voice, of the love at her lips. He told everything of her that was good and nothing that was bad, and he ended it all with the sweeping statement that both love and lips were still unclaimed—that in all the romance of her career and necessities of her art she had never been kissed, and that it was part of her fame as an actress and a woman.

He was a very young tenderfoot truly—and Careless who heard, was older only in act. He laughed his quick, musical laugh in a manner that was new and an hour later rode out

of camp with a roll at his saddle and the biggest conceit he had ever tumbled on at his heart. He waved a hand to them blithely as he went.

"It's a bit of a jog," he said, "but she's worth while, stranger, if you don't lie. Toast one, you fellows, to the luck of the camp." And they gave him the laugh.

"Don't break up to it so fast," remarked Slivers to the Tenderfoot, who was gaping around. He's Spanish-Irish, but not big enough fool for a three hundred mile trail to a cache he can't lift. The roll's a bluff, and he's gone down to hold hands with Nell Lowry at the McTavish. She's got lips, too, you know."

Slivers was no poet.

Down in the rockbed of the arroyo the cowboy's nag was hitting fire from the trail. It was early summer and the moonlight shook phosphorescently in a light, cool breeze. Far, far in the distance behind, mountains and night grew into one—an indistinguishable hooded darkness—and where the arroyo went shallow and the saddle height gave view, the tumbled foothills piled back like fallen, glistening totems under the moon. For twenty miles the sharp clang of the hoofs rang out incessantly, then out of the arroyo and down the valley thudded heavily in the handicap of sand. The town lights ducked suddenly as horse and rider dipped into a gulch, and when they came again were no longer mystic earth stars bobbing poetry, but crude, sputtering reality.

At the McTavish, Careless threw his reins over a post and sauntered in. There was an odour of beeksteak in the air, and stagnant tobacco smoke that bit at the eyes, but nowhere apparent the buxom form and full-lipped laugh of the waitress, Nell Lowry. A group of cattlemen in one corner were making a night of it and just opposite two eastern-tailored strangers flashed diamonds over their soup. Careless swung himself to a table, rang up a boy and sent him for a steak and the girl.

She came by and by when the steak was through—big, brown-eyed and good to look at—and sat opposite him, her chin in her hands.

"It's four weeks," she said reproachfully in her broken, musical tones. "Where hev you been?"

"Been here for half an hour," responded the cowboy, "an' you weren't. Got another half to stay."

"If you're in sich a rush you'd better go right now."

He shoved away his plate and leaned forward on his hands also, a light smouldering in his eyes.

"You didn't mean that—you know it."

She nodded her head back slightly toward the other table where the noise had fallen to browbent ominous silence.

"Thar may be others that does, then," she signified, drumming one hand and holding him tensely for a moment or two with the invitation of her eyes.

He covered the hand with his own and laughed carelessly. "But I care for no 'un but you, sweet Nell, in all the world."

She smiled with a flurry of blood at her cheeks and a pretense of withdrawing from his grasp.

"You're a liar, like all the rest of them, I raickon," she said, "but I guess a girl was made to be lied to, an' I rather like your style o' doin' it. Hev a care on though, an' let me loose, or you may get hurt. It's leery here."

The devilry in Careless's eyes grew suddenly tender.

"Are you a-seared, little girl, a-seared?" he queried.

"No—but what about that?"

The sputtering enmity of the party behind had suddenly concentrated itself in a harsh, challenging voice calling out to the waitress an order in drinks. As she half rose and attempted to free herself to comply, however, Careless drew her back and coolly ordered the boy to attend instead.

"Are you a-scared, little girl, a-scared?" he queried again.

She resigned herself with eyes askance at the red-faced vexation of one of the strangers and laughed softly at the luxury of the situation.

"You're a divil," she said, "if thar ever was one—an' sich a kid. Why you're no more'n a kid, are you?"

He met the doting of her look with one as melting and leaned so close that their breaths mingled — that in the beating passion which encompassed them the menacing stir of feet and growl of voices behind passed unattended.

"Nell," he said, "you've never kissed me in yer life. Will you do it now—here—just once? Are you game, girlie, are you game?"

"Game!" She drew back a fraction and met the full career of his glance; then laughed again with a sudden break to it. "Oh you kiddie," she sighed, "you little kid!" Then dropped her chin forward on her hands again, her full, virile womanhood open to the caress.

Simultaneously almost and in response an oath ripped forth like the crack of a revolver and with the crash of an overturned table the big light that lit the room went suddenly out. The boy with an eye to trouble had reached it just in time, and the frenzied rush of half-drunken cattlemen broke noisily on chairs and impeding furniture.

Careless with an arm to the girl's waist slipped quietly out the side door. It was but a moment to his horse, and the girl stood watching him at the bottom of the front staircase as he mounted.

"You're a-goin' to get hurt some time," she warned in raised tones, "if you don't hev a better care on."

"Then you shouldn't make it so worth my while," he parried, as he dug in the spurs and threw back a kiss at her. "S' long!"

The next minute the hurtle of pursuit flung itself out on the veranda and a six-shooter snapped up the road

in vain distemper. The girl hurried up the rickety stairs and watched him out of sight from an upstairs window. She wondered vaguely why he had ridden in the wrong direction—away from the cattle ranch.

It was a good eighty miles and in the evening that Careless came up with his next amour. He had slept a stretch back farther and seen to his horse, so that man and animal were comparatively fresh, and there was really no need to stop, but the sight of the camp nestling snugly at the roadside with the brown smoke curling through overhanging poplars was too much for esthetic cowboy tastes, and he drew rein.

They met him in the manner of gypsies, the men with grunts and sullen looks, the women with calm, inquisitive, speculative eyes. They asked him no questions, however, and he asked them none. The supper on the stained oilcloth cover was a quiet, psychic affair, but afterward when he had crossed with silver the palm of the eldest of the three women and had her tell his fortune, they began to take an interest in him.

Careless, on his side, with the brown glow of the coffee he had drunk in his veins, was only too glad to be genial. With eloquent lips, eyes, and hands he told them stories of the cattle country—touching lightly but significantly on his own exploits and, by and by when warmed up to it he threw back his curly pate and laughed like one perfectly at home, and held out a frank, sparkling camaraderie to them. He did all this—did it dramatically—and, as he went on, the wholesome, weathered, nut-brown youth in the face of the youngest of the women crouched closer at him across the fire, taking on and reflecting a part of his ardour till she seemed to be dreaming there.

Unconsciously, perhaps, as he continued he addressed her more particularly as his best auditor—then suddenly in a pause in the narrative, they found themselves alone in their

interest with the others regarding them.

Careless glanced at the chief, who smiled back at him grimly. He had heard the jingle of coin in the cowboy's pocket, and was no fool at that stage of the game to mar financial possibilities through overhaste in anger. The others were scowling and a heavy, swarthy fellow with a red kerchief at his throat moved over and plucked the woman savagely by the arm, saying something in the gypsy argot. With the blood flaming at her cheeks she yanked herself fiercely away, hurling an epithet at him between her closed teeth—but heeded his warning none the less, for she remained afterward with downcast eyes, looking into the fire.

Addressing the chief this time, Careless was about to proceed as though nothing had happened when a welcome interruption ensued.

A short distance away around the bend in the trail the quick, nervous outbreak of a horse's hoofs swung suddenly to them—and one of the women uttered in high, shrill tones, "'Ere's Mag!"

It was the immediate signal to the circle about to fall into waiting and silence.

A moment later and the rider had come up and dismounted with a leap, displaying in the twitching, tongued half-light a three-quarter skirt and a comely form. Then having loosed her horse with the celerity of long practice she moved over to the fire, whip in hand.

Met with a jargon of greetings and questions she stood staring around at them and blinking an extremely lovely pair of eyes at the light—then her glance suddenly fell on Careless and darted back to the others with swift inquiry.

The chief answered her for some short time in his own tongue, during which she darted bright little glances at the cowboy who had risen to his feet with a profound doffing of his sombrero, then as if accepting the in-

troduction she bowed in a friendly way, and, motioning him to sit down while she placed herself opposite, proceeded to inspect him thoroughly—the vital, clear-cut face with its power of eye and the lithe, graceful, buckskinned form. His frank admiration evidently bothered her not a bit, and she met it at length with a little of her own that was quite as frank.

She was nineteen or twenty, probably, with features inexpressibly charming in their natural invitation; dark with a clear skin and a cloud of hair, and of medium height, though queenly even in her unfashioned skirt. The masterly, passionate turn of the lips seemed to haunt the whole face, and the eyes gleamed out at times with just the slightest frown.

"So you're a cowpuncher," she interrogated in a somewhat harsh, though rich, voice when her inspection had subsided. "You mayn't alwus hev been that though, hev you?"

Careless shook his head retrospectively, in the manner of one looking back through infinite tragic experience, and laughed at her again before he spoke.

"No, I mayn't alwus hev been that," he signified.

"Wot do they call you?"

"Careless, just."

The girl threw back her head and laughed a round, throaty gurgle that caught the cowboy's tenor. "Well, you do look it," she emphasized: "you do look it."

Then suddenly the whole camp became infected and laughed, too—laughed with its eyes on Careless and with the firelight making its widespread faces ghoulish—all but the chief, who still retained his grim, hovering, statuesque silence.

With a swift glance in his direction the girl the next moment leaned forward with a quick change of tone.

"Youh bean't gawin' to stay here all night, I raickon," she said, with a light in her eyes that Careless, in the noonday of his chivalry, failed entirely to heed.

"That all depends, I raickon, on the lettin'."

"Mag," growled the chief, with a black look at her, "yough mind yer own bisness. It's free ground 'ere, I guess—an' he's got money to pay."

The girl met his gaze squarely, combatively for a moment, then with a shrug of her shoulders turned to one of the men who had come out of the shadow with a violin.

"Gawin' to scrape some, Sammy?" she drawled. "Better give it to the stranger—perh'ps he ken play."

Then catching assent in the cowboy's face, she made a precipitous dart for the instrument interrupting the mournful strain the man was drawing from the strings, and tearing it away, bow and all, handed it over to Careless.

Nothing perhaps could have been more to his liking. It was one of the things on which he particularly prided himself at all times, but that night he played as he never played before—played to a pair of lovely brown eyes across the fire and with all the high, tender passion of his Spanish-Irish heart. From æons and æons far, primitive, unlimited things seemed to leap to his nimble fingers and into crisp, vibrant, moon-sheened air. And by and by the girl moved closer to him—and when at last he broke into the piquant vivacity of an old-time fandango, she got up and danced to his music with a free and artless grace. Of the whole camp there was only these two—the man playing and the girl moving to the strains. Then when it was all over she sank beside him in a breathless heap, and Careless in the silence which followed felt the soft brush of her beating body with a sense of intoxication.

The chief was the first to rouse himself from the spell of the incident. "Yough women better get to bed," he commended gruffly. "Sammy, take yer fiddle."

The man obeyed, following the three women out into the canvas-

ghosted shadow of the rigs. He returned presently, however, throwing a sullen look at the girl, then flashed a gloomy inquiry on the chief. The latter for the time deigned him no notice, but spoke again abruptly in a few minutes.

"Better to bed, Mag" he threw out sharply; it's no time for moonin'."

The girl raised her head for an instant to sweep the three gypsies with a clear steady glance. "An' wot 'er the rest o' yough gawin' to do?" she asked pointedly.

That was all that was said, but the question seemed to hang in the air. The silence grew ponderous with it by and by, and when the embers had died out one by one and the moon drifted behind a cloud, the darkness came in the depths of the trees to sit sphinxlike—with the heavy faces of the three gypsies looming out of it, sinister and implacable. In the midst of it and with combative cheerfulness, Careless tried to whistle an air once, but it died somehow on his lips, then feeling the girl's head on his shoulder, and shielded partly as they were from the others, he stole an arm around her waist. When he looked up again—it may have been hours, for the darkness had now become a smiling protection—two of the three men's heads had disappeared. He wondered where, but in his nestling state of mind cared not to bother about it. Indeed the hope formed quickly in his heart that the chief, crouched there and becoming much too apparent in the returning moonlight, would go soon, also.

Then suddenly he was seized by four arms from behind and a knife glittered before his eyes, while the girl sprang up with a startled scream. That very moment, however, she had covered the gypsies with the glistening barrel of a tiny revolver, fired one quick shot with a sharp command, and the cowboy stood released, his own weapon in his hand. The chief, who had risen in protest sat down again snarling something at her

fiercely, and she answered with a hot wrath that left him silent. Then she turned to Careless—still covering with his gun at his hip the two men who stood there transfixed and grinning evilly.

"Yer pony, stranger," she said with a bright glance, "an' I'll ride with youh a bit. It's all right now—they're not game."

Careless turned to her and laughed in the way he had, throwing the challenge of the words at those in front.

"I like yer style a heap," he said, his eyes shining with adoration, "an' you ken ride the whul darn way if you like an' think I'm good enough."

A minute later they had found their beasts and were down the trail with the rush of the cool night air in their faces. At the bottom of the incline beyond the bend the girl instinctively drew rein, and Careless hitching to a side seat on his saddle, pulled over till their limbs almost touched beneath the sleek, bellowing bodies of the nags. The moon was out at its brightest again, turning the place into a sort of fairy scene.

"I'm sorry," she said, breaking the silence for the first time. "They're not as bad as they look, maybe—only wanted yer siller, I guess—an' the old un's real good—I ken do as I like."

"Yer old man, I suppose?"

She nodded her head.

"Still yer not goin' back," he begged eagerly, a hand on her arm.

"W'y not?" but she waited with downcast eyes and a colour in her cheeks.

He leaned so close that he caught the warmth of her breath.

"Because," he said, "however you may raickon that bunch back thar, they'll never be up to you at any time, an' because I rather think I want yuh myself." He swept a hand to the sky and the plain in front of them. "It's a big, free world out thar," he went on, "an' we fit fine—let's ride it together."

She laughed softly, deliciously, the dream of it in her eyes, and for a

moment her head rested on his shoulder and he kissed her lips—then she drew back with a sigh of regret.

"Don't yer tempt me, stranger," she said with a touch of sternness; "I'm the old un's girl, an' I guess he needs me. If you want to—come back, though"—and her eyes coquetted the invitation—"You'll find us on this trail for six weeks, I raickon, an' there'll be nothin' to be afeared of."

"But now," he insisted, stretching out a hand.

"Well, now, I raickon, it's time to go." She flicked up her pony and turned about at a walk.

He wheeled also, his body bent at her in the moonlight.

"But now, Mag," he repeated earnestly, "now!"

She laughed lightly, yet with significance. "I'll be lookin' for yer, maybe," she said. And with a challenging, backward glance, and a hand to her lips she dug in the spurs.

He watched her till she disappeared over the top of the incline, then rode slowly on, a dejected, spectral figure.

The trail lay wholly across the rippling prairie country after that. Mile on mile the land stretched away, clumped with poplars or an odd line of cottonwoods beside a stream, and here and there the gray sagebrush running to meet horse and rider. Always to the ever-receding bend of the horizon and with an easy, loping gait the cowboy rode ceaselessly, through occasional drab villages squatted dully in wide, shambling streets that belched a cloud of dust at the horse's hoofs, and, on, on into time and nothing; through hosts and hosts of blue lobelias that in the morning laughed up with dewy eyes and showered their fragrance in sacrifice.

Once in twenty-four hours he slept, ate, and picketed his horse, but returned to the journey with combative interest. Then in the hot noon of the third day thoroughly tired and worn out, he got down again and beneath the shade of some poplars fell into a long, troubled sleep—in which the

same dream wound itself coil after coil about the weary fabric of his brain. The horizon, receding before him, he fancied was filled and filled with brown, lovely, gypsy eyes that lured him on and on, but with which he could never, never quite catch up, pursue them as he might. At last he ran them into a great building, thronged with thousands of people, where women sat in jewels and low-necked, shimmering dresses that his pony's hoofs rubbed dirtily, and where the eyes became suddenly fixed on the face of a different woman altogether—a woman who held out her arms to him in the crowd and smiled a welcome. But always when he went to clasp her to him—the moment when everything seemed accomplished—she would change back to the horizon again with the eyes that mocked and mocked at him out of their interminable loveliness.

It was in one of these shocks of failure that he sat up suddenly and rubbed his own eyes—then he rubbed them again.

Before him on the greensward and dressed in cowboy fashion like himself a young fellow was eating a slight repast, and smiling away at him merrily.

"I didn't want to disturb you," he said in very good English and a peculiarly soft voice, "but I didn't think either, you owned all the shade."

Careless looked about to where the stranger's horse was picketed—then back at him. He was slim and of medium height, with a rather loose-wearing of his clothes, and had an oval, expressive face with dark, flashing eyes. Careless was aware of an instinctive liking, even before he answered:

"I raickon," he said, "yer ken have as much o' the shade as you want, an' if yer goin' my way I'll be glad of yer company."

As he swept a hand down the trail the young fellow nodded. "For fifty miles or so, anyway," he said. "Better draw up, hadn't you?"

Careless answered the suggestion with a hungry appetite, and they ate in silence—then rode on together. It was evening, now, and the light went slowly out, leaving the billowed prairie a sea of dark that rocked gently beneath their horses' feet, and in the quick night air, with a moon, bowling red like Burgundy, on the horizon, conversation struck a lively, genial note.

With a peculiar sympathy and adaptability to each other's point of view they mixed their philosophies of life to their heart's content, and sent a merry laugh back at the cloyed, unfree world they seemed always leaving behind. Verily they tore systems and conditions to pieces till civilization had not a leg to stand on—or rather the stranger did, in his boyishly passionate, romantic way, and with a play of fancy and education that set his companion wondering; but to it all Careless agreed—agreed out of the infinite, if laughing, rebellion of his own heart, and because—well, such a buoyant, devil-may-care comradeship on a night road was a thing to remember. On the head of it he made known something of himself and his reason for hitting the trail.

The young fellow laughed in consequence and looked him over with interest.

"I wish you luck with her," he said, "but you may not find her so very nice after all—as nice, maybe, as a cowboy girl you know, somewhere."

"I don't know of any," rejoined Careless carelessly.

"But you may sometime, and before long. It's one like that who would love you best—a little wild and woolly westerner, say, with a dark eye and the grit of a god."

Repeating the final phrase with unction, Careless turned suddenly in his saddle to give vent to the conclusion he had arrived at previously.

"That sounds about as much like a cattler," he said, "as things you've said afore. I know 'em all hefts an'

shades an' I raickon you don't wear the brand." Then with a sparkle of inquisitive fun in his eyes, "In fact I'm not just sure as you'd know a coyote if you seen it."

The other glanced with a quick, appreciative glance. "You can call me Bill," he retorted, "and it ought to be enough for you, if I know a man."

Careless tapped his head with his sombrero, three times in acknowledgment of the compliment. "I'll double up on that, Bill."

"And wish I were a woman instead, I suppose, or I don't know a man."

For a moment, bent over in his saddle, Careless eyed him in close, cool scrutiny—the almost pretty but meaningful face turned straight ahead with its smiling lips, and the plump, shapely body beneath its loose cowboy dress.

"You'd hev made a purty good one, it strikes me," he said, "an I rather imagine I would hev fallen in love with you. If you've a sister, I raickon you best keep her out o' sight."

The other laughed again, a cajoling sound.

"There is one girl in our family—and only one. Looks considerable like me, too, they say."

"Would I stand a show?" asked Careless recklessly.

His companion turned humorously and regarded him with a veiled, musing glance, then spoke with deliberation:

"If she ever loves anyone, it will be someone like you—I mean, I wouldn't wonder."

Careless sidled his horse till they rode close together. "Tell me something about her," he pleaded impulsively.

Once more the other laughed in his soft, rippling way.

"Would you also like our address," he mocked lightly, "and an invitation to come and see me?"

"If you live in the same place," retorted Careless laconically. Then

with an instinctive sense of courtesy and withdrawal, "But I meant it right, you know, an' I'm only askin' you about 'er—you needn't tell me."

His apology, however, met with unresponsive banter. "If you're goin' to take it so hard I rather guess I'd better—particularly as you're never likely to meet."

So with their horses reined to a walk the young fellow half lightly, half earnestly, and with something that Careless could not understand, spoke of a girl who lived somewhere in the limits of a big city, and who, with an immense income left her, spent it on the poor because she was a socialist—but outside of society lived her own life, nevertheless, and was a madcap in many ways. She could ride a horse, he said, with any man living, and sometimes did—away into the mountains when she got tired of the dross. She was beautiful, too—at least men were in the habit of saying so—but she loved none of them—yet, and as Careless listened a silence fell over him, for did he not know that it was just such a girl he had—or could have—been dreaming of all his life, and, as the young fellow had said, they were never likely to meet.

He interrupted at length in tones, for a cowboy, almost sadly romantic.

"You ken cut it out now," he stated uneasily, "for if yer not lyin' I raickon with her as a subject, an' without that invite you might say a little too much—"

"For a fellow who would ride over three hundred miles to see an actress," added the other slyly.

Then they laughed together, a rich reckless peal, and with Careless, through some unknown yet vivid instinct, keeping his pony as close as was possible and travel, they rode on into the white glare of the moonlight in silence.

It was at the first gray peep of the dawn that the young stranger expressed a desire to halt and have something to eat. So where a clump

of trees by a stream afforded some brushwood and shelter they got down and built a fire and unrolled their blankets. A rather hearty meal they made of it there out of the necessities they carried—a real jollification in fact, that Careless remembered long afterward—then, at the stranger's suggestion, they lay down for a short nap.

On awakening about an hour later, by the token of the new day, Careless looked around to find his companion gone. He sprang hurriedly to his feet, then catching sight of the small parcel, wrapped neatly in a silk handkerchief, that had been left on his blanket, made haste to open it. In it he found a photograph and a short note that had been scribbled with a lead pencil. It was the picture of his late companion in female dress, a beautiful, piquant girl, and with staring eyes he read:

"As I am my only sister, myself, I was afraid to let you see me again in daylight—your instincts being so keen—but you have the invite in spite of the actress. Good luck with her, too—though you are bound to fail for you will find her quite as difficult to know as she is beautiful—as difficult, maybe, as a cowboy girl."

A signature and address was attached, and as Careless read the note over and over again, and fancied he heard the laugh at the end of it, a smile stole into his eyes.

"Hang it," he broke out, "if I'd only known!"

Then slowly and reminiscently he got back in the saddle, following the trail straight into the sunrise.

It was noon, almost, when he reached the city, and down a long avenue of overhanging trees and fine residences, where people turned to look after him, he drew up at length before the poster of a beautiful woman—the woman of the magazine—a woman with masses of blonde, sunlit hair and the depth of brooding of an evening in her eyes. He stared at it long—so long that the face with its perfect lips seemed somehow to give

back a silent challenge, then remembering the warning of the cowboy girl he threw his head and laughed.

"We'll see if I fail," he said.

In a proscenium box in the theatre that night, coolly, superbly on his mettle, Careless sat with the curiosity of a vast audience rippling toward him. They had smiled first, then looked with interest, then overlooked entirely the government party in the box behind and had eyes for him alone. To them in his buckskin togs—clean ones, by the way—and a red silk kerchief he represented the Great Untamed—the Great Untamed, perhaps, in a manner they had never quite seen it before—and with all his unscrupulous, piquant challenge, Careless accepted the role and flung it back at them. He was so infinitely "careless", indeed, so thoroughly West and fit for anything that he might have just been breaking a broncho back on the ranch, or making love to the waitress, Nell Lowry.

But when the curtain went up and the performance began everything went out of mind but that one woman. The Tenderfoot back there had told no lie, and for two acts he watched her, his youth singing in every pulse. Then just at the conclusion of the third act and her last thrilling appeal, while she stood for the moment alone on the stage, and the audience still sat silent in the spell of it, he stepped quietly and quickly out of his box across the footlights, and before she had quite wakened to his presence he clasped her gently but firmly by the waist. For a moment—while he tried to reassure her, and the audience rose as a man with snarls and hisses at him—she struggled hotly, then her head thrown back resigned herself with dignity. The sudden rush from behind the scenes Careless swept with the point of his six-shooter.

"Keep back you," he warned, "or someone'll get hurt—an' it won't be her."

Then he threw back his head and laughed suddenly at the richness of the situation, and half-turned to the audience that hushed instantly at the sound of his voice.

"'Cause someun' told me back thar she never had been," he said, "I've ridden three hundred miles to kiss this woman on the lips an' I rather raickon I'm goin' to do it. I am a cowboy from the foothill country."

He laughed again in his devil-may-care way in their thunder-struck, gap-

ing faces—and as if in echo with a full, free, startling note of relish, the woman joined him—then turned to them, too.

"If he's ridden three hundred miles for one," she said, imitating her companion's speech, "I rather raickon he's worth it—and I don't mind myself."

Then while a ripple of appreciation stole over the vast audience, to grow immediately after into a thunder of acclai'm, she held up her face to him in the most girlish fashion.

DEFINITION

BY FLORENCE DEACON BLACK

I AM the terrible Mystery
That never, never can be known,
The mystery of the World, of Me.

I am the hours of sick despair,
The anguish of the thing refused,
The loneliness, the bruise, the care.

I am the great, great Want —
Of eyes and lips once nestled close,
I am the Restless Want.

I am the Love that is yet to be
The glad-winged soar of the wish fulfilled,
The unutterable moment's ecstasy.

I — — — — — am Life.



A STORMY DAY

From the Painting by
Charles E. DeBelle,

Exhibited by
the Canadian National Exhibition

HERRIE'S ROSES

BY ADRIAN MACDONALD



OR an instant Herrie thought that his box was crushed—his box with the precious roses. A vociferous mass of paper, newsboy and bag charging for a customer barely missed it by an inch. The rascal would, as a matter of fact, have struck it fairly, if Herrie had not adopted defensive tactics with his elbow. "That was a narrow thing," he told himself with a frown; but when he was assured that his burden was out of jeopardy the cloud vanished from his face, and he was once more buoyant and affable as the summer day.

It seemed to him as he walked along the busy pavement that everyone was glad of his errand, and was secretly wishing him the best of luck.

At one point his eyes rested on a girl who came out of a dingy fruit store to pull some bananas. Her sleeves were rolled back to her elbows revealing her rounded arms; and as she reached up for the fruit her white apron and wisps of her hair floated out in the light breeze. She was followed from the store by an old man, her customer, who used his walking-stick to point out the bananas he desired. This did not please the girl; the stick kept fluttering about her face and hands in a most disconcerting manner, and when she had finished she handed over the bag and took the money with obvious disgust. Apparently the old fellow tried to make amends by some little witticism, but she turned her back on him, and her eyes met those of Robert Herrie.

Herrie had watched the episode with that expansive interest which a man in love feels towards all humanity. It had amused him to see the girl's annoyance, and when he caught her eye he laughed out aloud and waved his hand at her. She did not, however, seem to appreciate his interest; a look of surprise came over her face and she turned back into the shop with a disdainful shrug. How could she know that it was only his exuberance of spirits? How could she know what made him so exuberant?

He continued his way along the crowded street until he came to a little store where tobacco, pipes and magazines were displayed in confusion. This store was familiar to him, marking as it did the place of turning into a certain side street. No poet, so far as I can remember, has ever said that a tobacco shop stood at the gate of paradise, yet there it was tangible enough under its red and white striped awning.

With a quickening step he turned down past the little shop and entered the side street. He was immediately aware of a change. The clamour of street cars and vehicles became fainter at every stride; the crowd and the distracting display of store windows were left behind; while above, instead of the brazen fronts of shops and offices, appeared the soft, green foliage of maple trees. He would have thought that he had passed from the city to some quiet country town in a few steps had it not been for the insistent hum of a factory that

came to his ears, thin and small like the buzzing of a bee.

As he walked along he glanced at his polished oxfords to assure himself that they had not lost their sheen. To his satisfaction he observed that they were as bright as when he had left the shoe shine parlour. He next took off his hat and passed his fingers caressingly over his hair to smooth out any stray locks. Finally he tilted his hat to one side, adjusted his tie—which had come out over his coat—and carefully hitched up his trousers so that just the right amount of green sock was visible. His unusual elation set him whistling—to tell the truth somewhat out of tune—the chorus about the wedding bells which shall ring so merrily; and he wondered why it had never before entered his head to bring matters to a point.

He had known Esther for several years—in fact, on looking back, he could see that he had paid her some attention. He had waited for her at the choir door several Sundays; they had canoed, had gone to ball games and the movies together; and frequently had spent pleasant evenings at her home, singing or playing cards with her mother and brother. When he had left his job at the grocery store and had gone braking on the railroad, he had been conscious, so he could remember, of a certain pang at the thought of being out of town so often; but the pang had been of that indefinable sort that might have been merely homesickness or timidity at the idea of change, and it had not suggested any action. Not until the day before had he ever thought of speaking to Esther on the subject of—well, in short, to be blunt, of asking her to marry him.

It was through listening to Burrot, his conductor, that he made up his mind. While their train—it was a local freight—was waiting for No. 1 on a siding, they two wandered off to a shady spot under an elm tree. Here they stretched themselves out full length on the grass and prepared to

rest at ease. For some time they lay in silence, gazing up at the limbs of the tree and the wide blue sky beyond. Then the conductor spoke.

"I say, Herrie, it's mighty hard, isn't it?"

There was an insinuating note of candour and intimacy in his voice.

"What's hard, old man?" Herrie returned. "To my notion this isn't bad at all, lying here like a couple of Weary Willies. Railroadng is tough all right—sometimes. But after all there's a sort of something about it that gets a fellow. Now the grocery business, for instance, isn't in it with railroadng, take it how you like."

"I'll say so," agreed the conductor.

"But I'm not kicking about the life, Bob. I've been on the railroad ever since I left school ten years ago, and I guess I'll stick with it yet awhile. It's not the life I'm kicking about—it's things in general."

Now Herrie knew well enough that when a fellow begins to talk of "things in general", he is either about to give his views of the cruel men higher up, or is becoming sentimental and is going to confide in you the secrets of his heart.

In either case the proper mode of procedure is to intersperse at suitable intervals such remarks as, "Too bad, old man", "Cheer up", "After all, what need you care", and as soon as possible to go to sleep.

Herrie acted accordingly.

He rolled over in the soft grass, settled his head on a knoll that seemed free of ants, and said lazily, "You seem a bit blue. Nothing wrong, eh?"

And Burrot started.

There was a girl who was waiting for him until he had gathered together enough money to commence house-keeping. What with the high cost of living, and giving young Mary a course at the business college (Mary was his young sister) it was taking all he could do to keep himself going. The war had kept him from getting a start, and at this rate he couldn't pull

in his little pile in two years—it was mighty tough, all right. And she wasn't an ordinary girl; she was the right sort to make a fellow happy.

"But, of course, Bob, a chap like you, who hasn't got a girl, can't understand how a fellow feels. Gosh, she even worries when we're a bit late getting in, and I don't phone her as usual—gets fancying maybe we've been wrecked."

Herrie had thrown in the proper remarks, scarcely hearing what was being said, until the last sentence. It for some time seemed to pique him. The conductor had assumed an air of placid superiority, as if to say, "As for you, of course, it scarcely matters whether you ever get back at all or not; one man more or less of your sort means nothing. But my case is different. My welfare is of great importance—this girl is waiting for me, fretting her life away waiting for me to make her happy."

Herrie surveyed the conductor. He lay with his hands under his head and his eyes half closed, basking in self-content and mock sadness as he thought of this girl of his.

The air of superiority did not please the brakeman at all. He felt a strong impulse to say that he too was not to be despised—that a girl, a nice girl, was fond enough of him to wait until he was ready.

Unconsciously he began to think what ground he could have for such a bold assertion, and his thoughts lit on Esther. He had not seen her for three weeks; but he recalled her quiet eyes, her dimpled smile, her voice, and the way she frequently sat with one foot drawn up under her like a child. He pictured himself describing her to the conductor, and in a flash the decision was born—the very next day would see him on the way to arrange the matter with Esther.

And here he was. A brakeman's pay, especially when it had been spent with no thought for the morrow, had not allowed him to get a diamond

or anything of that kind; but he had bought a dozen and a half of the finest roses he could find.

Her home was a cottage which stood about the middle of the block under two great trees. So old was it that the bricks were green with mould and corroded away along the ground and about the corners. It looked at him with a queer stolid solemnity; for it was of primitive architecture resembling a human face. The door was in the centre for a nose, the windows on either side formed great peering eyes, and the eave dropped over in the shape of a brow.

On this day the house wore an expression of more profound solemnity than usual. Both blinds were pulled down.

Instinctively Herrie stopped whistling, and without knowing the cause felt a thrill of apprehension.

With a certain trepidation he went up to the door and rapped twice upon the massive knocker. There was no answer. He was conscious of the hum of the factory, and the voices of two people who passed on the street; but within no sound at all.

He knocked again.

Was it possible that there was no one at home? Such a contingency had not occurred to him. What should he do? As he pondered over the question he became aware of someone speaking to him.

"Was ye wantin' to see someone?"

He turned around and through the vines on the verandah caught sight of a plump little woman in a white apron.

"Was ye lookin' to find someone at home?" she repeated.

"Well, yes," he replied. "I sort of thought to see the people who live here."

"There ain't no one at home. Mrs. Neil's son's been took with typhoid in Chicago, an' she's gone to nurse him. All her folks lives there, an' her husband's been dead this long time, so she just shut up the house an' left last week."

"And Miss Neil?" asked Herrie anxiously.

"I didn't hear no different, so I guess she's gone with her mother. Was ye wantin' to see her partieler?"

"Oh, no," he said, "I just thought I'd call;" and he went back down the walk to the street.

At first he felt merely blank disappointment. The whole castle which he had built over night had vanished. Esther had gone, and he could not tell when he would see her again—possibly not for weeks. To be sure he might speak to her then; but that looked so far in the future, and so different from what he had planned, that he could not endure to think of it. His mind had been made up to-day, he had been eager, perhaps excited; but now everything was upset. It was miserable.

His feelings then revolted on himself. What a fool he had been! Esther's liking for him he had taken for granted. What would she have thought? Would she not have been startled by his sudden boldness? And what an idiot he looked with this great box of roses—a dozen and a half of them—almost two whole days' pay. It mortified him, besides, to remember the things he had been thinking. He had pictured Esther in the future, the immediate future, as fondly dreaming of him while he was out on a trip, and waiting anxiously for his return. Instead of that it appeared she had not thought enough of him to let him know that she herself was going away. It was a shabby trick on her part. He had no claim on her but the claim of friendship, yet she might surely have let him know of her departure.

He felt that his pride had been hurt; and suddenly his mortification turned to resentment. In his vexation he believed that she had been at fault in letting him get into a position where he could make such a fool of himself. A wave of anger passed over him. He would never let her know what he had intended to tell her.

He would go back to his work, bury himself in it, and live as if she did not exist.

His angry thoughts burned into his mind. As he walked along he clung to his box and glared steadily in front of him.

Up one street and down another he strode as if on urgent business. How long he walked he did not know; but at last he found his way back into the busy thoroughfare down which he had proceeded so gaily on his way to see Esther. He had thought then that there never was a street so genial and stirring; now, however, it seemed poignantly cheerless.

The light had begun to fade in the lower depths of the street, and the pale lamps in the stores were gleaming out. The pavements were full of people hurrying home from work, preoccupied, weary, and caring not a whit whether he was sad or gay. Auto horns coughed impatiently, and the street cars crashed past crowded to the steps.

Herrie watched the people hurrying off to their cheerful homes; he thought of the evening he had intended to spend with Esther; and then he pictured to himself his dreary boarding-house and the tiresome chatter of the boarders at supper.

It occurred to him suddenly that it was past the supper hour and that the others would have finished their cold meat, fried potatoes and apple sauce. If he returned now he would have to go supperless—Mrs. Taylor had no mercy on "lates". A man might endure being disappointed in love, but it is a different matter to lose his supper. He became aware that he was hungry, and began to look around for some place where he could eat.

He continued his way down the street past a hardware store, a drug store, a bakeshop, and his eyes rested on a little fruit store with great piles of fruit in the window — peaches, grapes, yellow oranges, purple plums, and heavy bananas hanging from the ceiling.

The shop was lighted by a gas lamp which shed a soft lumination upon the counter, the boxes and the piles of fruit, and cast great shadows in the corners. Partly covered by one of these shadows, with her back toward him and the light falling upon her head and shoulders, sat a girl reading.

Contrasted with the cheerlessness of the street the interior of the shop was most inviting, and as he looked he discovered at the back, cut off from the rest of the store by a curtain, a small alcove in which was a table spread with a cloth. This made him conscious of a white sign on the window pane not a foot from his face:

LIGHT LUNCHES HERE

15c.

He opened the door and entered. As he did so the girl rose to wait on him.

When the light fell fully on her face Herrie recognized her. She was the girl he had seen earlier in the day pulling the bananas for the old man, and he stood for a moment with his hand on the door-latch regarding her. Why had he not noticed it before? Was it just the effect of the soft light on her face, or was it reality? She was beautiful—with her heavy hair, the strange shadows playing over her face, her rich full lips, clear-cut like the lips of a statue, but as red as coral, and her eyes soft and deep as night. It was amazing. Was he dreaming, or was she really as beautiful as she seemed?

He approached her and began to talk.

"The sign on the window says you serve light lunches," he ventured. "Could a fella by any chance get a square meal?"

"It is lunches that we serve. This is not the Ritz — it is only Tony Fido's," the girl answered in a voice which, with its soft Italian intonation, was music in Herrie's ears. "You can not get a square meal here."

"Couldn't you stretch a point and feed a starving man?" he persisted with greater assurance now that he had heard her speak.

"What would you have?"

"Anything from baled hay to cocoanuts."

"You come from the Zoo, perhaps?" she suggested laughing. "We have no hay, but we have cocoanuts. But a square meal could not be made of cocoanuts." Then she added slyly, "Perhaps mister will try peanuts?"

"I'm hungry enough to eat anything. I've not had a bite since noon. Listen," he whispered, leaning intimately over the counter, "you bring along three or four light lunches and I'll see what I can do."

"I could get some soup, maybe."

"Now you're talking!"

"You wait and I'll see."

She vanished like a beautiful figure in a dream; but in a moment returned to say that he might have some soup with sandwiches and tea.

Sighing with relief he took his place at the table in the little alcove, and after setting his big box of roses and his hat on a chair prepared to be comfortable.

As the girl bustled about getting salt, pepper, spoons and a napkin, he could not help watching her. Every movement of her form was marked by a piquant, foreign grace.

She finished with the table and brought in a steaming bowl of soup, a cup of hot tea and a plate of sandwiches.

"I said to her make them very, very big—the man is hungry like a bear," she remarked, pointing to the sandwiches and smiling archly.

"Ah," he sighed, "you've saved my life!"

With great gusto he devoured the food, and between the mouthfuls gazed at the girl. A feeling of light-hearted placidity, of devil-may-care contentment, filled his mind and set his blood dancing as if the hot soup he was supping were a heady kind of punch. He seemed scarcely himself—

he was translated. The quick succession of conflicting emotions—the exultation of the afternoon, the sudden mortification at finding Esther gone, and finally a strange new bewilderment in the presence of this girl—seemed to have unbalanced his mind. He could not take his eyes off her. She noticed the intentness of his gaze but did not appear to resent it; for when she had finished waiting on him she leaned on the back of a chair, and deftly tucking into place a stray lock of hair that had fallen over her face smiled at him.

They were alone in the little room, and for all that could be heard no one was in the house. The only sounds audible were the faint rumble of traffic coming from the street, and the ticking of a clock on the wall.

The man stopped eating. He felt a desire to talk to this girl, to become more intimate with her, to learn something about her.

"Is this Tony What's-his-name—"

"Fidelo," she supplied.

"Is Tony Fidelo your dad?"

"Oh, no," she responded in a shocked tone. "I'm an orphan. My father and my mother are dead in Italy since I was a child of eight years. Tony is my father's brother, and he asked for me to be sent to him in America. He is a good man; he sent me to school like other American children. Yes, he is a very good man, but—"

"Yes?"

"Tony is a good uncle," she repeated confidentially, "but his wife—I do not like her. She keeps me in the shop all day and almost all the nights; and scolds when I have fun and am out late. She says I am light like American girls. Ugh, I hate her! I can do nothing but she scolds."

There was a moment's silence; then he asked suddenly, "Won't you tell me your name?"

"Sure. What do you think is my name, when the name of my father's brother is Fidelo?" There was the light of mischief in her eyes.

"Ah now," he protested, "you know I mean your first name."

"What do you want to know my name for?" she returned.

"Come, be a good girl. It won't hurt you to tell me your name. Here are we two all alone, why shouldn't we be friends? You're a nice girl, and I'm a lonesome beggar with nothing to do, so where's the harm?"

"My name is not a pretty name; you would not like it."

"Try it on me. It must be a very pretty name or it wouldn't be yours."

"Quit kidding me," she chided in a naïve slang. "You must be crazy to talk like that!" Her voice was low and purring. Herrie knew that she was teasing him, suspected that she must be something of a coquette, but did not care. "Listen," she continued without waiting for him to speak, "I want you to tell me something. The truth, remember! Where were you off to this afternoon when you waved your hand at me?"

Herrie sat up straight.

"I didn't think you'd got that," he gasped.

"Sure I did; it was a bad thing to do and I want to know why you did it."

"You looked so cute when you got peeved at the old chap that I couldn't help it. And then—"

He stopped, and a frown came upon his face.

"Yes?"

"Oh nothing."

"I will say you were not on business with a smile like you had. Please tell me truly where you were going," she insisted.

"I was going to make a fool of myself," he exclaimed bitterly. "A man's always happy when he's going to make a fool of himself. I was an idiot—an awful idiot. I thought—I well never mind what I thought. I was going to make a fool of myself, but thank heaven I couldn't! So let's say no more about it."

"You needn't tell me if you don't want to," she pouted.

"Now don't get sore with me. What does it matter where I was going?"

"You went to see some girl."

"I didn't see any girl, and I don't want to see any girl," he burst out. "That's all done with. No girl is that to me," and he snapped his fingers in the air.

"Oh," she returned, shrugging her shoulders, "is that so? Well, I guess I had better go back to my book then."

Herrie fell into a panic when he thought that she was about to leave him; he saw himself once more alone with no place to go but back to the dreary boarding-house; and he felt again that sense of depression that had possessed his spirits before he had entered the little store. She did not move immediately, however, but stood tapping the floor with her toe, as if waiting for him to say something. When he perceived that her threat was not in earnest his faintheartedness vanished.

"Don't go away," he said, reaching out his hand appealingly. "Don't go and leave me alone just because I was talking like a fool. No man can say what he means when a girl with eyes like yours is looking at him. Come, little girl, come and sit down. Look, here's a chair right beside me. Come around here and let's be good friends, won't you?"

She turned slowly about and came over beside him. He pulled the chair close to his own, and taking her by the arm drew her down into it. A thrill went through him as he felt his power over her. Neither of them spoke for several minutes.

From outside there came the dulcet, pulsing music of an accordion played by some street beggar. The notes were as the essence of the summer night, soft and sweet, sad and amorous; filled with the strange rude romance of life and universal emotion. Like a delirium the music entered into the man's soul, and he understood what it meant with its passion and sweetness.

He looked about at the narrow room—the dark paper on the walls, the gaudy picture of two lovers in a boat, happy in the light of a round, full moon, the gas lamp with its smoky globe, and the heavy curtains obscuring them from the street but allowing a glimpse of the counter and the boxes of fruit; and then his eyes rested on the girl by his side.

She was certainly beautiful — as beautiful, Herrie thought, as one of the beauties who smile in the advertisements for the fine-grade Turkish cigarettes.

He leaned over towards her; she did not move away.

"Tell me your name," he whispered coaxingly. "You'll tell me your name now, won't you?"

"Tonina," she responded. "It is not a pretty name, is it?"

"It's the prettiest name I ever heard. What made you think I wouldn't like it? Let me hear it again, I—I—"

What he was going to say was not finished. Suddenly there came a sound of footsteps from the other side of the door, and the handle turned.

The girl jumping up hastily began to gather the dishes; the man stood up more slowly and instinctively reached for his hat and box. Round the corner of the door there appeared the head of a fat Italian woman, scowling and ugly. She glared at the two for several moments without speaking, and disappeared, closing the door with a slam.

The girl stopped gathering the dishes, and with a nod towards the door said, "She wants the dishes. Do not mind her. But maybe you had better go—and I think—you had better not come back."

She was alarmed at his ardour; but he took her hand and pleaded earnestly, "Don't send me away now that we've got to know each other. Couldn't you come out with me? It's early yet—can't be much after seven. We could scare up something to do for a bit of fun. Come on, like a good girl."

"Wait for me in half an hour at the Gore fountain," she slowly acquiesced. "I'll be off then."

Herrie arrived at the fountain in ten minutes and sat down to wait. For him this was a novel experience; he had never done such a thing before. In the back of his mind there lurked a disturbing suspicion that he was making a fool of himself; but he did not let it come fully into consciousness. What harm if he were? His life up to the present had been unspeakably tame—no excitement of any sort beyond an occasional show and a little pool or bowling. To-night he was engaged in a real adventure. She was some girl all right, even if she was a Dago. A Dago? Never! Her voice showed that she was no plain Dago. Call her Italian, and her slightly foreign ways only made her prettier. He had never seen such eyes before—soft, and dark, and melting. She was beautiful enough, he thought, to be put in the movies—more beautiful than most of the stars he had seen there. That such a girl should have made a date with him was hard to believe. His heart beat quickly at the thought.

How long would she keep him waiting? By the illuminated clock in the Post Office it was then eleven minutes to eight. Roughly estimating the time since he had left the little shop, he reckoned it at about fifteen, perhaps twenty minutes. If she kept her promise she would be along by eight o'clock. To put it at the latest (he did so in order to curb his eagerness) say ten minutes after the hour.

She did not come, as a matter of fact, until half-past eight; and when she did come into sight hurrying toward him past a bright store window, he felt a shock of disappointment to discover that she was not as striking in looks as he had supposed. Her straw hat with faded ribbons and flowers and her shabby coat seemed a trifle prosaic among the finer things of other women he could see on the street. When, however, she had come

up close to him and he could look into her eyes the spell returned.

They were both embarrassed at first—could think of nothing to say—stood staring at the falling water as it glistened in the rays of the neighbouring street lights.

At last Herrie brought his thoughts together enough to ask, "Well, where will we go—Tonina?"

She smiled at hearing him call her by name. "It don't take you long to learn, Mr.—"

"Herrie," he supplied. "But Bob's what they call me, and if I call you Tonina, you'll call me that, won't you?"

"Sure—I will call you anything. Let's go and see what is on at the Princess."

The posters in front of the Princess did not take Tonina's fancy, so they boarded a car for the Island ferry—the amusement park was on the Island.

It is surprising what at certain times will give a man pleasure. To put two car tickets into the fare box instead of one, to have a youngster on the ferry ask if Tonina was his girl, to find her take an interest in hearing him tell about himself and his work, and to feel her take his arm in the crowd at the gate of the park increased Herrie's heart-beat alarmingly.

The park itself was a new glory to him. He had, of course, been there before, but somehow had missed its mad spirit of excitement, glamour and delirious romance. On previous visits it had appeared to him a mere series of hoaxes. To-night, however, everything was changed. Tonina seemed to know its blazing, lurid intricacies by heart, and led him on eagerly—her lips were partly opened and her dark eyes were dancing—through the whole turbulent maze. He caught the fever from her—even outdid her. His money was thrown about lavishly; everything on the ground which promised a novel sensation was tried. The experience in-

toxicated him; it cut through his veneer of self-restraint and set his soul quivering with the lust for ever more poignant thrills; and he yielded himself up to the call of each new attraction with complete abandon. If he had stopped to think he would scarcely have recognized himself as the man who lay under the elm tree only the previous afternoon listening to Conductor Burrot.

It occurred to him to wish that he had thrown away his box of flowers before he had begun collecting balloons, canes, kewpies and pop-corn. Now, however, it was too late to do anything; he must lug it with him for the rest of the night.

At last they found themselves deposited, after fifteen minutes of the wildest whirl of mystery, terror and shock that human ingenuity could devise, on what was in reality a broad board walk leading down to the lake, but what to Herrie seemed Elysium. Tonina had let her hand slip into his as they came through this hall of horrors, and she did not withdraw it now. It lay in his, yielding to his pressure.

"Gosh," he gasped, "that was a thriller!"

"Wasn't it truly! I'm frightened in my heart yet," and she gave his hand a gentle squeeze.

"Where next, girlie? You know this circus better than I do. After that one I'm ready for anything—lead on," he said.

"Do you really want more? I'm tired almost."

"No home for me yet—not for an hour."

"Gee, you must be one millionaire! You did not say to me about owning a railroad or two; you only told me how you worked on one. You've spent a good many dollars already — you had better quit while you have one or two left."

"Forget it. I'm out for a time."

"Let's go down to the beautiful lake," she proposed.

"That's the idea," he agreed with enthusiasm.

Down the board walk toward the lake, which was just visible, shining between the trees in the rays of the moon, they strolled arm-in-arm. As they walked on, the babel of sounds became softer, finally faded away, while the moonlight rested their eyes after the glare, and the odour of oranges, peanuts, cigarettes and oil torches was replaced by the sweet, fresh tang of air moving out across the water.

The walk narrowed to the width of three boards and then became lost in the sand. They found a half buried beam—perhaps a piece of some old ship—and sat down.

The spot was deserted. The reflection of the park lights far behind lit up the sky faintly. Towards the left stretched a long line of ghostly cottages, some with curious Chinese lanterns glimmering weirdly, others in darkness. In front the lake played with the moonbeams, and kept up an indeterminate, musical wash amongst the pebbles on the beach. It was one of those evenings in which all things seem unreal, lacking in substance, the mere echoes of a mood. Anything strange, anomalous, chimerical might happen on such a night, and pass with the semblance of reality.

The two sat looking at the water for some time; then Herrie spoke.

"Tonina," he said, "this has been a night of wonderful things for me—very wonderful. It don't scarcely seem like me at all. I've always been a stick-at-home sort of fella—"

"Go on!" she objected. "You don't need to tell me! I do not think you speak the truth."

"Honest. When I look back it seems like someone else. I can't scarcely believe it. Just think yesterday I was bumping along on a local freight, and to-morrow, I guess, I'll be doing the same thing in the same way. But to-night—"

"Will it be the same to-morrow exactly—as yesterday?"

She had taken her hat off and the pale moon brought out her features

with delicate distinctness. As she spoke she leaned gently over toward him.

"Never," he exclaimed fervently. "It seems to me that when I went into your store I went out of myself: I can't explain it. It's as if I had gone into a new world. Did you ever feel that way?"

"No," she replied in a doubtful tone, "it does not seem like anything that has been to me. But look at that boat. Is it real?"

A white yacht was drifting past like a phantom ship in the night, while those on board chanted a quaint, slow melody of love. . . .

At last, by way of nothing at all, she asked him what was in the box he had been clinging to all day.

With startling vividness the question brought everything back to him. He saw Esther again with her quiet ways and open friendliness, and recalled what he had hoped for concerning her this very night. Things were vastly different from what he had expected! With questioning eyes he regarded the girl by his side, contrasting her with Esther. She at least had not slighted him; fatuously he told himself that she could never cause him pain. Then once more with increased bitterness his resentment towards Esther returned, and there surged over him suddenly an overpowering impulse.

"Roses, little girl, roses," he whispered in Tonina's ear. "They're for the girl I love—the girl I'm going to marry. I love you, Tonina. You're beautiful, wonderful—"

"Stop," she cried, starting back. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, Tonina—well, I can't say it right—my mind's all in a whirl. But I want you to marry me."

"But that is impossible. You must be crazy — you do not know what you're saying. I can't do that."

"Why can't you? You've got to. Why do you stay here with me like this—why did you let me take your hand if you can't?"

"But that is different—that is what American girls do. I did not mean anything at all. When a girl loves she gives her life—everything. No, it is impossible." From the distance a whistle was heard to blow. "There," she continued, "the last boat leaves in not many minutes. We must go."

She was nervous, embarrassed; and sat staring at him with wide-open, puzzled eyes.

"Come, Tonina," he persisted, "promise me, and take the roses."

"But the roses they are not for me," she protested. "You have had them all the day. You could not have bought them for me. You can not deceive me—I am no fool."

He lied fluently: "I got them before I'd ever seen you for a sick friend; but when I got there he was better and had gone away. He's in Chicago. But it was lucky that I got them. Now they're here for you. You can have them when you promise to marry me."

Opening the box she buried her face in the cool, sweet flowers.

"Do you promise, Tonina?" he insisted.

"Well," she answered, slowly raising her head, "I think you mean it, but it takes you not long to make up your mind. But for me—I cannot say now. In the morning perhaps."

Next morning things, as they have a habit of doing, looked somehow quite different to Herrie. Romance found it hard to live through a meal of luke warm porridge and skimmed milk. Romeo could not have inhabited a second-rate boarding-house.

Moreover, the notion which had been lurking in the back of his mind the previous evening had come fully to light; it now engrossed all his thoughts—he had made a fool of himself. Who was this girl whom he had asked to share his life? What did he know of her except that she was rather pretty and a Dago? The word returned to his mind and burned there like a poisonous acid; nothing he could do would drive it away. She was only a Dago. This morning he

must go to hear her answer to the question he had pressed so persistently—he hated himself now for his persistence—the night before. What her answer would be there could be no doubt.

To cap the matter his landlady presented him with a letter just come by the morning mail from Esther, apologizing for not having written before, and asking him to come and see her. Her mother, she said, had gone to Chicago, but she herself was staying in the city with cousins until her brother was well.

There was nothing for him to do, however, but to keep his promise with Tonina.

Late in the morning, on his way to his train, he entered the little fruit store for the second time, and the first thing he saw, lying on the counter, was his great box of roses. Tonina was there right enough, but she was waiting on a customer as he entered and gave him no sign of recognition. When the customer had left, however, she went over to the box of roses, and taking the cover off pointed inside to a card—the card he had placed there so carefully the day before.

On it were written the words, "To my Sweetheart Esther".

"So your friend who was sick is called Esther, Mr. Herrie, and he lives not so far away as Chicago," she said with a quiet dignity that he could not help but admire. "Well, you must go to your Esther—I do not steal any girl's *amante*." Then suddenly she lost control of herself. Tearing the flowers from the box she hurled the whole dozen and a half viciously into the man's face. "There, you lying wretch, who tell me not the truth," she cried, "take them to her, to your Esther. I will not have them—they are her's."

With that she covered her face with her hands and rushed from the shop.

Herrie stood speechless. The thorns of the roses stung his face. He passed his hands over it and found blood. What did it mean? There was something in it all he did not understand. Then slowly there dawned on his mind some realization of the tragic power of this passion he had been treating so lightly—this passion which runs through all life, consuming the hearts of men and women, making sweet, long hours of toil, bubbling in the mysterious springs of life and outweighing the fear of death; and he cursed himself for his stupidity.

Deeply humiliated he gathered up his flowers and left the shop.



POMPEY

H. F. PARKINSON



COLD January gale is blowing outside and is lashing the open sea into white-crested fury. The officers and the crew of H.M. Destroyer *Sandfly* are thankful that it is their stand-off day. In such weather it is so much more comfortable to be safely moored in harbour than to be braving the rampant elements far out on the North Sea. In the ward-room two officers are sitting before a glowing stove and on the rug beside it is curled the hero of our story. He is just a little dog, wiry-haired and ugly, but he is possessed of a pair of appealing eyes which won the Captain's heart when first they met. That was one bleak rainy November evening. The Captain was striding along the Hard in Portsmouth through the driving rain and discovered a little bundle of hair shivering and frightened in a corner. The appealing eyes which looked up at him reminded him of something he had lost, as it seemed to him long years ago, so he picked the little bundle up and put it in the capacious pocket of his oils. From then on the little dog was a fixture on the *Sandfly* and went by the name of Pompey, which is the service nickname for the great naval dockyard at Portsmouth. At first the Captain paid little attention to the dog but an affection soon grew up. Pompey followed him everywhere on board. Below he was always close beside the Captain wherever he happened to be. At sea he would be crouched in a corner of the bridge with his eyes

fixed on the Captain's face and apparently listening to every command given. Pompey used to get sea-sick and when it would be getting rough he would be ordered to go below, because in bad weather the bridge of a destroyer is dangerous as well as uncomfortable for little dogs. Then, like the school-boy, he would creep aft and down the ladder with many a backward glance to see if the Captain would not change his mind. When finally he would arrive below he would wait in the aft cabin or ward-room until the Captain would come off watch and then the little dog's joy would know no bounds.

To return to the ward-room on that cold night in January—the two officers are lounging before the fire talking languidly of days gone by at Greenwich College and of dear old Captain Montgomery. *Montie* was chief of the lecturing staff and the universal favourite of all young naval officers. One of the two officers has a ruddy, jolly face and by the three gold bands on his sleeve is recognized as a Commander. He is an older man and commands the famous *Saracen*. The *Saracen* with her long record of successful and exciting episodes is now flotilla leader of the Nth destroyer squadron in which the *Sandfly* fills the junior position. The other officer is a “two ringer”—a lieutenant and is the Captain of the *Sandfly*. In the Navy List you will find him described as “George R. Bullivant, Lieut. R.N.” but to his few friends he is just “Bullie”. He is not old, perhaps twenty-six. His face is serious and

his demeanour taciturn. No one seems to understand him and it is curious that he should go by a nick-name at all. People say that when he was younger he was disappointed in love. That may or may not be true, but at twenty-one he was as jolly and care-free as any young officer in His Majesty's Navy in peace time and was feared by all opponents on the tennis court or cricket crease. Then his father died and the family heritage fell to pieces as dust. Millicent, whom he idealized and was to have married, went abroad with her mother and a letter with an enclosure came to him a month later. From then he ceased to be a happy boy with not a care but a taciturn and very efficient naval officer.

"Oh! I say, Bullie, if you would add a cat and a parrot to your establishment you would advertise this war-boat as a rest home for ancient spinsters." This from the Commander with a beaming smile.

The answer came slowly, "Please leave my dog alone. His love for me is sincere, but as for human beings—well, perhaps I have been unfortunate."

Needless to say the conversation languished, but the Commander's respect for the young lieutenant deepened.

The Nth Destroyer Squadron was a very fast flotilla and a month later had travelled Southward in record time in a desperate effort to cut off a returning fleet of German raiders. The sortie had not been successful and the ships were returning to port carrying a crestfallen set of officers and men. The destroyers were sailing in single line, each ship following in the wake of the one ahead. The *Saracen*, of course, was leading the way and, as junior ship, the *Sandfly* was following at the foot of the line. On the bridge of the *Sandfly* stood the Captain giving his commands in a very sharp manner because he was setting inwardly. At the commencement of the movement his active,

mathematical mind had grasped the situation and a manœuvre, which would probably have been successful, had suggested itself. This manœuvre had not been carried out by the flotilla leader and probably by now those fat German officers are smiling at one another and saying, "How smart we are". As his mind was running along this line his eye fell on Pompey, who was shivering in his corner. While the destroyer was rushing through the sea at full speed the bridge had been drenched in spray and little Pompey got his full share, but a little wet and cold would never induce him to leave his post and his Captain. The inevitable happened.

"Pompey go below," and with the usual slowness and backward glances the little dog proceeded to carry out the order. For the first time Pompey slipped and fell from the ladder and in less time than it takes to tell he had fallen to the deck, rolled beneath the railing, and gone into the foaming sea. The bark of terror reached the Captain's ears, and when he saw what had happened he hesitated and then gave the order "man overboard". He knew how serious a matter his action was; that he would be haled before the Admiral and possibly court-martialed. Technically the flotilla was still in action, but Pompey was the only living thing who really cared for him and he would not abandon him. If he did get into serious trouble—what matter? It is astonishing with what speed orders are carried out on a ship of war. Before the command was out of the Captain's mouth "full speed astern" had rung on the engine-room telegraph and the ship was trembling with the vibration of the mighty turbines as the propellers thrashed the water white and brought the ship rapidly to a standstill. The gaily coloured code flags "AS—man overboard" had run up to the yard arm to inform the leader of the reason of the stop. Before the ship had lost her way the dinghy had been swung outboard on her davits and two

brawny jack-tars and the coxswain were in their places ready. When the turbines had stopped the dinghy was dropped into the water and it was but a matter of a minute or two before, dripping and half-drowned, Pompey was passed over the ship's side into the hands of the Captain who had hurried down from the bridge to receive him. Some would have said there was a trace of tears in his eyes, but the assertion would have been met with his positive denial. At any rate, from then on the deepest affection existed between these two. The Captain was never so happy as when sitting before the fire with Pompey in his lap, and the dog could hardly bear to allow his master out of his sight.

It was rather fortunate that the Commander came aboard next day and heard the story from the gunnery officer before the formal report was sent in. The Admiral and the Commander had often been known to spin yarns together in the R. N. Barracks and the Commander was soon able to create the opportunity for telling the Admiral what had happened and at the same time what an exceptionally keen and able officer the Captain made.

The Admiral, contrary to the popular idea of what an admiral is, understood human nature and so next day, with a smile on his face, he queried the report and lost it in a pigeon hole. In the evening the Commander was holding forth to some of his close friends in the mess and all had been amused by the story. "If Bully were not so clever and such an excellent officer I would be half inclined to think him a wee bit balny. Just the same I don't believe a dog is capable of real affection. A dog is a dog and an animal's first instinct is always to save itself." The conversation changed to the latest scheme for launching torpedoes and the Commander forgot all about dogs and their steadfastness until he had cause to remember some six weeks later.

The brilliant destroyer action took place in March when the *Saracen* added still another leaf to her wreath of laurel. In the glory of the stunning blow dealt the enemy in the face of such odds we are apt to forget the brave souls lost with the ships which did not come back, and the bereaved to whom the famous victory means nothing but grief and loss. The press despatch gave a glowing account of the wonderful fight of the *Sandfly*, of the magnificent way she was handled, how she collected our disorganized ships into a column and executed a movement which demoralized the enemy and gave victory to our hands, of how her forward gun continued to pour forth its stream of destruction until the water rose too high and the gallant ship went down to her grave beneath the sea. In the years to come school children will be reading in poem and story of the wonderful fight of the *Sandfly* side by side with the glorious deed of the *Revenge*.

It is a vicious March night and the *Sandfly* is carrying on at full speed as usual at the foot of the line. There is tension in the atmosphere because a powerful enemy squadron is surely trapped this time. The wireless orders report that the enemy is in forec but the Nth destroyer squadron must engage him until reinforcements arrive from the North and anyway, tradition has it, that one British ship is worth any two of an enemy in open battle. The Captain is on the bridge staring at that flickering little light which represents the stern of the ships ahead and is obscured now and then by the curtains of white spray which leap high over the *Sandfly's* bows and crash against the bridge windows. Poor Pompey has been sent below long ago, but the excitement is in his blood too, for he is standing facing the cabin door, nostrils distended, ready to dash towards the bridge and his Captain should anything happen. He is trembling with the excitement of it all and once or twice he has started through the door and returned again

because he was ordered to stay below and an order must be obeyed.

The British line of destroyers gradually alters course to the East when "E.R.—engage the enemy" is flashed down the line from the leader and the action has begun. Off to the south tongues of flame bear witness to the fact that the Germans are neither asleep nor afraid though travelling at top speed for home and safety. The British line is rapidly closing but the enemy cannot turn away because the coast is so close to the south of them. The *Sandfly* has selected her ship and her two big guns, fore and aft, are speaking with a machine-like rapidity brought about by months of constant drill and practice ashore and afloat. On the bridge the Captain is thinking of a dozen things at once. Soon a secret signal comes to him and calmly he gives his orders. "Hard to port" and "Clear fore-peak to ram". The ship swings on her new course, in unison with every other ship in the British line, and swoops like an eagle straight for the row of flashes which represent the enemy. A black hulk, above a crest of white, soon looms on the starboard bow. The Captain cons the ship and judges the distances within a matter of yards. The flying *Sandfly* seems to hesitate for the fraction of a second — then a sickening crash and pandemonium. The *Sandfly's* quarry trembles and rolls far over then back taking a heavy list from which she does not revive, and when last seen her decks were all awash. Some of the British destroyers have missed the targets and have flown through the enemy line to disappear in the darkness. Others were not so quick as the *Sandfly* in backing away after the impact and violent hand-to-hand conflicts are going on on the decks. The enemy can never be said to be lacking in initiative. The enemy ships which can do so, execute a quick manoeuvre and are all soon lost in the darkness. They are rushing away in the direction from which they came. The Captain

sees them passing one by one, for the *Sandfly* had engaged the last in the German line, and instantly he grasped the situation. The enemy must pass close to the North of the Beagle Shoal and mine field. Although battered at the bow, the *Sandfly* is still capable of her fine old speed and frantically flashing "S.Z.C.—follow me into action", dashes among the scattered British ships, forming them into a line, and then away into the darkness in the direction of the mine field—the key to the situation. In just the nick of time the two lines come abreast again and the hot engagement which follows forces the German line to turn to the south and to disaster in that hidden terror of the deep—the field of mines. Shortly before this the valiant *Sandfly* had received her death-blow. As the lines began to draw abreast the first of the British line the *Sandfly* received the concentrated fire of a number of the enemy ships and her superstructure was soon reduced to a mere mass of wreckage. The only part which escaped the wholesale destruction was the fore-castle and the gun which continued to fire until the salt water closed over. She had settled very rapidly because an accurately launched torpedo had torn a great gaping hole in her side. Her end was a glorious example of what that stirring motto "No Surrender" always means to British seamen.

When the firing commenced poor Pompey was almost choked with excitement and fear for his master's safety, but he was able to curb his anxiety until the crash of the collision occurred. Then nothing would have stopped him. He was up the ladders and on the bridge in a matter of seconds and then crouching in his corner he remained until the end. His eyes never left the set face of his master either when it was lit by the blinding flashes of the guns or in the intervals of pitch blackness between. When the bridge was wrecked Pompey was unhurt and sprang to the prostrate form

and gripping a lapel of the great coat made a futile effort to drag it to the aft cabin, to, what seemed to him would be, peace and comfort for both as of old.

Next morning the sun rose bright and clear, and from a cloudless sky it beamed down upon a sparkling, blue sea. It was Nature in all her beauty and in such contrast to the honours of man's making enacted in this very spot a few short hours before. The only witnesses of the terrible struggle were floating bits of wreckage here and there. The victors were limping back to port and the battered *Saracen* was returning by way of the mine field to see if any could be saved. The Commander on the bridge, had no feeling of elation in his soul for the victory and glory which are his but an aching feeling of lonesomeness for the brother officers who were no more. The thought that "Bullie" was gone and that he would never have another opportunity of being kind or considerate to him, almost stifled the Commander with emotion, big man though he was. Something blue floating on the water arrested his attention and

his eye caught the glint of gold. A quick command and the ship came to a standstill and a boat was lowered. The Commander himself embarked, and the swinging oars soon brought him to the floating object. There, with his teeth tightly gripping the lapel of the blue great-coat was little Pompey, stiff and cold, "faithful unto death." It had been beyond his power to take his master back to warmth and comfort.

It was too much for the Commander, and he covered his face with his hands and gulped down a sob. Nothing appeals to a strong man so much as absolute loyalty and devotion, and poor little Pompey was all of that and more.

The naval funeral was carried out with all due honours and ceremony, but a little funeral took place elsewhere with no publicity at all. In the Commander's garden, hidden among the rolling hills of sunny Sussex, now stands a little stone and the engraving runs as follows:

"Pompey, 19th March, 1917. No man hath greater love than that of one who layeth down his life for his friend."





THE OLD MILL

From Painting by
Manly MacDonald,
Exhibited by
the Ontario Society of Artists

A UNIVERSITY IN THE MAKING

BY PROFESSOR W. F. TAMBLYN



SOME universities have arisen out of schools for theology, some began with the study of medicine. Western University was founded at London, Ontario, forty-three years ago in the educational interests, primarily, of Huron College students in theology, but almost immediately upon the opening of Arts classes under the direction of the Anglican diocese of Huron, a Medical Faculty was formed by twelve of the leading physicians of London. The medical needs of the populous territory between Lake Huron and Lake Erie were at least as potent a factor as theology in the gradual establishment of the new university.

When the Arts Faculty sank during the decade 1885-1895 into a state of suspended animation, the Faculty of Medicine sustained the activity of the University. The perseverance of a number of doctors and the down-right need of medical education in Western Ontario combined to keep the work going on. Like the growth of the little city of London itself, the progress of its medical school was anything but sensational at any time, but steady, solid and sure.

The Arts Department crept out of its trance in 1895, since when the classes have proceeded uninterruptedly, though financial backing was precarious. Up to 1908 the subscriptions of a few individuals in London

and in England, the interest of Huron College, an Anglican theological school founded in 1867, and the general want slowly becoming conscious in London and vicinity of better facilities for higher education of both sexes stood between the Arts Faculty and extinction. But as students of various religious denominations passed through the Arts and Medical courses, Western University was strengthening its hold on the public mind of London and the western counties. It came to be understood that an important public service was being rendered, and a vision came to some leading men of how much more might and should be done. The battle for several years unsuccessfully waged by the Senate of the University for recognition by the provincial Government of its honour graduates as high school specialists sharpened the civic interest in Western University and enlisted sympathy for its cause. It was believed by some that the provincial government in its enthusiasm of twenty years ago for centralized university work did less than justice to Western. When also the Carnegie Commission visited the medical buildings and reported quite adversely on the laboratory equipment of that department, local supporters of the institution thought that more emphasis was laid on its deficiencies than on the manifest merits and successes of its faculty, students and graduates. The example of the new civic universities



Institute of Public Health, Western University, where doctors and graduate nurses are trained for public health work

rapidly springing up in Great Britain was noted, in contradistinction to the centralizing policy unfortunately pursued for some time in Ontario education. Altogether, a strong feeling was worked up in London, which spread to the surrounding counties, that the university should be put on the broadest possible basis, removed from denominational control, and raised out of its hand-to-mouth existence by regular and substantial grants from the city and the province.

In 1908, then, Western University was re-born with an Arts Faculty entirely undenominational, with a governing board representing both the City of London and the Ontario Government, a Senate including representatives from nine counties and their cities, and an annual grant by the London City Council. The first support from the provincial government came in the shape of the Institute of Public Health. For some time

the progressive physicians of and associated with the Western Medical Faculty had been urging the creation of such an institution in London. Built, equipped and provided with an annual grant by the Ontario Government, the first institution of its kind on this continent, it is a substantial help to medical practice and public hygiene in all this part of the province, an object lesson to the people of the enterprise and value of Western University, and since its opening in 1912 it has provided the University with laboratories and some of the teaching in the courses for both arts and medical students in Chemistry, Pathology, Bacteriology, Public Health, and to some extent in Physics and Biology. It was in 1914 that the Government began to make direct annual grants to the reconstructed university. Up to last year the Government and city grants have grown to the amounts respectively, of \$84,000



From an oil painting by M. Healey

A part of the present College of Arts, Western University

(with promise of much more in 1921) and \$55,000. The allowance made by the City of London is handsome indeed, heartily endorsed as it is by all sections of the citizens, notably by the Labour Unions and the Chamber of Commerce, an example to other Canadian cities in the encouragement of learning and worthy of comparison to the educational efforts of the larger cities of Great Britain and the United States.

The story of Western University is hardly one of past and present, but rather of present and more especially the future. Not of antiquity but of its coming glory must it boast. Its real birth as a university broad-based upon the people's will was only thirteen years ago. Before 1908 was its antenatal, embryonic time. The Anglican Huron College was its mother, and still a large part of the Arts class-work is carried on in the building rented to it by Huron College. But

three other buildings have had to be acquired for lecture-rooms and the housing of the library, and this year will see the completion of the new building for the Faculty of Medicine, costing more than \$400,000. By an overwhelming majority in a public vote the citizens of London gave \$100,000 towards payment for this beautiful building.

The increase in library accommodation was made necessary by liberal grants from the city and the Board of Governors, by a number of private gifts, and especially by the splendid action of the well-known bibliophile, J. Davis Barnett, LL.D., formerly of Stratford. His library of about 45,000 volumes and several thousand pamphlets, including invaluable Canadiana and one of the largest private Shakespeare collections in America, accumulated during half a century of his life, he presented to Western University in 1918, himself becoming its curator.

This library, like the other libraries of the University (Arts, Medicine and Public Health), is as open to the general public as to the Faculty, students and graduates. Altogether the Western libraries have a total of at least 55,000 books, while the Public Library of London, which looks well after the needs of students, has as many more. The present temporary library buildings, like the class-rooms, are less than ample for the rapidly growing student body and Faculty. No wonder the desire on all sides for the immediate construction of the projected new buildings northwest of the River Thames has become almost feverish.

In 1919 the Roman Catholic colleges, Assumption at Sandwich for men, and Ursuline, formerly at Chatham, for women, entered into affiliation with Western University. Ursuline College purchased a building in London for its work in Arts, which was transferred there in the fall of 1920. Assumption College will build alongside the new University site in the near future. These accretions to Western University and its sphere of influence have been brought about in a short space of time with much diplomatic skill.

Other developments have been extensive and are going forward with accelerating pace. The faculty of the University has increased to the number of thirty-one in Arts and fifty-nine in Medicine (forty-one doing full-time work). The student body numbers this year 534 in all departments and affiliated colleges, 441 proceeding to the degrees of B.A., D.P.H. and M.D.

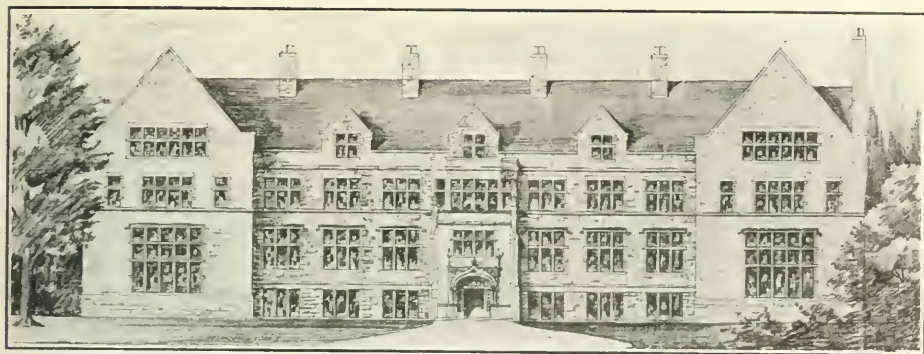
One of the most striking advances in these few last years has been the creation of well-equipped laboratories out of almost nothing. The heads of the various scientific departments have given devoted energy to this work. A new course in Commerce and Finance has been instituted this

year with a promising enrollment. A new Arts and Agriculture course is being arranged between the University and the Ontario Agricultural College. There will be three divisions of this course, viz.: (1) for those intending to become specialists in Agriculture, four years in Arts followed by two years in Technical Agriculture at the O.A.C., leading to the two degrees; (2) also for specialists, two years in Arts and two years in Agriculture at O.A.C., leading to the degree in Agriculture; (3) for practical agriculturists and rural leaders, the four years Arts course with Agriculture each year (taught at Western). Courses in Public Health are somewhat uniquely developed at Western, under various favouring circumstances. Public Health constitutes a distinct Faculty alongside Arts and Medicine.

Here it may be briefly mentioned that another unique feature of the Western University Arts course is a compulsory half-year class (one hour a week) in "Library Science". The students are introduced in determined and thorough fashion to the blessed company and goodly fellowship of books, made to feel at home with them and with the range of learned periodicals, indexes, etc., trained and examined in the use of a library. "Here is no shuffling".

In 1918 the Ontario Government came to an agreement with Western for the recognition of honour degrees, because of the library and laboratory development and the large additions to the Faculty of Arts, and because the university centralization theory had grown less fashionable. Honour graduates in Arts of Western are now eligible for standing as specialists in high school teaching in Ontario.

Along with the Arts Faculty, the Faculty of Medicine was also gaining in efficiency and prestige. The number of full-time professors has grown



Provisional elevation of the proposed Natural Science Building of the College of Arts,
Western University

to nine not including professors in charge of Physics, Chemistry and Biology. In the new building which nears completion there will be larger space for the thoroughly modern laboratories and library.

During the war Western University played its part by equipping and maintaining Stationary Hospital No. 10. The C.O.T.C. of the University prepared four hundred and fifty students for active service; many were able to qualify for commissions, and served with credit and distinction in the Canadian and British armies.

Biological and geological museums have had recently considerable beginnings from private donations. A valuable collection was recently given by Dr. Edwin Seaborn of London. Mr. J. A. Morton of Wingham has presented a botanical collection of more than 3,000 plants. Mr. W. E. Saunders, the London ornithologist, is presenting a collection of bird skins for use in class-room work.

Private benefactions have also taken the form of prizes and scholarships for meritorious students. Far the largest contribution received hitherto by the University from a private source was the recent bequest of \$200,000 made by the late John Smallman, which will not be actually available for some time under the conditions of the will. Only last year the

County Council of Middlesex took the important step of voting \$100,000 towards the new buildings, as a memorial of Middlesex young men fallen in the Great War. This will doubtless be a stimulus to both public and private subscription in the near future.

The new campus is a tract of two hundred acres situated about half a mile from the northern limits of the city on the north bank of the North Branch of the River Thames. It is well wooded with pine and hardwood and will lend itself to attractive landscape development. A detailed survey of this area has been made and profiles taken and charted. Moreover, an expert architect has laid out a scheme for the relative location of all the buildings that will be required by the University for the next two centuries. It is the conviction of the present administration that this plan will prevent the disorderly and haphazard arrangement of buildings which has made so many university campuses unattractive and inconvenient. It is thought, too, that the choice of Collegiate Gothic architecture for the first buildings will establish a form of architectural style which succeeding administrations will follow, and thus insure a pleasing uniformity among all the buildings of the University. The bridge to be built across



New Medical Building, Western University

the Thames to give access to the campus will be a cement structure of three low arches and similar to the bridge at Princeton, N.J., now spanning Lake Carnegie.

Two buildings are to be erected at the outset. One of these will be set apart for the natural sciences. Each of these buildings will have a frontage of about two hundred feet with two wings each of a depth of one hundred and thirty feet. The material for facing will be gray stone. It is estimated that each building will cost from \$400,000 to \$450,000.

The spacious site, one of the finest in America, will give full scope for college athletics. An important determination of Western University is to train the sound body for the sound mind. Western believes in the playing fields, is bent on spurring the schools of Western Ontario to physical as well as mental excellence, and makes individual physical training a *sine qua non* for all students, in at least the first two years of the course. Health and wisdom are two facets of one aim in this modern gymnasium of learning.

The play is no less emphasized than the playground. Since even the 1890's the teachers and students of Western

have been enthusiastic for public performance of drama. Very few years have passed, except in war time, without at least one play produced in college, or more recently in the theatres of the city. Much time and pains have been spent on this work and, it is thought, wisely. In the new buildings it is certain that an auditorium equipped as an up-to-date theatre will be provided. A good preliminary training-school for the university players is the compulsory course in First Year English, entitled "Public Speaking".

More may be said to show the modern spirit of Western University. It is modern in its coeducational character from the beginning; no contentious adaptations have had to be made. The Literary Society of the University is composed of both sexes, who debate together, and the President is sometimes a woman student. No condescensions are dreamed of; equality is an axiom.

Western is modern, again, in that it is not the outcome of any individual's impulse, nor an instinctive and random growth, but the definitely considered, clearly projected realization on comprehensive lines of a large community's educational needs. It is



Provisional perspective of the proposed Main Building of the College of Arts,
Western University

like a modern city, "planned", broadly planned for Western Ontario. Its name speaks the purpose and function of this university for "the west country". Like the great new civic universities of England it is supported and directed by city and government, not by any close corporation.

In the planning of Western's activities, the aim is to secure a symmetrical development of liberal and practical, *veritas et utilitas*. Cardinal Newman once stated in a famous discourse the value of knowledge as an end in itself, quite apart from its moral, political and economic uses. In a university, he said "a habit of mind is formed which lasts through life, of which the attributes are, freedom, equitableness, calmness, moderation, and wisdom, or what I have ventured to call a philosophical habit". Again, liberal education is a "refinement or enlargement of mind", "an acquired illumination", a form of the *alma lux*, no doubt. "It is well to be a gentleman, to have a cultivated intellect, a delicate taste, a candid, equitable, dispassionate mind, a noble and courteous bearing in the conduct of life;

these are the connatural qualities of a large knowledge."

We may prefer now, after sixty years, the word "disinterested" to Newman's word "dispassionate". The mercenary mind of Canada, rife with advertising, not least in Western Ontario, needs nothing more than dry light, disinterested thought, the habit of pursuing truth for its own sake. This would incidentally make Canada more moral. We blamed in "the Hun", in whom modern materialism culminated, his inability to see truth apart from Germany's expediency. It is Western University's business to take the beam of individual expediency out of our own eye. At the same time its laboratories and libraries provide also for economic and moral needs.

Perhaps Newman's discussion of the university was mid-Victorian in its concentration on the point of knowledge. He sums up the aim of education as "a beauty, a perfection of the intellect", in some distinction from "physical or moral beauty". Western University is more Spartan in its eager attention to the physical, moral and social growth of boy or girl, to



Looking south from the site of the Main Building on the new campus of the Western University

the development of the whole character.

Public health and individual health are here pursued as ends in themselves and for the increase of power. That the new age and Western with it are swinging back to a broadened idealism, appears for example in the enlargement of the medical course to include at least one year of pure Arts. It may be to the general physical training, the active social life and the close co-ordination of Arts and Medical work, as well as to the comparative smallness of the student body that the remarkable university spirit of both faculty and students is due.

This young university is forward-looking also in its democratic purpose of social service. As Dr. W. S. Fox, Dean of the College of Arts, writes forcibly in a recent report:

"It is the policy of the College of Arts to aim at producing a type of graduate who, on the scholastic and practical side, is animated by the desire to know the truth in every sphere and to act in accordance with ascertained fact, who has a passion for accuracy of knowledge and performance

alike, who regards all honourable callings as of equal dignity, whose view of the world and men is broad and tolerant; a type of graduate who, on the human and spiritual side, has a vital appreciation of his duty to his country and the world, who has sworn fealty to the laws of morality and who refuses to see others deprived of the liberty of thought which he demands for himself—in short, a man of character who realizes that his college experience has been primarily a training for life and service rather than for a definite vocation.

"It is the policy in the College of Arts to limit non-laboratory classes to thirty students, a division of a class that exceeds this number being automatically effected and an extra instructor provided for the new class thus created. The maintaining of small classes and the pedagogical gain resulting therefrom can be, and ought to be, one of the distinctive features of the Western University. Strict insistence upon this as a policy will make it possible for the College of Arts of the Western University to produce the type of graduate it aims to produce".



A view of the new campus of the College of Arts, Western University

The modern university must be the soul of the people, a force for disinterested truth, and for material help as well, to all classes of citizens. The establishment of the Western University Summer School in 1918 and its steady growth since then is one way of wider service to the people. Extramural courses and extension lectures for London and other western towns are already given and will grow with the increase of financial means. Many of the general public have registered for the elementary course in Public Health. A special effort has been made to interest the working men and women of London in courses similar to those pursued by the W.E.A. in Great Britain, but more facilities are required for this work, to extend it to the cities and townships around, and to make Western in the fullest sense

of the words, "the University of the People of Western Ontario".

Those who are now engaged in building this University, fighting through many difficulties, see already the dawn of the day. "Bliss is it in that dawn to be alive", though still severer toils are plain in prospect. For 800,000 people in the western counties, for graduates of their one hundred secondary schools, one-third of those in the whole province, an institution of advanced education is being provided at their doors that will take the highest rank. A young university like Western can shake itself free from what George Meredith calls "the stupor of precedents". It need not be troubled by the burden of the past, in setting its face to the future that it will help to contrive.



RUPERT BROOKE

SOME MEMORIES OF HIS TORONTO VISIT

BY R. H. HATHAWAY



MUCH has been written about Rupert Brooke's visit to America in the Summer of 1913, but one is likely, unless one has dipped into the posthumous volume of his letters to *The Westminster Gazette*, in which, with the pen at once of a poet and an unusually alert and observant youth, he vividly describes his impressions and experiences during that visit, to gather from it all that Brooke saw more of Canada — geographically speaking, at least — than he did of the United States. And yet such, as a matter of fact, was the case. After seeing New York, Brooke went to Boston and Cambridge — the home of Harvard University — and then came to Canada, where he made a leisurely journey across the Continent, starting at Montreal, and taking in, in order, Ottawa, Quebec (with a side trip to the Saguenay River), Toronto (with a run over to Niagara Falls), Winnipeg, and Vancouver. Here he took train for San Francisco, whence he set out for the dreamful isles of the South Seas.

It is not strange, perhaps, that the fact here indicated should have escaped general attention, for Brooke came among us so quietly, so unobtrusively, that he was off and away before his presence was known to more than a few persons. But had it been otherwise what difference would have been made? The stripling English poet had made something of a name for himself in certain literary circles "at home", but practically no one in this

distant outpost of Empire had even heard of him; and so he came among us, looked upon us with quiet, amused interest, noted down the things which struck him most, and passed on his way with hardly any but a small group here and there being aware of the fact. And how little did the members of those small groups know or imagine how fortunate they were, or how precious should be the souvenir of that same stripling!

Perhaps Duncan Campbell Scott some time will set down his recollections of the visit that Rupert Brooke, carrying with him a letter of introduction from John Masefield, paid him at his Ottawa home, and will tell us something of the talk which passed between them in the elder poet's old-world garden; but it may be that there are but few others throughout the length and breadth of this land of ours who can add much to the brief record of Brooke's bird-of-passage flight across Canada which is to be found in his "Letters from America". For this youth, with the face and bearing of young Apollo, was shyness itself; he was aloof and distant among strangers, as the characteristic, cultured Englishman alone can be. I truly believe, indeed, that when Brooke wrote, as set forth in the chapter of his book headed "Ontario": "But the English sat quite still, looking straight in front of them, and hoping that nobody would speak to them," he was referring to himself and his feelings at the time of which he was writing.

I am not going to pretend that I have much to tell about Brooke that is particularly new or important, but it happened to be my good fortune—as I see it now—to be one of the few who met him during his brief stay in Toronto, and I wish to set down my impressions and memories of him while there is time.

Brooke brought with him to Toronto a letter of introduction from Duncan Campbell Scott to Edmund Morris, the painter (who, sadly enough, lost his life in the St. Lawrence River under peculiarly tragic circumstances only a month or two later). Morris was a member of the Arts and Letters Club, and what so natural, therefore, as that he should introduce his poet-visitor to that club? I have still a clear picture in my mind of the youth's first appearance in the spacious club room. It was a perfect day in late July. Everybody who could get away to the Northern lakes or to the country had gone, and as a result the attendance at luncheon that day was rather small. I therefore had full opportunity to note the unusual looking stranger. For unusual looking he certainly was. It always seems odd for a man to speak of another as beautiful, but I cannot help using that word to describe Brooke. Tall, straight, slender, blue-eyed, high-coloured, with clear-cut, regular features, and a mass of fair hair, rather long and carelessly worn, he was indeed a beautiful youth—veritably a Greek God in modern guise. There was no suggestion of effeminacy about him, however; you were conscious of something virile and clean and wholesome in the man. You knew somehow that his hands, while they looked soft and well-kept, were used to the cricket-bat and the oar; you felt, too, that for all the perfection of his colouring and the fineness of his features, he was not vain of his appearance, though it does not seem possible that he could have been unaware of his attractiveness. Gushing, indiscreet persons must again and again have held up the mirror of their fatuity before him,

but the result so frequent in such cases had not followed in his; his head had not been turned by admiration and adulation. But the impression he made above all was that of youth. He seemed, in truth, to be the very embodiment of youth—youth incarnate.

Men, as a rule, of course, pay little attention to other men's clothes, but I recall that Brooke's clothes were not, at any rate, of Bond Street make, and his broad-brimmed, soft felt hat plainly had seen much service. In fact, he looked as if it was not his habit to give much thought or care to his personal appearance; but it may be that he affected that sort of thing as a counter to the unusual goodness of his looks. For Brooke to have been particular about the cut and hang of his clothes would have been—well, impossible. It must be said, however, that his linen was irreproachable, and that the large, loose-flowing tie which he wore was entirely natural to him.

It was my happy fortune to know something of Brooke's work. I had read it in *The Poetry Review*, *The Blue Review*, *Poetry and Drama*, and other such publications in which the then developing "Georgian Poets"—of whom Brooke was one of the most prominent as well as one of the most promising—were showing what they were doing and what they were aiming at. Besides, I had picked up not long before what was perhaps the only copy in Toronto of his, at that time, sole book—"Poems", published in London, in 1911. I thus was able to show Brooke that there was at least one man in the group about him who had some previous knowledge not only of his existence, but—what was perhaps of more importance to him—of his work.

I must say that I found Brooke more ready to talk on almost any subject other than himself, though I cannot but admit that my recollection of what he said is most deplorably meagre. How I wish now that I had hastened to write down the things he did say; but who among us — our

guest least of all—suspected that here was a man made for immortality? I remember, however, that Brooke expressed himself as confident that poetry was about to come into its own again in England; that he spoke of the work of the so-called “Georgian Poets”, saying it was taking a form and direction distinctly different from that which had preceded it. The new poetry, said Brooke, was not so obviously and consciously poetry as was the poetry of the period which was passing. He spoke in somewhat disparaging terms in this connection of Tennyson; “sugary” was the word he used to describe him.

Of contemporary English poets, in answer to a question, he said he ranked Robert Bridges first, and intimated that he was generally so ranked by his fellow “Georgians”. Kipling he plainly didn’t care for, but he preferred not to speak about him or about Alfred Noyes. Masfield, he said, had done some fine work, but I gathered that he thought more highly of the Masfield of the sea songs and ballads than of the Masfield of the long, realistic narratives in verse. He admitted that he didn’t know much about our Canadian poets, but said he was anxious to know more. He had read some of Bliss Carman’s work, however, and liked it. But all this had almost to be dragged out of him; for he seemed not to relish talking what he very probably regarded as “shop”.

What seemed to concern him more than anything else at the time were the experiences ahead of him. He was particularly curious about the West, and about the Indians out there, whom he apparently expected to find in something like wild state.

I met Brooke two or three times later, and on one occasion had him autograph my copy of his “Poems”. He was very gracious about it, and after signing his name proceeded to make some textual changes in the book, among others changing the word “greasy” in the poem “Jealousy” to read “queasy,” and altering the title

of the sonnet “Libido” to “Lust”. This, he said, was the original title, but his publishers would have none of it, and the only way he could get even with them was by altering the title every opportunity that came his way.

In one of our talks, Brooke spoke of a plan then afoot at home to bring out a quarterly volume containing the new work of his friends, Lascelles Abercrombie, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson and John Drinkwater, and himself. He didn’t know, he said, what the title of the publication would be, or indeed, whether the plan would ever come to anything. I told him that if he would arrange to have a prospectus sent to me in the event of the project going through, I should do what I could to help it along. He promised to do this, and was as good as his word, for a couple of months or so later I received a printed announcement from England of the intention to issue just such a publication as Brooke had described, under the title “New Numbers”, with a subscription slip attached. I at once set out to bring the forthcoming publication to the attention of everybody whom I knew or could learn of as likely to be interested, and it gives me particular pleasure to recall that I was able to obtain fifteen or twenty subscribers for “New Numbers” right here in Toronto. It gives me even greater pleasure to know—as Lascelles Abercrombie in responding a year or so ago to a letter asking if sets of *New Numbers* (only four issues were published) were still to be had, assured me was the case—that Toronto “was easily next to London in the number of subscribers”. But all this is by the way.

To revert to my talks with Brooke, I remember that on the last day of his stay here, we left the club together, and that I beguiled the short walk back to his hotel by telling him that Toronto had a population of some 500,000, that the C.P.R. building towering before us was the highest building in the Empire, and other such banalities. He seemed to take

my chatter in good part, but his mind apparently was intent on other and more important matters, for as we parted he said he was going to his room to write a poem. I wished him luck as I bade him good-bye, and never saw him again, and never again shall I see him now, for the eager, questing spirit of Rupert Brooke has since found the answer to all questions in the "Eternal Peace".

I venture here, with some diffidence, to offer a possible explanation for certain aspects of the, to say the least, unflattering picture of Toronto which Brooke has left for all the world to see in his "Letters from America". All who met him here—at any rate such is my impression—assumed that he was in the hands of friends, who were looking after him and showing him about; but this seems not to have been the case, the man apparently being left pretty much to himself outside of the hours he spent at the A. and L. Club. Evidence of this to me is the fact that Brooke speaks of the houses of Toronto as being "mostly of wood", when everybody knows that hardly a city can be named where wooden houses are so uncommon as in this city of brick. Brooke, it seems to me, wandering about by himself and without guidance, saw comparatively little of that portion of the city in which Toronto people take their greatest pride—the residential—but saw more of the older and poorer down-town section than anything else. Hence the remark which disturbed, if it did not anger, us. However, we Toronto people must be a thin-skinned and self-conscious lot, when the casual words of a youthful poet, written while pausing here in a bird's-flight across our country had such an effect on us. At any rate, we should know, without having outsiders tell us that, so great and fine a city as we have here, it is not ideal by any manner of means.

After Brooke left the city Mr. Lindsay Crawford, who was then editor of the magazine section of *The Globe*, asked me to write something for him

about the young poet and his work. I acceded, and turned in a half a column or so, giving what, I feel certain, was the very first appreciation of Brooke's work to be published on this side of the Atlantic. I reproduce part of it below. The article, I might say, was accompanied by one of Brooke's most characteristic poems, "Dust," and his fine sonnet, "Oh, Death shall find me":

"Mr. Brooke . . . is one of the most remarkable of the young men who are rapidly bringing poetry into her own in England. As yet he has but one book to his credit—"Poems," published in 1911—but that one book, on its appearance, established Mr. Brooke's position firmly among the so-called "Georgian Poets," the critics hailing it, almost with united voice, as one of the most original and remarkable first books of poems issued in many a day.

"A white-flashing radiance, a high, clear, strong light, is the distinguishing thing about Mr. Brooke's work, though he can be vividly realistic when in the mood. His is, in all truth, no imitative, school-bred muse. That clear-burning, swift-moving light of his did not come through reading or study; it is his own, the direct gift of the high gods themselves. Nor is that flashing light cold and brilliant like the far stars, bright and clear though it is; we feel the man as well as the poet behind and in Mr. Brooke's poems. These, in a word, are no mere exercises; they are living things, for the writer found them in his heart.

"In technique Mr. Brooke's work is as remarkable as it is in subject. He shows a liking for the sonnet, and that he is at home in that difficult form of verse is plainly shown by the example given below, which begins his "Poems." The unexpected conclusion of this sonnet is quite characteristic of Mr. Brooke's poems, many of them taking just such a sudden and unlooked-for turn at the end. But, though the strait-jacket nature of the sonnet is doubtless good discipline for him, Mr. Brooke's best work is in a free, semi-blank verse, marked by unexpected rhythms and subtle harmonies which delight the attentive ear.

"That Mr. Brooke will go far, provided he can resist the things which beset the young man of genius, is a safe prediction; at any rate, the future of this modest, fresh-faced lad—he is but

twenty-five—will be watched with real interest by those who were so fortunate as to meet him while he was in Toronto last week.

"Mr. Brooke, in association with his friends and fellow-poets, Lascelles Abercrombie and John Drinkwater—both, like him, full of promise, and both, perhaps, with more real accomplishment to their credit—purposes shortly commencing the issue of a quarterly pamphlet volume containing the new work of the three men. Mr. Abercrombie has a private press, and will be the printer of what promises to be a most important publication."

It will have been noticed that in my reference to the proposal to issue the publication which subsequently eventuated under the title *New Numbers*, I omitted mention of the fourth of the men concerned in it, namely, Wilfrid Gibson. How this happened I cannot say, but the omission was later brought to my attention by the unexpected receipt of a letter from Brooke. Mr. Lindsay Crawford, it appeared, had sent a copy of the paper containing my article after him. I need not say that I treasure this letter among my dearest possessions, for to see or even to recall it is to bring before me once again a clear picture of a tall, fair-haired youth, whose name is certain to live forever with only names which shine in the roll of lives untimely ended. Sidney, Marlowe, Chatterton, Keats, Shelley—it is with names such as these that Rupert Brooke's name will be forever linked, not so much for the work he has actually accomplished, as for those last sonnets of his—written at the very beginning of the Great War and inspired by the passionate love of England—which show what the world has lost in his early and tragic death. I cannot refrain from quoting here the poignant lines from Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus" as applicable to Brooke:

Cut is the tree that should have grown
full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough.

Here, without further introduction, is Brooke's letter to me, which is

really the excuse and justification for the present article:

Suva, Fiji, November, 1913.

Dear Mr. Hathaway:

Excuse me writing on this florid paper. My conscience has been pricking me, that I never wrote and thanked you for that kind, that too kind, article on me that appeared in the Toronto paper a few months back, after my too short visit to your city. I heard you were responsible for it. I didn't write, did I? Anyhow, it was very good of you. I won't discuss it, though I'll not pretend that praise of my poetry doesn't make me feel warm. But there's one point of fact I'd like to be meticulous about, I fancy you omitted my friend W. W. Gibson's name as the fourth of us who are concerned in "*New Numbers*," as I rather discontentedly hear it is to be called. I sometimes think he's worth the other three. It'll be out in January, I suppose. I've had no news for ages from home. I suppose my mail's somewhere in this hemisphere. But I've been wandering in strange places.

This is a wonderful part of the world. In Samoa I saw R. L. S.'s tomb, and I began to understand his love of the place. It is a region a man might well return to after some years in the dust of Europe. But to settle here young would be treachery.

I hope to get back to England in the Spring. Best wishes to you and greetings to everyone I know at the Club. Remember me kindly to Crawford.

Yours sincerely,

RUPERT BROOKE.

P. S.—I left a "*Georgian Poetry*" with poor Morris, to be given to the A. & L. Club,—if it cared. Did it ever get there?

It seems to me that pages of description would fail to give a more complete and definite idea of the character and personality of Rupert Brooke than is self-portrayed in the above letter, and I leave it to the discerning to judge if such be not the case.

I have been considering how best to bring this paper of mine to a close, and have decided that I cannot do so better than by quoting the sestet of Brooke's sonnet, "*The Dead*," to my mind the finest of all his war sonnets,

finer even than the better known and more generally admired "The Soldier", commencing, "If I should die," for it seems to me to sum up in brief the picture of Rupert Brooke which remains in the minds and hearts of all who knew him, either in person or through his work:

There are waters blown by changing
winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And
after

Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves
that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a
white,

Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance.
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

Those who knew and loved Rupert Brooke do not mourn him, greatly as they deplore what they feel the world of English letters has lost in his early and tragic death, for to them his memory is, and always will be, "a white, unbroken glory, a gathered radiance, a width, a shining peace."



QUIET SHE RESTS

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

QUIET she rests; unresting deeps
 Buffet and sway her straining barque;
 Mid the thick night, the starless dark,
 In peace she sleeps.

What loveliness may rival hers?
 What soul so innocent and free? . . .
 Storm strikes across the angry sea,—
 She wakes, and stirs.

She prays a little. Her prayers cease.
 She smiles. Her lover far away
 Is eaving for her. *He* will pray . . .
 She sleeps in peace.

CONFESSIONAL

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

A LAVENDER lady,
 Holy and old,
 Like a cool place and shady
 When summer is bold;
 In her deep eyes *Dimittis*—
 The long release!
 Innumerable pities,
 Healing peace.

O I worship unknown
 Her frail, worn face;
 With lavender blown
 (An intangible trace,
 A breath alone!)
 About creamy lace;—
 All my sins I atone
 In this cool, shady place.



CANADIAN OAKS

By H. Perré.

From the Private Collection of the
late Sir Glenholm Falconbridge

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

There is nothing more remarkable in Canadian political history than the situation in the Ontario Legislature. There is no natural alliance between farmers and industrial workers and yet a coalition representing organized Agriculture and organized Labour holds together, and governs with courage and some degree of efficiency. Mr. Drury is disciplined from time to time by the official managers of the Farmers' party but he remains placid and repeats the offence as occasion seems to require. But he is never arrogant nor ever unnecessarily contentious or provocative. He commands the favour of Boards of Trade, is applauded at swallowtail banquets, displays a Christian spirit towards capitalists, and is even companionable with protectionists. He has actually no majority in the Legislature but does not seem to recognize that a majority is essential to the comfort of a government. And somehow or other whenever a majority is required it appears.

Mr. Drury appoints Commissions upon which his opponents seem to hold the balance of power, but apparently with serene confidence that their judgments will not be affected by partisan considerations. He makes speeches which sometimes have the flavour of an impracticable idealism but seems to be severely practical in dealing with actual immediate conditions and problems. For the causes which carry his judgment he sanctions appropriations with the freedom of a capitalist and defends his position with the language of an economist. He avoids issues which have no natural relation to Provincial affairs but is seldom evasive in dealing with any question upon which he should declare himself on the platform or in the Legislature. How much of what he reveals is indifference, how much independence, how much calculation, is not disclosed and one suspects is not likely to be disclosed. It may be the knowledge that he has a farm in Simcoe greatly explains his apparent sense of security without a Legislative majority. Ontario is interested in Mr. Drury as it was in Sir James Whitney and possibly they have a greater likeness to each other than the people have yet discovered.

II

It is still uncertain whether or not the Emergency Tariff Bill will be adopted by the United States Congress, if adopted, whether President Wilson will apply the veto, and if there is enough support for the measure to override the veto. The scale of duties to be levied would bear very heavily upon Canada. We should again have to face the situation which was produced by the McKinley and Dingley tariffs.

It is said that we would be secure if the trade agreement negotiated by the Taft Administration and the Laurier Government ten years ago had been accepted by Canada. But that agreement was terminable on short notice by

either country. The fact that the compact held no guarantee of permanence was one of the reasons for its rejection by the Canadian people. It will be remembered that George Brown gave as his chief reason for withdrawing from the Coalition Cabinet which organized Confederation that a powerful section of the Ministry were favourable to a trade agreement with the United States dependent upon concurrent legislation. Hon. Edward Blake, many years later, opposed unrestricted reciprocity as advocated by the Liberal party because of inconveniences that would be experienced in maintaining any fiscal agreement and apprehensions that would be entertained as to its termination. Many manufacturers allege that they would have less fear of free trade with the United States if there could be any assurance that such a relation, once established, would never be disturbed. But it is clear that neither the American Congress nor the Canadian Parliament could give any such assurance except for a fixed period under a definite treaty, while there would always be danger even during the life of such a treaty that changing conditions and conflict in interpretation would produce friction and misunderstanding.

There is, therefore, a substantial body of opinion in Canada which holds that the Canadian Parliament should control the Canadian tariff as a necessary assertion of national independence and as the best surety against friction with Washington. This may or may not be the dominant sentiment but at least the view is held even by many people who are not extreme protectionists and who desire to maintain intimate trading relations with the neighbouring country. No doubt falling prices of farm products and heavy grain shipments to the United States in order to get the advantages of a favourable exchange chiefly explain the agitation for higher duties at Washington. But the bulk of American farmers have been protectionist for a generation and in general political sympathy with the Republican party. The agreement which Mr. Taft negotiated with Canada was not popular with American farmers, as he discovered in his contest with Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt. In the recent Presidential campaign Mr. Harding gave distinct pledges to the agricultural voters and it is likely that these pledges will be implemented whether or not the Emergency Tariff Bill goes into effect.

But whatever may be done at Washington there is no sound reason for acute resentment in Canada. Those among us who talk of "retaliation" would do well to think deeply upon the delicacy and gravity of international relations. There was no "retaliation" at Washington when we rejected the trade compact which was negotiated ten years ago. During the war, whether the United States was neutral or combatant, nothing was done at Washington of which we in Canada had reason to complain. Indeed there was fair, if not generous, dealing with the Dominion by Congress and the Wilson Administration. The Republican party is protectionist and we cannot deny its right to make such tariff changes as in its judgment American interests may demand. It is true that the balance of trade between the two countries is now overwhelmingly against the Dominion. In 1920 we bought goods and products from the United States to the total value, according to the Department of Commerce at Washington, of \$971,854,000, as against exports to that country of \$611,788,000. In 1919 our purchases from the United States totalled \$734,244,319 and we sold goods and products there to the value of only \$494,696,000. In addition our losses on exchange during the twelve months were between \$75,000,000 and \$100,000,000.

If the duties upon exports from the Dominion are materially increased the balance of trade will be still more unfavourable. We will have no alter-

native but to buy less from the neighbouring country. It may even become necessary to readjust Canadian duties in the interest of Canadian manufacturers and producers. If we freely concede the right of Congress to make the American tariff the right of the Canadian Parliament to adjust duties in the national interest cannot be challenged. But we need not legislate in the spirit of enmity nor disturb the good relations which now exist by provocative writing and angry rhetoric. Whether the American tariff is increased or reduced the duty of the Canadian Parliament is to consider only the interests of Canada and to remember that "retaliation" is not a word which should pass between neighbours and that deliberate trade reprisals are as dangerous as they are unprofitable.

III

Mr. Charles G. Dawes, who was Brigadier-General and Chief of Supply Procurement for the American Expeditionary Forces, had a glorious hour with one of the Congressional Committees at Washington which is investigating war expenditures. He swore freely and denounced in vigorous language the partisans who, he professed to believe, were "muckraking" for political purposes. He declared that long after the Committee was in oblivion the accomplishments of the American army would be remembered. He was not a Democrat, he said, but he did not feel like picking out flyspecks in the conduct of the War Department. "Everything considered," he said, "I don't think a single, solitary dollar was wasted in France. Damn it all, the business of an army is to win the war, not to quibble around with a lot of cheap buying. We did not keep a double-entry system of books over there. We were fighting and getting the stuff to the men. Hell and Mariah, we weren't trying to keep a set of books. We were trying to win the war. I want to say to you that we couldn't spend our time trying to find a thousand barrels of vinegar and disregard what might be happening at the front. If a call came from the front for something for wounded men, by God, we got it, and we did not bother about any double-entry bookkeeping system."

He told the Committee that he could not understand why men could not show patriotism in time of peace as well as in war, and to questions about the "aircraft scandal" he answered:—"While we didn't have the planes we had the aviators. You want to be fair. Aviation was an entirely new thing. We started out in a brand new field. Nobody wanted to steal anything, it was like a fellow starting a department store overnight when he had just been running a little grocery. It was big and new to him. That's the reason we failed in aircraft."

In defence of General Pershing he said:

"There were hounds in this country who tried to spread the false news that Pershing was at a theatre the night of the armistice. He was there, like hell. He was at his office, starting the work of cancelling vast war contracts to save money. It will take twenty-five or fifty years for Pershing to get his place in history, but let me tell you the time will come when every doughboy overseas will be proud to say he was one of Pershing's men.

"You can try to give me all the hell you want—I like it. You kick because I sold a lot of secondhand junk to the French Government for \$400,000,000 instead of keeping 40,000 soldiers there to guard it while we tried to peddle it. My conscience hurts me sometimes when I think we charged them too much.

"And they are trying to say that Pershing permitted the sacrifice of thousands of lives on Armistice Day. It's the most damnable lie ever uttered. And it's all right to sit back here, viewing from a partisan standpoint the work overseas, when, if you

people, so free to condemn, had been there you might have done just as we did—or worse. Liquidation? Why, hell, men, we liquidated everything.

"There wasn't any willful destruction of property in France, as this Committee has tried to show. The junk we couldn't sell was given away—it was cheaper than burning or burying it. They pinned one of these medals on me but it had a damned sight better have gone to some poor devil in the ranks who better deserved it."

In another portion of his evidence Mr. Dawes said, "Sure, we paid. We didn't dicker. Why, man alive, we had to win the war. It was a man's job. We would have paid horse prices for sheep, if the sheep could have pulled artillery to the front. Oh, it's all right now to say we bought too much vinegar and too many cold chisels, but we saved the civilization of the world." He added, "I don't like this criticism of the British, the spirit of antagonism. I am not in sympathy with this Irish-American or hyphenated stuff. You see I am not a politician or expecting a job, thank God." Finally the witness declared, "Put Fatty Arbuckle, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford down in the park performing and this whole Committee would go down there and leave us alone."

It may be that Mr. Dawes's language should be censored, but one can understand his distress and disgust with the methods adopted to discredit the Wilson Administration, and to make the great part which the United States played in the war a shame instead of a glory to the American people. There cannot be a war without waste any more than there can be a war without sacrifice. It is remarkable how few "war scandals" have survived in Canada. But there were "muckrakers" and there are still whisperers who might well read Mr. Dawes's evidence and, like the cub in *The Jungle Book*, "think and be still".

IV

There is a formidable movement in the United States to revise the schedule of railway workers. It is estimated that between 1917 and 1920 the total payments for labour on American railways have been increased by \$2,000,000,000 or \$2,500,000,000. By the Adamson Act imposed upon Congress by President Wilson, the eight-hour day was established and wages heavily advanced. The MeAdoo Award gave further substantial increases to railway employees. Six or seven months ago wages were again advanced by order of the United States Railroad Labour Board. This last increase alone aggregated \$652,000,000. In Canada in 1910 the total annual payment in salaries and wages to railway employees was \$67,167,793; in 1914, \$111,763,972; in 1918, \$152,274,953; and in 1919, \$208,939,995. For 1920 the total was probably \$250,000,000. In 1910 the ratio of salaries and wages to gross earnings was 38.61 per cent., and in 1919, 54.56 per cent. The hour basis for statistical purposes was not adopted until 1917 and it is therefore possible to give exact comparative increases to various classes of railway employees only between 1917 and 1919:

	1917 cents	1919 cents
Section men	20.6	36.6
Machinists	42.2	68.5
Masons and bricklayers	35.0	58.5
Carpenters	30.4	58.1
Painters	29.6	59.7
Electricians	32.3	61.3
Car repairers	26.3	54.2
Despatchers	62.3	95.7

	1917 cents	1919 cents
Telegraphers	30.8	60.8
Station agents	32.2	52.0
Road freight engineers	53.8	79.8
Road freight firemen	36.4	60.7
Road freight conductors	48.3	67.8
Road freight brakemen	32.4	53.7
Passenger engineers	68.8	101.7
Passenger firemen	41.3	76.7
Passenger conductors	58.9	79.8

It is contended that wage advances explain two-thirds of the increase in cost of transportation. All such advances were made while the American railways were controlled by the government. The increases secured by American railway workers were accepted by the Canadian railways. All the great railway brotherhoods are international organizations and although only 8 per cent. of the membership is in Canada advances secured by the organizations are made to apply uniformly all over the continent.

The total number of employees on the American railways increased under government control by 261,000. The railways declare not only that the number of workers is now excessive, but that wage increases were followed by decrease of efficiency. As to this, there are naturally acute differences of opinion but it does seem that the schedules imposed upon the railways involve serious waste of time and money. In an appeal by the railways for immediate abrogation of the national agreements between the Companies and their employees Mr. A. W. Atterbury, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Lines, said, "The national agreements, rules and working conditions forced on the railroads as war measures cause gross waste and inefficiency. I estimate that elimination of this waste would reduce railway operating expenses at least \$300,000,000 per annum. It would be far better to save this sum by restoring conditions of efficient and economical operation than to reduce wages."

According to *The New York Times*, "Evidence has been taken for a month under oath of almost incredible waste of wage money. In one case large sums were paid to four employees because the classification of their work was changed. In another case a worker stood idle while another was called to do work which was paid for at the rate of five hours' time for thirty minutes' actual work, while a train was delayed ninety minutes unnecessarily. In another case the rules required the railway to pay four men 112 hours' time for work taking four hours and 33 minutes. These items are merely samples of what occurs under rules which pile up such cases into huge totals. Under one rule time in which no work was done ran up to \$14,500,000 for a year for a single craft."

The American railways demand release from the regulations which compel all the roads to pay trunk line wages and to conform to schedules prescribed by the United States Labour Board. It is clear, although the fact is not so openly confessed, that they desire freedom to bargain direct with the Railway Brotherhoods without right of interference by any board at Washington or by the officials of any other national or international union organization. They insist that great economies can be effected by readjustment of the schedules and substitution of regulations which will compel "a full day's work for a full day's wage".

Advocates of public ownership contend that the position of the American railways has not greatly improved since the roads were returned to the private companies. But there is much evidence that under government control the equipment of the roads was vitally impaired, many engines were disabled, and necessary repairs neglected. Besides an advance in freight rates a few months ago was counterbalanced by wage increases which totalled \$600,000,000. Whatever may be the immediate situation of the American railways it cannot be established that the experiment in public ownership was successful while the experience of Great Britain has been even less satisfactory than that of the United States. In Canada the Government took over the railways not so much from choice as from apparent necessity and it is too soon to pronounce judgment upon the advantages or disadvantages of public operation in this country. A deficit in 1919 of \$50,000,000 was followed in 1920 by a deficit of \$55,000,000 or \$60,000,000. If the accounts of the public railways were kept as are those of private corporations the deficit would be at least \$80,000,000. Thus all our revenue from income and excess profits taxes goes to meet railway losses. Whether the final decision of the country will be for or against public ownership has to be determined, but it is certain that increasing deficits will compel a very close and severe examination into the whole railway problem in Canada.

V

The great war, which will have long consequences in many countries, has accentuated the quiet, sullen sense of injustice which prevails among negroes in the United States. Lincoln emancipated the slaves but they are still politically disfranchised. By various devices they are kept from the polls and excluded from representative offices. They have been a subject race if there is such a race in the world, but at last they seem to have found a spirit and courage which it was believed they did not possess and could not develop. The war against autoocracy in Europe threatens autoocracy in America.

By conscription 400,000 blacks in the United States were called to the colours. Of these 200,000 went overseas. One thousand negro officers were trained at Plattsburgh. Four coloured regiments won the Croix de Guerre. One regiment of fifty-six officers and 2,000 men returned with only twenty of the officers and 1,200 men. Not one man of this regiment had yielded a foot of ground or been taken prisoner. There are now 12,000,000 blacks in the United States. They form one-seventh of the working force of the country. There are 800,000 farmers and 1,000,000 farm labourers among the coloured population. Eighty per cent. of the women are in domestic or industrial service. Through the scarcity of labour during the war many coloured people became industrial workers and were admitted to Labour unions. In 1866 the negroes owned 12,000 houses; they now own 600,000. Then they had 20,000 farms; now they have 981,000. In 1866 they controlled 2,100 businesses and their accumulated wealth was estimated at \$20,000,000. Fifty years later they controlled 45,000 businesses and had accumulated wealth of \$1,110,000,000. In 1867 four hundred negroes were engaged in forty lines of business; in 1917 negroes were engaged in 200 lines of business in which they had invested \$50,000,000. There are seventy banks managed by negroes. Between 1866 and 1916 the value of negro property devoted to higher education increased from \$60,000 to \$21,500,000 and the value of church property from \$1,500,000 to \$76,000,000. The negroes have 400 periodicals, twelve magazines and 300 weeklies. They have 1,563 rural women's clubs and 1,962 girls'

clubs with a total membership of 103,000. There are sixty-four towns and twenty-one settlements governed entirely by negroes with a high average of economy and efficiency.

Although the State grants for the education of 200,000 negro children are only one-fifth of the amount granted for the education of white children illiteracy among the coloured people has been reduced until it is now 25 per cent., and among those between the ages of ten and twenty only 15 per cent. It is stated that there is now less illiteracy among the negroes than there was among the white people of the United States at the time of the Civil War or among the whites of the South fifteen years ago. Towards 720 Rosenwald schools in Alabama which cost \$1,133,000 the coloured people contributed \$430,000. They have thousands of representatives in the professions of law, medicine and teaching, and thousands of graduates, both men and women, from the colleges and universities.

But in 1920 there were seventy-seven lynchings among negroes, and race riots in Illinois, Washington and Arkansas. In Georgia last year twenty-two negroes were lynched although only two were charged with attacks on white women. In that State no lyncher has ever been punished. For long the negroes have been docile and submissive but it is now admitted that "a condition of strain exists, full of peril". This, according to such a sober, responsible, and influential journal as *The Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, "springs from a sense of injustice and wrong of constant occurrence in relations, both small and great, humiliating at once and dangerous, as these arouse resentment in minds awakened to a new consciousness of their own power and their newly recognized rights". It adds, "Prudence, no less than patriotism, common humanity, no less than the religion of Jesus Christ, never challenged us more loudly."

At last the negro begins to demand a free and full American citizenship. This the whites of the South will yield with reluctance or probably will not yield at all without bloodshed. It may not be hard to understand the attitude of Southern whites, but once the negroes show capacity to organize and courage to resist, the position of "the superior race" will become perilous. "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave but his soul goes marching on." For half a century the march has been slow and difficult, halting and fugitive, but the pace becomes faster and the outlook ominous.

VI

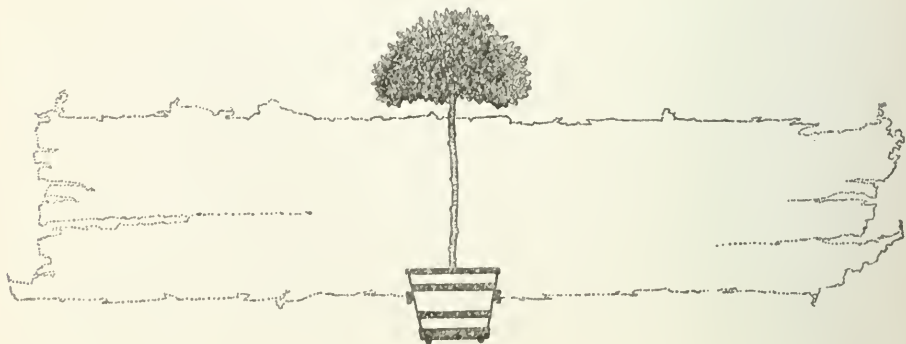
The street railways of the United States face a very serious situation. It is estimated that the total capitalization of the urban and interurban companies is \$5,000,000,000, which is one-fourth that of the steam railways, while their revenues are in excess of \$650,000,000 a year, or only \$175,000,000 below those of the steam roads. The cost of renewals and of operation has greatly increased and new construction is far more costly. In many of the larger cities fare increases have been granted but the revenues are still inadequate. The higher fares do not meet the higher wages of labour and the higher cost of commodities. The street railways are also affected by the competition of the automobile and the jitney. It is estimated that in Southern California the jitneys have reduced street railway earnings by \$500,000 a year, in Eastern Massachusetts by \$2,000,000, and in New Jersey alone by \$5,000,000. In 1917 when a street railway census was taken in the United States there were 79,914 street cars and 4,600,000 private passenger motors. Since then the num-

ber of private motors has vastly increased while the truck services have been greatly extended.

The street railway companies have a direct responsibility for the unfortunate situation which has developed. A writer in *The New York Times* says:

"The street railway properties were in most instances largely overcapitalized. Too often, as the result of mergers and re-organizations, they were also overburdened with fixed charges in the form of bonds and guaranteed rentals. As long as the nickel fare paid, these basic weaknesses were hidden, because the public accepted the nickel fare from habit. But when higher fares were forced from the public, then the financial foundations of the companies were examined more critically and the disclosures alienated public feeling. Not only had the street railway companies, generally speaking, watered their securities; they had neglected to correct the evil later on, during the early days of their prosperity. They had failed to amortize excess capitalization. They had failed to amortize accrued depreciation. They had fought every effort, through administrative commission or otherwise, to place a fair valuation upon their property devoted to the public use."

This writer who is not unfriendly to the street railway companies insists that they were not content with a fair return upon investments, were "disregardful of good public relations", took little pains to win public favour and support and "put the profits of management above service just as they had put the spoils of promotion above sound finance". He declares further that the bankers who were the fiscal agents of the street railway companies became too often the inner directorate and that the interest of the bankers was primarily in the flotation of securities and not in public service for the public benefit. There are facts in Canadian experience which illustrate the methods too commonly adopted in the United States but generally the banks of Canada have discouraged predatory finance and made the public interest the supreme concern. Moreover, many of the smaller communities of this country have been provided with transportation by local capitalists who have had little if any return upon their investments. It is declared that in order to restore the credit of American street railways from \$300,000,000 to \$400,000,000 a year of new capital will be required. The writer in *The New York Times* believes that to investors in street railways security is now the chief consideration and that with this assured the rate of return need not be high since the factor of risk would be eliminated. "The speculative enticement," he insists, "ought never to be permitted to revive." He adds that "public ownership will be accepted by the American people only if and when it becomes unmistakably plain that regulation has been honestly and exhaustively tried and found wanting".



THE FAMILY NAME

BY THEODOCIA PEARCE

IT was middle October. The Heath family were congregated upon the side porch enjoying to the full the hazy and mild twilight.

There was Paw Heath—tipped back in the old arm chair, his feet upon the top verandah railing—a blackened clay pipe thrust between his lips; his countenance was that of the tired but contented.

And there was Maw Heath bending closely over a bit of mending in the dusk. Even in the grayness her features showed stern and colourless. One felt immediately her dominating nature though her eyes were upon her work and her lips—mute.

In the far corner within the deep shade of the grape vine, Skin sat idly whittling at a stick. He was the honoured member of the family—the boarder. Although Maw Heath pocketed his five dollars every Saturday night and did his washing Mondays into the bargain—to the rest of the family, Skin, the boarder, never existed, but Skin, the big brother, did. To the younger Heaths he was plain—Skin Heath—tall—thin—awkward. To the busy world whither he went every morning at six—he was James Summerville—tall—thin—awkward—just the same. A name made little difference to Skin himself.

From the rear came the noisy laughter of children at play.

On the steps sat Glad—one elbow propped on her knee—her chin cupped in the palm of her hand—her

eyes staring off through the misted space of dusk. Gray as the twilight were those great dreaming eyes of hers. From the shadow Skin watched her surreptitiously. She had changed so much in the last year, Glad had—changed so suddenly from the child to the girl. Skin wondered who had taught her to coil her mass of “red red” hair so beautifully. She bought her own clothes—he knew—and Glad’s clothes were not like the family clothes. And why? There was something about the girl that frightened him though he still teased her as of old—or chased her around the yard perhaps. She loved to run and to dance about everywhere. She was so mirthful—so full of life—so impulsive. He was afraid now of *the thing* she might do so thoughtlessly. Of late there was a brooding about Glad—a brooding alien to her nature. She worried him.

“Say, Glad,” he called buoyantly, “want a walk around the block? Get your coat now.”

But Glad heeded him not.

“Say, Glad,” he tried again, “want a movie to-night—my treat you know?”

But Glad heeded him not.

Maw Heath looked up from her stitching.

“Gladys,” she demanded sharply.

The girl stirred.

“Say Glad—want a movie?” It was Skin again.

The girl sat up impulsively—her arms stretched about her head—her face turned upward.

"Oh dear sky," she whispered, then with a little sigh she turned suddenly toward the vine shade—"What did you want Skin?"

Skin frowned in the dark and repeated his questionings.

"No—not to-night. Let's stay home."

"Ain't tired are you Glad?" he inquired.

"Tired—nothin'," Maw Heath answered tersely, looking sternly at the girl—"Tired—fiddlesticks. The land knows where she got all those new fool contraptions of hers lately. Moonin' on the porch one hour and then dancin' over the whole yard the next. You gotta keep mighty careful with yourself Miss Gladys Heath—I ain't blind an' I know a thing or two. If it's pride you're getting, cause of a purse your own and a decent bit of calico on your back—I'll soon hide it out of you." Her tone was threatening.

The girl leaned heavily against the post. Skin could not see her hands were clinched.

"Why don't you answer me," Maw Heath spoke icily—"Why won't you go with Skin when he wants you. Ain't he decent enough," she taunted.

"Please—please—leave me alone."

"Leave you alone—nothin'. If you can't go walkin' with Skin now—jest you hop around to the yard there, and take the children in to bed."

She went gladly, Skin thought—almost joyfully.

"You shouldn't of Maw," he admonished a few minutes later. "Perhaps Glad—"

"I've a perfect right," she interrupted, "to bring my own child up the way I've a mind to."

Paw Heath sat up lazily.

"What's the row?" he asked.

"Nothin'," Maw assured him, gathering up her work. "Nothin' but Glad's foolery. It's gettin' dark an' chilly. Comin' in Paw?"

"Why I guess so," he said nervously, "why I guess so."

Left alone, Skin settled down for one of his rare "thinks". Life to him was mostly a drifting along, but lately Glad had awakened a something within him.

Presently she came out—a blue sweater coat thrown about her shoulders. She sat down listlessly upon the steps. Skin smiled to himself at her distaste for chairs.

"Say Glad," he called softly.

"You there—Skin?"

He came and sat on the steps beside her.

"Ain't we friends any more Glad?"

"Why yes—Skin." She was surprised.

"Well—can't you tell me what's eatin' you?"

She turned to smile at him wistfully.

"Would you understand me — I wonder?"

"Well—I kin try."

She laid a hand upon his knee. "Thanks—Skin. I guess I'm discouraged—that's all."

"Well by stars Glad—what more do you want—a steady job — — —"

"A steady job—that's just it. Oh I hate a steady job. I want to get out and live with the days—go along with them—can't you see—*be* something in the world."

"Well ain't you goin' to *be* something to me some day Glad," he coaxed. "Ain't you goin' to marry me in another year or two when you're twenty an' I'm advanced some—ain't you Glad?"

"I don't think so—but—I don't know," the girl's voice seemed far away.

"But your Maw wants it so—Glad."

"Yes, Maw wants it so," the voice flared very near—"Maw always wants things so. I guess I've my own life to live same as she has. *And I'll live it.*"

There was no response. Instinctively she knew she had hurt him.

"I'm sorry Skin—I didn't mean it that way—I didn't mean *you*." Her

hand sought his and gripped it. "Don't you believe me?"

"I guess so—Glad—but I don't just get you—kind of."

"Some day you will," she said tenderly — "Some day you will Skin. I'm going in. It seems cold here."

She patted his hands ere she left him.

"And don't you worry—*dear*. It will all work out somehow."

Skin thought much about her alone. Glad was so different from the rest—so apart from all of them—so apart from him. Perhaps if he had money—she would care. Perhaps—if he had position.

She was aloof—different. Wee Tom was the most like her, with his dear baby ways and his quaint prattle. The twins were like their mother. But Glad—

It was late in November when Glad startled the serenity of their everyday existence.

"I've got a new job," she announced at supper, her eyes a-sparkle with fun as of old. She laughed across at Skin. "Guess what."

"Promotion."

"No—I left Colborne's"

"What," Maw Heath gasped, "left the biggest and best store in the city?"

"Yes."

There was an awkward silence.

"I went to the Conservatory—everybody—got a job in the cloak room—watching the pupils' things."

"Well," Maw Heath gasped again—"What possessed you?"

Glad laughed again. The joy of her was not to be controlled.

"Why—I—don't know. It's a better place in every way. Easier work—and think of all the nice people I'll see. And maybe," she leaned nearer her mother, "maybe some great teacher will give me music—*free*—if I work well."

Maw Heath held her peace. Anything to be obtained *free* and honestly, was in her mind the thing.

During the weeks that followed Glad came and went—laughing—dancing—everywhere. She was the Glad of old—something of the child again. Her happiness was contagious. Even Maw Heath forgot to scold the twins, fret over wee Tom, and harp at Glad. What made the girl happy—as happy as she was—Skin could never ascertain or guess.

Sometimes she brought home cards from the Conservatory and they used them—"taking in a recital," as Maw so skilfully put it to neighbour Mrs. This or That. Maw seemed to enjoy those outings—the music and the lights and the people. It pleased her that many of the gay young girls about them spoke to Glad. Sometimes Glad stayed with some of them "to usher". It did not occur to her to question the friendship between those girls and her own.

That Glad herself enjoyed the new work and life of hers, was beyond doubt. As yet there was no mention of those free music lessons. If Maw Heath wondered why, she questioned not and held her peace. Glad told them vividly of her work—of the girls she met there, of the teachers and professors who passed her in the halls. Some she learned to know. But her chief delight was Ivan Kobeleff.

"Oh he's splendid—everybody," she lauded again and again. "He knows—*everything*. His big recital is in March—early March. It will be wonderful—wonderful. I'll get tickets for all of us."

Skin hated this unknown Ivan Kobeleff. He was afraid for Glad. But always she was so gay—so glad-some, he had not the heart to question her—to protest. Often her work took her back to the Conservatory at night. Skin always met her at ten and they walked home. Usually she was silent and, he thought, rather sorrowful.

"Poor kid—she's tired," he told himself again and again.

But one night he asked her for sure.

"No I'm not sad." And she laughed softly, "I'm tired a bit maybe, but happy Skin—all through me. I'm getting nearer to the *being something*, I believe. Just a little while longer and I'll know what it is—I really want."

March came—and Kobeleff's recital. In looking back Skin wished sometimes it had never come. Glad left them early that evening—he and Maw were to follow later and the three of them would come home together. This was the girl's plan—a plan never realized.

The hall was crowded when they arrived. Glad was nowhere in sight.

"Don't you worry about her," Maw Heath consoled. "She kin look after herself pretty spry."

The music began. The first number was a dance—the second a group of dancers—and the third. The fourth was Glad!

So Ivan Kobeleff was a dancing master. Skin sneered and sat forward to watch *her*.

Glad always had danced—and ran—and chased everywhere. But that she could do it so—up there on the platform — gliding — stooping — turning — lightly — buoyantly — happily. She was a spirit of youth—giving spontaneously the joy she felt. She wore a little short frock of green—pale green to match the delicate pink of her cheeks. Skin watched her spellbound. And when she had finished the applause deafened him. He dared not look at Maw Heath. She sat rigid beside him and he dared not look. The other numbers were phantoms of colour to him. Nothing was real but Glad and her gladness. To him it was a hurt he could not understand.

After Glad came to them he knew what that hurt was.

"Are you surprised?" she asked. Her face was radiant.

"Surprised—well I should say I am." Maw Heath's voice was frigid.

The tone startled Glad. She looked up at them with frightened eyes, her hands reached up almost impulsively.

"Why mother."

She turned to Skin.

"Aren't you glad either? Oh I have worked so hard to please you." Her voice broke.

A gentleman in a dress suit came up to them. His manner was at once agile and abrupt.

"Mrs. Heath I presume," he said, extending his hand which she failed to heed. "Are you not delighted?—surprised? A wonderful daughter you have—wonderful."

"Surprised—well I should say I am." Maw Heath spoke icily. "So it is you who taught my child all this foolery—put into that outrageous, shameful dress—and made her a public dancer to disgrace the family name."

"But madam—"

"I was never so taken back," Maw Heath interrupted, "I'm thankful her Paw and the rest aren't here to see. Either she quits all this tommy-rot"—Maw Heath was decisive—"Either she quits all this tommy-rot—takes off that shameful thing on her back, and promises me never to come back to this place—either she does that—or *I go home alone.*"

There was a moment of awkward silence. Glad turned to the little man beside her. The dismay marked upon his face kindled within her something greater than anger—something more glowing than fire. It was self realization.

"How can you," she cried, turning upon her mother. "How can you speak that way to Ivan Kobeleff. He has been so kind to me—so kind—" she paused—bit her lips—and continued, "He has made everything possible for me—everything. We worked so to surprise you—to make you glad. Why I have always wanted to dance—always. Didn't you know—couldn't you tell?"

"I couldn't think a child of mine would stoop so low—be so indecent."

"Indecent," Glad reiterated, a look of horror upon her face—"Indecent" Oh it isn't true—it isn't. It is right—because God makes me dance. O yes He does—it's the way my soul sings. I'll show you—I can be pure! I love all I did to-night and I'll keep it. I'll work somehow if it kills me—and *you can go home alone.*"

Maw Heath grasped. Had the evil one himself possessed her girl. She waited—Glad turned to Ivan Kobeleff.

"Madam," the dancing master strove mightily for control. "You are wrong. To dance well is high art. With your daughter it is great art. She has commenced a little late but the true art within her shall triumph. My wife and I shall protect her. Have no fear."

Maw Heath drew herself up, and turned away. Her dominant nature could not be crushed in a night—in a year—in a lifetime perhaps. Skin had stood by—dumb with despair. He turned to Glad—the new Glad he never knew had existed—with a mute appeal. At the sight of him the girl began to sob softly.

"No — no — I can't — Skin — I can't. Come here to see me soon—good-bye."

Three days in succession Skin went to the working-place of his Glad—for she was his. The hurt within him told him so. But each time she was not there.

The lad that he really was grew to a manhood those three waiting days. At home he dared not speak of her—at her work—he could not find her. Never had he felt so useless—so hopelessly alone.

The third day he sought Kobeleff to ascertain the truth. What they were doing to her—he must know.

Kobeleff told him Glad was not well—just tired and nervous. The strain had been too much. No—it was not serious and she had every

eare. Skin forgot the indifference of the little dancing master when he knew she had aid and attention. He was not to blame for Maw Heath's action. He desired his Glad to have always what she wished. Someday he would tell this Ivan Kobeleff that.

Passing a florist's shop on his return home the deep crimson roses reminded him of the girl. He went in—asked for a directory—sought out Kobeleff's address and sent them to her. The buying gave him an unexpected pleasure. Christmas was the only gift-giving time to him; but even then he had never given—*flowers*. He could see Glad's eyes!

A week later he went to see her. Kobeleff 'phoned him at the shop to come.

Was his Glad—no better?

All the way there he dared not think. The cars were so slow—the minutes so long.

She was watching for him at the front windows and met him at the door.

"Oh dear Skin!"—never even in their fun at home had her voice sounded so joyous—"I am so glad you are here—I could scarcely wait."

She drew him in, through a darkened hall into a room of shaded lights, flower covered chairs, soft carpets, beautiful pictures and cushions—he had never thought any room grander than the Heath front parlour at home. The splendour of the surroundings smote him—the wonder of his Glad dazzled him.

She wore white—her face was pale, but her hair—it was more glorious than ever.

Skin ceased to exist. He was James Summerville of the world—tall—thin—awkward.

"Why don't you talk Skin"—she pleaded—"Sit back restful against that cushion there and tell me everything. How's Tom?"

He told her Tom was well.

"And the Twins—Skin. Are they good?"

He told her they were quite well.

"And Dad — and — and — mother. How's mother, Skin?"

And he told her Maw Heath was fine.

She eyed him curiously.

"I know what's the matter with you," she said firmly, snuggling down on the Chesterfield beside him—"Its this house—it awes you. It did me too—at first. Why I was afraid if I moved I would break something. But they are so kind to me—Madam Kobeleff is too good. I forgot all about the house pretty soon, thinking of them—and my own. Just you look at me Skin and forget this room—won't you."

There was no answer.

"Now I'm mad," she teased. "If you won't look at me I'll run away."

He obeyed.

Oh the hurt of him, and the joy of her!

He rose abruptly.

"I guess—I gotta go—Glad."

She stood up beside him—puzzled.

"It isn't that you are—are—shamed too because I dance—is it?"

He looked at her dumbly and shook his head negatively.

"And you'll come again," she coaxed—all eagerness—"why I wanted you to stay such a long time now. And you can't. Is it the shop—Skin? Do they want you back?"

"Yes"—he lied—"I gotta get back."

He went many times to see her because he could not stay away. Glad was always joyous at his coming. The Kobeleffs were kind to him. Because of their goodness to his Glad—he worshipped them latently. Sometimes they walked in the little park so close to the Conservatory and the new home.

"I sometimes wonder," Glad said one day, when they walked out together, "I sometimes wonder why mother doesn't use the law to force me home. I'm not of age."

"She's not that kind, I guess. She don't expect you to hold away much

longer. She asks about you now—sometimes."

"Does she?"

"Yep—and say Glad—are you ever comin' back?"

She was silent and walked more slowly.

"I'd love to Skin," she cried softly, looking up at him earnestly—"Oh I'd love to—but I can't. I can't go back there—and to Colborne's. I love to dance so much—I mean to dance well. Maybe next year Kobeleff will send me away to study. I am to repay him some day. You don't think it's wrong?"

"No—I don't—Glad."

"I must be what I am you know," she continued—"I must live my own way. All of us must—I guess. We can't be directed by anyone but ourselves—and succeed. I wish so hard sometimes that Colborne's had contented me—had satisfied. I always wanted to live more—why—I don't know. And now I have such a chance—such a splendid chance—I can't help but believe God knows all about it. And mother is wrong, Skin. It isn't what you *do* always that counts—it's what you *are*."

It was May when Glad at length went home—one of those divine Spring days when youth and the hours go hand in hand. She was ready to run across the way to the Conservatory for her dancing lesson.

She was already in the hall fastening a long cape over her little short dancing frock—when Madam Kobeleff called her.

"Telephone did you say," she answered dubiously—"Why it must be Skin. No one else would call me surely. Ask him—no tell him in a minute—I'll be there."

And Skin's voice came to her over the wire.

"Would—would you come home—if—if we needed you—Glad?"

"Yes—yes," she interrupted — "What is it?"

"It's wee Tom—he's burned."

"It's wee Tom—he's burned"—she reiterated, blindly turning from the telephone to Madam Kobeleff — "Please — please — can I get there quick?"

She found her mother in the dining-room at home—seeking for something on the sideboard. And Maw Heath saw her in the glass. Was it really Glad? She turned joyously—speechless.

They stood there a brief moment regarding each other, and in that moment, Glad knew her mother had suffered in that separation as much—nay, more than she had.

"He may not get better". It was Maw Heath who spoke first.

Glad went around the table to her mother's side.

"Tell me," she pleaded.

"It was the taffy boiling in the kitchen. He wanted to see—I was making it for him. He has not been well since—" she paused—then continued bravely— "He hasn't been happy like since you left, Glad. He wouldn't play. So to-day I made him taffy. It tipped—it scalded him—the left side—his ear—and neck—and shoulder—and his hands—oh Glad—his little hands—"

Glad's hand went swiftly to her mouth to check a scream. Her whole being trembled.

Wee Tom—burned!

"Where is he—now?"

"Upstairs—Dr. Carter's there—an' Skin. Please go up Glad—I can't." She turned to the kitchen.

Upstairs Glad found them—Dr. Carter, Skin and Wee Tom.

Dr. Carter met her at the threshold.

"If you can quiet him while I dress his wounds—something can be done."

Glad gave him one look of assurance and trust—then passed in.

The little fellow was screaming.

"Tom — Tom — darling —" she pleaded—"See who's here — its Glad — Glad come back to you."

The screams ceased.

"Don't you see—Tom—it is Glad—truly, truly Glad, and she will stay. Won't you be good—let Dr. Carter fix you—or Glad will cry too. You don't want Glad to cry too—do you Tom?" Then quickly to Dr. Carter—"Can't you give him an anaesthetic?"

Dr. Carter shook his head dubiously.

"I fear not—he's weak—very weak—mostly frightened. The burns are not really severe, his clothes were a protection—just his hands—"

Wee Tom heard and began to cry again.

"Oh don't—don't Tom," Glad implored—"I want to stay—don't make sister go. Let the doctor take you—it won't hurt darling—Glad won't let it hurt. See—I'll be a butterfly." Hastily her hands went to the fastenings of the cape—she yanked it off—threw it across to Skin—and there she stood forth in green shimmering fluffiness.

"See—I'm a butterfly Tom—there is a flower—I want to kiss it—and there is another—and another—"

She began to dance—all her soul bent upon her task.

The little lad watched her—his eyes following her every movement, his breathing spasmodic.

The doctor worked swiftly and deftly.

"See—there's a leaf—away up that tree there—I'm a butterfly—Tom—dearest—see I'll fly—fly—"

Skin stood in the doorway petrified. Was she real—his Glad—was she more than human—more divine? What a lightness and a liteness were hers. How she danced—here—there — everywhere — flirting her frilly skirts—lifting her arms up—flinging them wide—kicking her little slippered toes up—and up—for the lad's delight—till she seemed scarcely to touch the floor at all—and the while she talked to him—crooning—coaxing—singing.

"See—the butterfly — Tom — dear — see — see. Oh — there's — wee

birdie's nest," she swooped down gracefully near to him—"and eggs in it Tom — boy — three — four — like we saw that day last Summer. And a sunbeam away up there — a sunbeam — for the butterfly —" she sprang up — to whirl about again — her face a study of tenderness—of hope—of despair.

Skin did not know Maw Heath stood beside him in the doorway—watching that wonderful creature within — that butterfly — praying — praying for the girl — that was her own.

"Help her God—not to stop—not to stop."

How long she danced—they could not tell. It might have been minutes—hours—but all the longings of her own during those weeks and weeks came forth to lend her aid—in service.

The doctor finished. Wee Tom worn with the pain and excitement fell back unconscious.

Glad never could tell the rest—she was so tired. And she had cried. What was that thing that hurt her so —just to be in her own little room—upon her own little bed—hurt her and hurt her.

Some call it Joy.

It was dark when she stole downstairs after a look at Wee Tom. He was sleeping—unconscious of all the bandage and the pain.

Maw Heath was waiting her in the dining-room.

"Where's my cape, mother."

The woman rose wearily.

"You won't be goin' to-night Glad," she said.

"I'll come back—truly. I want to change this—she touched her dress lightly—"You won't let me stay here in this, will you?"

"Yes."

"Oh—mother, if you only knew," she muttered.

Glad began to cry softly.

"And the family name—mother."

"I guess you'll be the makin' of it Glad—sit down there—I saved your supper warmed. You're dead tired."

"And you aren't ashamed of me then?"

"No—if it's in you—it's gotta come out. I'm sorry I didn't know before."

Later Glad slipped the cape about her and went out to the porch to Skin.

"Aren't we friends any more?" she questioned in memory of the night that seemed so long ago.

There was no reply. She sat down on the steps beside him.

"Tell me—please—what's the matter?"

"Glad—" he spoke presently—"I'm goin' away."

"Why?"

"I don't know why—Glad girl—I'm goin'. Something is calling me to go out and be a man—to fight and win. I've learned to hate a steady job too—on account of you girl. I gotta be something, first—and mebbe—some day—"

"Mebbe—what Skin?"

"Mebbe—someday I'll find the things I want to do—same as I found the man I want to be. You stay with Maw Heath now—won't you. Sure—she'll let you dance now—I know. And you'll win. *I know that too.* And some day when you're great and mighty I'll come back to see you. Mebbe then—"

"Mebbe—what Skin?"

"Mebbe then"—his voice broke—"mebbe then you'll still remember me."

"Mebbe then, Skin—" she spoke low—her lips close to his ear—"mebbe then I'll marry you."





ABOVE CAMERON FALLS, NIPIGON RIVER, ONTARIO

CHARTRES

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON



ON the bank of a hill above Old Shoreham the great gray house of Chartres looks south to the Channel, and at its feet the meek river Adur comes, defeated, from the Sussex downs. Quiet vistas are all about it—mild shoulders of hill, tame patches of wood, and venerable farms, a countryside of patience, enduring and indomitable. Gray and patient, too, is Colonel Tilney Wesson—Uncle Tilly of the old days—who rules deftly at the great house as the deputy of its master, keeping the servants supple, the stable ordered, and the land well stewarded, till he shall have done with his affairs in Africa and return to his own place.

Uncle Tilly belongs to a dead age, to the end of that era when officers of the army wore their uniforms about the streets, and were proud of the figure they cut in their braid and frogs. No gentler old man walks the roads of Sussex. Shoreham touches its hat to him familiarly when he passes the ferry, head up and shoulders set back, the white moustache waxed as was the fashion in the regiment, for they know him as a "swell", a gentleman of correct taste and good name, who has for everybody the right and civil word. He wears, in the country, tweeds of a large check and a sportive cut, and somehow they do not at all detract from the Colonel's unconscious dignity, that sense of form and conduct which carried him through life with never a fall. Good humour, good grammar, and a

good tailor are his reserves; with these behind him, he waits very complacently for the master of Chartres to relieve him of his post.

It was a sour day when he was summoned to Chartres. Colonel Wesson was at his club, the soundest and dullest service club in London, waiting with others of his kind for the ampler evening papers. Already at noon, news of a sort had come in. These were the autumn days following the taking of Pretoria, when the army was bushwhacking in tiny brigades and lean columns all over the stubborn Transvaal. The early cables spoke of a fight to the north of the railway by Waterfall Onder, a sharp and desperate struggle in which the British force had suffered heavily. A gun had been lost, it was stated, but as yet there were no names. In the smoking-room of the club there were a dozen or so of old soldiers, whose sons or nephews were at work in that part of the world; one terribly old man had a grandson there.

"Wonder who's been chucking guns away this time," remarked this veteran, secure in the knowledge that the youth who bore his name was a Hussar.

There was a pause. "We're in the line, at any rate," replied a Crimean general with satisfaction. Others reported to the same effect. Old Colonel Wesson cleared his throat.

"My nephew's a gunner," he said. "Ah!" The grandfather turned a cloudy eye on him. "Horse?" he asked.

"Field," said the Colonel gravely.

"H'm!" the veteran grunted suspiciously; several of them looked curiously at the Colonel, but he sat unmoved. He had to wait for news, of course, but he was not really anxious. His nephew was not the gun-losing kind.

The papers had not yet come when the page came into the smoking-room with a telegram on a salver. He brought it over to Colonel Wesson at once. The Colonel opened it, with a dozen eyes on him, read it, and rose to his feet.

"Got to go," he said. "Boy, call me a hansom."

The grandfather of the Hussar scowled at him.

"Hang it all, Wesson," he said, explosively, "this isn't a time for delicacy. Have you got any news there? If you have, read it and be done with it. We're all in this."

Colonel Wesson smiled and spread the telegram out again.

"It's not exactly news," he said. "But it suggests there may be news. It's from Jack Chartres—my brother-in-law, you know. The gunner chap's his son."

"Well?"

"Well, it says simply: 'Come down at once. Catch 4.50. Don't fail.' Looks as if he'd heard something, eh?"

"Hope it's all right, you know, an' all that," said the grandfather grudgingly. "Remember me to Jack."

"I will," said the Colonel, and went to his cab.

It took some time to drive to his rooms, secure a kit bag of necessities, and go on to Victoria. As it was, he caught his train with no margin. It was on the point of moving as he scrambled into his carriage and thrust a coin to the porter. Farther down the platform a newsboy was calling his papers; Colonel Wesson leaned from the window as the train gathered way and shouted to him.

"Evening papers," he cried. "Any of 'em. Quick!" He brandished a half crown and the boy became energetic. It was a close thing, but they

managed it. The Colonel tossed the half crown into the basket; the boy, galloping alongside the train, bundled his papers together and took aim. They caught the Colonel full in the face; he sat down with a lapful of them.

He adjusted his monocle and unfolded the first of them. The headlines barked from the page: "British Disaster; Defeat at Swartdaal; List of Casualties." The Colonel's pulse quickened a little as he settled down to read the ten inches or so of bald prose that preceded the long list of killed and wounded. It told, very formally, for Our Special Correspondent had been beaten by the Agencies, of a surprise at dawn, a silent commando ringing an unsuspecting camp and overwhelming it at a chosen moment. A paragraph related tersely how the little force had stood under a devastating fire, how an artillery officer had drawn out a gun and opened fire at point-blank range on the ridge from which the Boers commanded the camp. And the gun had been taken. They had got away with it. And that was all.

The Colonel folded the sheet the more conveniently to read the lists that followed. Seven officers had been killed; some of them he knew; but the name for which he looked was not among them. Nor was it among the names of the wounded. But there was yet another heading. The print was blurred before his eyes as he read it. "Missing: Lieutenant John Chartres, R.F.A."

There were other names of the missing, an unwontedly long list. But the Colonel did not read them. Other men's nephews were no concern of his just then.

It was dark when he reached Chartres; the long front of the house was punctured here and there by lighted windows, and he was awaited in the hall. The grave butler received him deferentially.

"Sir John's gone to his room, sir. He desires to be excused till dinner," he said

He possessed himself of the Colonel's bag.

"The old room, sir," he said, and led the way up the wide staircase. He installed the guest of the house in the great low-ceilinged chamber that overlooked the trim lawns. At the door, when all was done, he paused.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he said, "is there any news of Mr. John?"

"Very little," said the Colonel, "very little, indeed, Mallow. The evening papers report him missing, but, well—that may mean anything; has Sir John heard?"

"I believe so, sir," replied the man; all telegrams are wired on here. A few arrived to-day, sir. Thank you, sir."

The Colonel made his toilet pensively. It was the custom of his brother-in-law to send for him at all seasons of emergency, and generally he came. Sir John had been a widower for close on twenty years, and had never accustomed himself to be alone. The help he required of Colonel Wesson was commonly nothing to tax talents or energies; he merely wanted a familiar figure by him to assist in taking things easily and to set an example, as it were, of opposing a worldly front to worldly vicissitudes. When at length Colonel Wesson went down, Sir John met him in the garden room that gave immediately on the terrace.

"Ah, Tilney!" said Sir John. "Feeling fit, eh? Seen the news, I suppose?"

"Got a paper at Victoria," replied the Colonel easily. He always affected a jovial lightness of manner in the face of Sir John's troubles. The old baronet watched him with weak, appealing eyes.

"Yes," went on the Colonel, taking a chair with discrimination. "Yes, it seems to have been a brisk little business. Gad, Jack, what a thing it is to be young!"

"The telegrams say he's missing," said the baronet. He spoke as though he were laying a problem before the Colonel.

"Rotten way of putting it, isn't it?" said Colonel Wesson. "Means they grabbed him along with the gun, I suppose. Jack, that boy's got brains. He's learnt something."

"What d'you mean?" demanded Sir John. "Learnt how to lose guns, eh?"

Colonel Wesson smiled frankly. "That's it," he said, "that's pre-cisely it. Shoved it at 'em; kept it spouting till the others could stand to their horses; probably saved the lot at the cost of one gun. A devilish smart bit of work, I call it."

The old baronet stared at him with parted lips.

"Then," he said weakly, "then it isn't—er——"

"A regrettable incident?" suggested the Colonel. "Not a bit of it. As like as not he'll pick up a D.S.O. over it."

The baronet gulped and smoothed the back of his head with his hand. He was a little dazed for the while; he had never been flexible in mental processes.

"Well, well," he said, at length, very thoughtfully. "Let's hope they don't send him back without his breeches."

In this manner Colonel Wesson began his sojourn at Chartres which is not yet at an end. For as the days went by, the baronet's need of him became greater. Like an appetite that grows with feeding, till he alone withheld the old man from utter despair. Ampler news of the fight duly arrived, the full story of the man in command and the warm tales of the war correspondents. It settled down into a finished episode, with its fit perspective; and as it took shape in the public mind the part taken in it by Lieutenant John Chartres of the Field Artillery was seen to be a worthy one. He had whooped his men up and hauled out the gun by hand, staying by it and firing to the very end. Not he alone, but all the gunners with him were missing. There was praise for all of them, but no word of the whereabouts of any of

them. They had vanished as completely as their gun.

"They—er—they wouldn't shoot 'em, I suppose?" demanded old Sir John from time to time. "Wouldn't do that, eh, Tilney?"

"Good Lord, no," the Colonel never failed to reply. "You've got the queerest ideas, Jack. These chaps aren't savages. Very decent fellows, by all accounts. Shoot 'em, indeed!"

But he was puzzled himself. All over South Africa the Boer commanders were releasing prisoners within a few hours of their capture. They had nowhere to keep them and no food to spare for them. There was no reason to think that the general who had captured the gun and its gunners was better off than any of the others in this respect. He was a brilliant leader, the most agile of guerrillas, but he had to keep moving. The War Office was stormed to request the Commander in Chief to cause inquiries to be made, but nothing new was elicited. Day by day the old baronet became more helpless and more dependent on the Colonel for his fund of optimism; and daily the Colonel put a heavier tax on his ingenuity to invent reasons for refusing to think that any harm had come to the youth.

In the warm days of the spring, six months after the day of the fight, now almost forgotten, the baronet delivered himself of a new requirement. They were sitting together on the terrace, the Colonel dapper in his tweeds and white hat, Sir John supine in a long chair and swaddled in rugs. He looked very frail as he watched the westering of the sun over the flats of the river, very forlorn and helpless. His gray shaven face with the afternoon light upon it was very like a child's.

"Tilney," he said suddenly. "That boy of mine—I hope I'll see him again."

"My dear Jack, of course you will," replied the Colonel placidly, but with a quick look round at the old man's face.

The baronet smiled slowly. "You don't know everything, you know," he said, after a pause.

The Colonel sighed. "That is so," he agreed.

There was silence again for a while.

"But I expect you know more than you'll tell," said Sir John at length. "You know that if he don't come soon I shan't see him. You know that, eh, Tilney?"

"Can't say I do," said the Colonel carefully. "You're getting mopish, Jack."

The old man smiled again, with his eyes on the radiant west, where the far waters of the Channel were afire with sunset.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I'm coming to my finish, Tilney—coming to the big jump. But that's nothing. I want you to do something."

"All right," said the Colonel. "You're talking hosh, of course. But go on."

"I suppose this war will finish some day," continued the baronet. He seemed not to have heard the interruption. "Can't go on forever, you know; it would simply ruin the Service. Well, when it does stop, that General Van Zyl will be available. I want you to go out and talk to him. He'll know what's become of Jack if anybody does."

"We might both go," said the Colonel thoughtfully. "Do you good, Jack."

The placid face on the cushions twisted almost to a sneer.

"I'm afraid I shall be otherwise engaged," said Sir John.

The year grew ripe; the downs and the fields returned to their green; but the distant war abated not at all. In that great house on the hill its echo was a monotone of failing hope and dwindling faith. Men wrought furiously on the parched veldt and died obscurely or splendidly and their tale was but a blurred note in the undertone of tragedy that persisted in the ears of the old baronet. Who shall do credit to the long patience of Colonel Wesson in those dreary months?

Sir John weakened before his eyes, but never once did his endurance fail. Dapper, accomplished in social arts, a companionable bachelor, worldly and jovial, not once did the mask slip from him, though the old man must be keyed up almost hourly to the pitch of faith in the life of his son, even while a surer knowledge lived in the serenity of his eyes and the last of his days went by under his hand. Life is the greatest of the arts and Colonel Wesson was a great artist. To be at close quarters with one's fellow man and never collide is an achievement in itself.

Then, when he had been at Chartres just a year, Sir John died. The old man flickered out quietly during the night. He had needed no help from anyone in his last and greatest undertaking. Colonel Wesson, appointed under the baronet's will to the care of everything, took charge of all arrangements. With due ceremonial they laid the baronet in the earth in the churchyard where eight generations of his ancestors awaited him. His going made so little difference that one might almost have thought the pompous funeral a device to advertise the fact that Sir John Chartres had been and now was not. Possibly that is the original purpose of funeral ceremonies. When it was over, Colonel Wesson drove back to the house and treated himself to a whiskey and soda.

"Poor Jack," he said, as he put the glass down. "Poor Jack! He had his innings, but he never scored."

There was before him the pledge he had given to the baronet, to go to South Africa at the end of the war and seek for the boy. Comfortably now, he put the estate in order for his departure, and awaited the day when General Van Zyl should be a fellow subject and accessible to a polite stranger. It was a long time coming; the Boers were tenacious. "Might almost be English," as the Colonel said. But at last it came, and the Colonel packed his bag and took ship.

It was a strange land he came to, a

country where all perspectives were awry, and the lawlessness of war had made its deepest marks on men's minds. There were tame wise men of the army, soft and careful of speech, in contrast with feverish and warlike civilians. There were silent, subtle Boers, testing the strength of their new chains and surprised to find them elastic. There were Kaffirs and worse than Kaffirs. Through them Colonel Wesson threaded his way, deft as ever, moving up-country to Bloemfontein to find General Van Zyl. On all sides there were men who knew him and willingly aided him, and he passed up-country unhampered by the regulations that held thousands of anxious refugees fuming at the base. Arrived at Bloemfontein, there was his own corps, his old regiment, in camp, commanded by the sprightly warrior who had been Colonel Wesson's senior subaltern. Hectic hospitalities ensued.

General Van Zyl was not hard to find. Twice the Colonel called at his hotel and he was out; the third time he was at luncheon in the dining-room.

"That little table in the corner, sir," directed the manager. "The stout gentleman."

The famous General looked up as Colonel Wesson approached him, detaching his attention from his food with a quite obvious reluctance. He was even portentously stout, with a big, massive head standing stiff on a short neck and a thick pointed beard finishing his chin.

"Yes. I am him," he said. "Sit down, Colonel. Sit down and have a drink."

He boomed when he spoke, so that people turned in their chairs to stare.

"Thank you," said the Colonel, "but I won't drink, if you don't mind. I have come from England to see you, sir, and to ask for your help."

"Yes," said the General, eating persistently.

"You remember, no doubt, your—your success at Zwartdaal?" asked the Colonel.

The General spluttered and clutched his napkin.

"Ach, yes; that was very funny," he agreed. "I sneaked a gun at Zwartdaal."

"Quite so," said the Colonel eagerly. "And the gunners as well. It was about that I wished to question you, if you will allow me. The officer in charge of the gun was Lieutenant John Chartres, my nephew. We have not heard of him since."

"Eh?" The General laid down his knife. "Let me now think."

He stared frowningly across the table at Colonel Wesson, summoning his memory with a visible effort. It was hard to reconcile this plump personality with his achievement, or to trace in his almost torpid ungracefulness the Murat of the campaign. He was the enterprising peasant to the blunt tips of his fingers; yet he had shown himself, for a long series of perilous months, to be a cavalry leader of brilliance and originality.

"Ach!" he grunted. "Yes, now I remember it. Yes!" He laughed again, briefly. "That, too, was very funny. But I let them go. I did not keep them. No!"

"You released them? You are sure?" asked the Colonel.

"Sure! Yes! Man, why would I keep them? *Allemachtig*, I was feeding myself on old mealies and trek oxen; I had bellies enough to feed without prisoners. I let them go next day. But at first they wouldn't go. It was very funny."

The General leaned back in his chair to laugh at the memory. The Colonel watched him gravely.

"I am very anxious to find that boy, sir," he said. "It means a great deal to me. It would be a kindness if you would tell the story to the end."

The General wiped his eyes with his napkin and composed himself.

"Ach, there," he said. "After a war, one laughs at everything. I was forgetting. Well, that young officer, he didn't want to go without his gun. I didn't want his gun. But to give it

back to the English, for them to shoot their lyddite at me—that was not war, eh? That was too much. I said to him he could go back. He said there was a time for everything and he would toss me with a sovereign for the gun. That was why I laughed just now. But I was moving east, and I could not trek the gun over those rocks. So one night I left it behind with a feldkornet from Ermelo and twenty burghers, and told them to go north and find a nice kloof to hide it in, and if I wanted it again I could fetch it. He didn't find out that it was gone till next day."

"You mean my nephew didn't?" put in the Colonel quickly.

"Yes," said the General. "The young officer. He come to me when we halted to make coffee at noon. 'I'm off,' he said. His men were standing behind him. 'Are you going after the gun?' I said. Then he laughed and all his men laughed. 'It would be rather a lark,' he said. 'Good-bye, General,' and then he went off with his men."

"We were camping by a piece of kloof," continued the General, and reached for the gear on the table. "Like this—between the dish and the bottle. And I was here by the salt. They went off by the kloof, and then I heard somebody howling, down here in the kloof. Then there was a shot and some of my burghers came running."

He laughed again. "They were very angry, my burghers," he explained, "and they told me with curses. The young man and his Tommy Atkins had walked through the camp, saying good-bye to the burghers and by and by them came out to where old Oom Coetzee, with his sons and his nephews, were boiling their kettle by the edge of a bit of bush. 'Now, men,' said your lieutenant, 'help yourselves,' and the Tommies fell on the rifles and bandoliers with a laugh, and ran into the bush. It was all done while a man could spit twice, and then they were lost in the thorn trees. It was Oom Coetzee that howled. They

jumped up to chase the soldiers, but at once there came a shot out of the bush and drilled a hole through the kettle. Then they ran to me."

This time Colonel Wesson answered his frank laughter with a smile. He was beginning to understand this General. A man who can laugh at himself, be he peasant or soldier, has no limits. He is a sportsman.

"And what did you do?" asked the Colonel.

"Ach, me!" The General shrugged his big shoulders. "I laughed. They were gone from sight through the bush and up into the rocks. They could sit on stones and shoot us one by one as we came. There was nothing to do, so I laughed."

"And you did not see him again?" the Colonel asked. "You did not hear of him again?"

"Never no more," replied the General. "Never of him, nor of the Tommies, nor the gun, nor my feldkornet, nor anything. That was all. But it was very funny!"

The Colonel produced from his breast pocket a folded map of the Transvaal.

"You've been most kind, General," he said, as he spread it out on the table and held a gold pencil hovering over it. "I'll go up to the place itself and see if I can find any traces. So if you'll help me to mark the places on the map, I shall be eternally obliged to you."

"Ach, that is easy. Give me the pencil."

And in a couple of minutes the thing was done.

The winds of dawn have a tooth of cold on the high lands of the north-eastern Transvaal, and men who camp in the open wake to a chill and cheerless hour. Colonel Tilney Wesson got into his clothes with haste, under the shelter of a boulder that poised on the hillside, and stepped forth clad among his shivering Kaffirs. The little breakfast fires flickered pale; the good smell of burning wood scented the air; and, cold as it was, Colonel Wes-

son thrust out his chest, breathed deeply, and felt that he was well. The camp was on a spur of hill jutting from the great bare range behind him, whose spires and pinnacles of naked rock stood swart against the morning sky. To the south, it looked forth over a world crumpled abruptly in little ranges, slit as with a sword by precipitous valleys, and tufted here and there with patches of wacht-ee-beetje thorn. His route had lain across it, with the ultimate mountains, at whose feet he was now camped, ever before him.

He was traveling on the stale track of the gun. It was fully two years since he had sat at the table in Bloemfontein with General Van Zyl and heard his story, the story that made the General laugh. Since then he had never ceased from searching. He knew that young John Chartres and his men had gone in pursuit of the gun. Kaffirs, Boers, prospectors, and others had seen him—two years ago. Once he had even come up with it, and there had been a fight, but the Boers had stood him off and started north with the gun again. At more than one drift, where crackling shale ran down into the stream bed, the Colonel had seen the ruts of its wheels and in one place, to buoy him up and spur him on, he had found a cartridge case—a regulation fifteen-pounder case. He was in country now where no guide could serve him, the almost virgin wilderness of the north-east, and his path, pointed to him by a dozen indications, lay straight to the great rocky face of the range, up and over it. He had found no man to tell him what lay on the other side. But hope was strong in him, and the traveling afoot, the chances of the trek, and the air had restored to him some of his youth. He was well and strong and an optimist.

He broke camp as soon as breakfast was eaten, and led the way briskly for the ascent. Within half a mile it rose abruptly, and soon they were climbing on all fours over a face of sliding stones held here and there by

mean shrubs. It was very slow going; the bearers, roped to their packs, tailed off forthwith and made pauses to lament. Colonel Wesson was too easy a master to stimulate them in the accepted fashion of the country—with the butt of a gun; but he held on steadily and the dread of being left behind and lost kept the Kaffirs labouring after him. Often they had to make wide detours to pass a front of perpendicular rock; and meanwhile the steady sun traveled high into the heavens and the day grew into its full power of relentless heat. All were weary and caked with parching dust long before the noonday halt in a little dip, where a small pool invited them to rest; and still the hill towered over them and its final peaks stood remote as ever.

They were feeding dully about the pool when Colonel Wesson leaped to his feet with a hand uplifted.

"Hark!" he cried, and the startled Kaffirs listened.

Very far away, dim and attenuated, some sound traveled to them from the unknown land beyond the range. It was barely a murmur, but low-pitched, metallic, and echoing.

"Good God!" cried the Colonel; "the gun!"

There was no doubt of it; distant though it was, strewed over miles of air, the sound that jerked him to his feet was the voice of a cannon.

Late in the afternoon they found themselves in a belt of high grass—grass which stood seven feet or more, through which they had to push in single file. Each man could see just the back of the man before him; the Colonel at the head could see not even that. Their advance through the rustling, breaking stalks filled their ears, but of a sudden the bearer who walked behind the Colonel caught his coat.

"Baas!" he said, and made an ear trumpet of his hand.

The small procession stopped, and forthwith the Colonel heard, unmistakably, the noise of men advancing

in the grass at some little distance. The apathetic Kaffirs cocked their ears to listen, too; the Colonel motioned them to make no noise.

The others, whoever they might be, were close at hand. He could distinguish separate footfalls. And then suddenly some one spoke.

"Careful, men!" he said. "Look out for snakes."

The Colonel gasped and began to tremble. Parting the grass stems before him, he moved forward uncertainly and stood face to face with a tall man in rags and a beard. The stranger laughed pleasantly.

"Hullo, Uncle Tilly," he said; "who'd ha' thought o' meeting you?"

The Colonel clung to his arm and laughed—laughed helplessly and long, not daring to stop lest he should break into weeping.

It was not far into camp. A hollow by a spring gave shelter from the evening wind and thither the young man led the Colonel, his gaunt, tattered men following with the Kaffirs. They made a strange picture, when the fires were alight, in their rags of khaki with the belts still trim and bright. John Chartres himself was as ragged as any; his garments were tied to him with ends of string; but the Colonel did not fail to note that otherwise neither officer nor men had lost anything of discipline or bearing. Arrived in camp, the men, fourteen in number, duly fell in to be dismissed.

The Colonel and his nephew sat apart by their own fire when they had fed. John Chartres was enjoying an Egyptian cigarette as only a man can who has smoked uncured leaf for two years. The news of the death of Sir John had already been communicated.

"Now, Jack, what have you got to tell me?" demanded the Colonel at last.

"I'm going to take the gun back with me," said young Chartres. "Old Piet Grobelaar's got it over there and I'm goin' to take it from him. He fires it now and again, just to remind me, confound him."

"Where does he get his ammunition?" queried the Colonel.

"He hasn't got any," was the reply. "He's got a little blasting powder, that's all. He loads her up with that and touches her off to annoy me. But I'll get her one of these days. We've both got a fair lot of rifle cartridges, you know. There was a cache of them down south, and Piet was helping himself when we came up and took about half of the lot. With luck they'll last another six months."

"And then?"

"Oh, then we'll fight with the butt, I suppose," said Chartres, and grinned pleasantly.

"There'll be a hell of a row in London about it," he said.

Chartres looked at him quickly. "Who cares?" he answered. "What's London, anyhow?"

"I seem," said the Colonel slowly, "to have been led into talking as though there were any sense in this fatuous project of yours. It was a mistake. The standards of unexplored Africa are insane standards. You owe it to yourself, to Chartres, and to me—to me, sir—to recover your senses and come back to the world. What the deuce! You've wasted two years of your life, thrown away your career in the army, grown a beard, and you ask me what's London, anyhow. I never heard such impudence in my life!"

"Go it, Uncle Tilly!" said Chartres composedly. "Work it up. Toss your tail and snarl. I don't mind."

The Colonel looked at him fixedly and sighed. "You be hanged," he said. "But, honestly, Jack——"

John Chartres interrupted: "Honestly, Uncle, I'm coming back when I've got that gun, not before. All you say is quite right; it's a crazy business, mad, absurd, maniacal, dement-

ed, rabid—anything you like. A man's always a fool to work hard. I'm a fool, if you please. So don't waste good talk. You go back and take charge of Chartres for me till I've come. Will you do that?"

"I'll stay and help you," suggested the Colonel, but John Chartres would have none of it.

"Don't spoil sport," he said. "Ride your own line, Uncle, and don't foul me. This is my picnic, if you please."

They talked far into the night, and in the end the magic prevailed. The grass lifted its raw scent to their nostrils; a jackal howled from a kloof, and even as they sat at their fire the night was rent with the high booming roar of a lion.

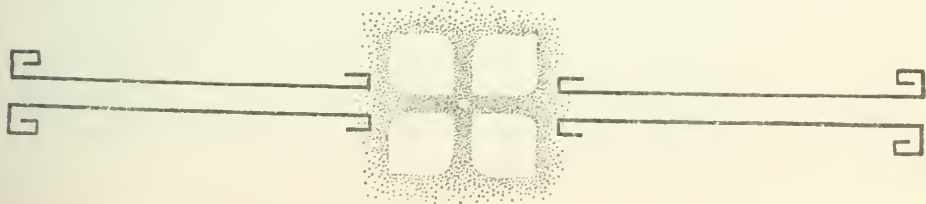
"I must get that chap," said Chartres. "He's always hanging around."

Colonel Wesson threw up his hand with the gesture of a defeated man.

"Oh, get the cursed gun," he said. "Get it and come home."

"That's a bargain," said young John cheerfully.

It is very peaceful at the great house of Chartres, sitting sturdily on its hillside, and the land about it has yet that note of unconquerable patience—the grim quietude of endurance that broke the Romans and conquered the Normans and made the English. Still patient, gray, and urbane is Colonel Tilney Wesson, waiting through the years for Sir John Chartres to recover his gun and come to his own between the downs and the sea. And he knows that one day he will come. He will haul the old gun at the tail of a team into Pretoria, redeemed and faithful again, and return through the laughter of a joke-loving nation to set Colonel Wesson free from his post.



THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE AGNOSTIC

*Charlie was
Incorrigible*

IN the natural course of events, Charlie, the incorrigible agnostic, heard of Robert G. Ingersoll, and it cheered him abundantly to think that he and the celebrated apostle of doubt thought alike on the eternal question of man's destiny and the enigma of a supreme being. Now and then, more by chance than discernment, he obtained scraps of Ingersoll's speeches, and from these he misquoted with admirable serenity statements that he believed would confound his critics and ultimately reach the ear of the minister. For while the minister regarded with sardonic contempt this flagrant agnosticism, Charlie had a secret hope that some day the minister would deign to attack him on the fundamentals, and in the extremity of his imagination he saw himself and the minister, over a drop of rye, chuckling to themselves and agreeing that theology and philosophy, terms that he used indiscriminately, were all bosh and nonsense. And nonsensical as it may seem, Charlie would repeat with every opportunity the common objections to the relations of Adam and Eve, Jonah and the whale, and Jesus and the five loaves and two small fishes, thinking in his delightful simplicity that all these objections originated in himself.

But, to increase the speculation, Charlie's own origin was obscure. He came from away back somewhere beyond the Boundary, and apparently was of that doubtful Scottish stock that should have come from anywhere but Scotland. Certainly he was not trained in religion, as most Scotsmen are, but nevertheless he had the Scotsman's natural fondness for the intricacies of theological controversy. He would discuss by the hour any conjecture one might make as to the hereafter, and he would refute with keen relish anything one might say in support of a tangible heaven or hell.

Hell, he affirmed, lost all its terror for him after he had been a week married. That, we hasten to amplify, was one of his frequent strokes of humour. Yet on no proper estimate could

*Hell Lost All
its Terror*

he be classed as a humourist. Nevertheless he had queer, even quaint, little conceits, and took a kind of withered, yet withal cynical, interest in the foibles and fancies of the community. The prospect of the cow calving was of more importance to him, indeed a matter of more appropriate concern, than the Methodist tea-meeting or the lecture on reincarnation in the Anglican church.

The Anglican church, we must no longer refrain from observing, was a weakling in our midst. In body it was a diminutive structure of pine, painted white, and it stood somewhat sepulchral in appearance, on the opposite side of the road from Charlie's house and a little higher up the hill. In spirit it was, if anything, a little low. And the congregation, such as it was, could not count enough members or arouse enough enthusiasm to support an exclusive ministry. So that the clergyman, who usually appeared once every Sunday, morning or evening, in order not to clash with the Methodists, came from a distance, driving a big gray horse hitched to a dust-gray phaeton and wearing a loose gray duster. On the small seat against the dashboard lay a black bag containing proper habiliments. It is easy, therefore, to imagine the clergyman slipping out from the duster and into the surplice, in the little vestry directly under the belfry.

The belfry, it is worth noting, was among churches thereabouts the one mark of distinction. And, what was of more consequence, it had a bell. And the bell was rung for a minute or two a quarter of an hour before every service and again for a minute or two immediately before the stroke of the hour. It was not a highly sonorous bell and yet Charlie, sitting under the poplars, on the fence in front of his log house, across the way, could hear and feel every vibration, notwithstanding the fact that he held the custom in disdain and almost thanked the Lord for casting a blight upon his hearing.

Now it so happened that the clergyman, driving up the hill, as usual, during the first ringing of the bell, and seeing Charlie sitting on the fence, as he had seen him every Sunday, drew rein and shouted:

"My good man," he said, "do you not hear that holy bell calling you to the house of the Lord?"

"What's that ye say, meenister? I'm just a wee bit deaf."

"I say, do you not hear that holy bell calling you to the house of the Lord?"

"Ye'll hae to speak a bit louder, meenister: I canna hear you against yon dang bell."

Charlie had not thought of offending. He rather would have relished the challenge, for he possessed the argumentative

*Charlie was
not a
Humourist*

*"A bit louder,
Meenister"*

*His Few
Earthly
Possessions*

disposition that counts more on repetition than reflection. But whenever he did take the trouble to reflect it was on what he read in the newspaper, which he borrowed from the doctor immediately on its arrival with the mail-carrier every Friday, on the price of wheat, even a kernel of which he did not possess, on the outlook for trapping and hunting, and on his few earthly possessions. These possessions were composed of a wife and six youngsters, a house with a butt and ben and two rooms upstairs, a cow and, in season, a calf, two pigs, some poultry, several mink traps, a bear trap, a muzzle-loading shotgun, and an inclination to move along the line of least resistance. This last possession, which I sometimes think was really an attribute, caused him to eschew manual labour, to receive with indifference the account of his indebtedness to the storekeeper, whom he described as a good writer but a hell of a "figrurer", and to sit for hours cooling himself in the shadow of the poplars. Once in a while a little boy would cross the road and sit there with him. Then it was that he would tell about the black bear he trapped back near the Boundary, a bear that snapped his axe handle in two as easily as he could snap a maple twig. He would tell how to skin a mink and how to skin a raccoon. A mink you would skin from tail to head, tubular form, and stretch the pelt on a shingle. A raccoon you would rip up the belly and nail the hide upon the kitchen door.

And then one soft warm day he remarked the bees flitting and humming amongst the hollyhoeks. It was an occasion for a discourse on bees and their ways and an explanation of the expression "bee-line". But the explanation expanded within a day or two into a demonstration, and it is to the demonstration that we shall proceed.

You must imagine Charlie, the amiable agnostic, the genial skeptic, with his gun on one shoulder and an empty sardine can in a pocket of his smock, taking the little boy by the hand and starting off on a bee hunt. Although it might not seem so to us, to the little boy it proved to be an extraordinary adventure. For they went down by the beaver meadow, through the tamarac swamp and out again into a field against Christopher Drake's bush. In the field lay several heaps of stones gathered from the soil, and upon the first of these Charlie stamped with his foot and then knelt down to listen. Presently he motioned to the boy to do likewise; and as they listened they heard an angry buzzing down among the stones, for there was a nest of wild bees there, bees that greatly resented being disturbed. But Charlie was determined.

"We must get our decoy," he said, as he began to remove the stones.

Scarcely had he started before up from the stones appeared a plump yellow and black bumble-bee. It he flicked aside with the brim of his hat, and all the other bees, as they appeared, he treated summarily in the same manner, until soon there was not a bee left.

When they had dug down as far as the nest they found that it was composed of dry grass, and from the centre of it Charlie took out a small quantity of honey in the comb and a dark brown lump which he said was bees' bread.

Near the middle of the field stood a big black stump, and upon it Charlie put the sardine can and into the can he put the honey.

"This," he said, "is our decoy."

Then he sat down on a log near by and began to bite the soft ends of blades of grass, which he pulled with his hands, breaking them off deftly close to the roots.

It was one of those fair summer days when crows caw lazily and mowing machines send out from green meadows a rhythmic sound. All the sky was blue, pale blue, like flax flowering in a field, and there was not a cloud to fleck it. From beneath the log fat black crickets ventured forth, and bob-o-links who, the boy thought, would have liked to gulp them, warbled their dulcet notes, fluttering, like vibrating spots of melody, hung 'twixt earth and sky. On the woodside a squirrel chirped, and his brush, tawny beside the scarlet of the tanager, flicked and quivered from tree to rail and from rail to tree. And a weasel, sly, slim creature of the burrow, appeared for a moment and then slid from sight, a dark streak, like a shadow moving.

"If a bee don't come soon," said Charlie. "we'll be skunked."

And as he spoke they heard a long, droning whine, and presently a small brown object, a *tame* bee, settled upon the honey.

"As soon as he gets his fill," Charlie whispered, "he'll make a bee-line for the hive. Keep your eye peelt and see how far you can follow him."

And presently the bee rose from the honey and flew in a straight line, as far as eye could follow, towards the bush. Charlie picked up the honey and ran after it. The boy followed. They crossed the field and stood leaning on the fence at the edge of the bush. Charlie shaded his eyes with his hands and peered searchingly in through the beeches.

"If we didn't follow it straight," he remarked, "we're ditched."

*In the Wild
Bees' Nest*

*Following
the Bee-line*

*Go as
straight as
the Bee*

Then he broke a piece of bark off the top rail, making a place for the honey.

"Let man go as straight as the bee," he said, as if to himself, "and then prate about his God. We followed in our clumsy way, and unless we have luck, pure luck, we're betched."

He explained that the bee would tell about the honey and that soon other bees would come out to get more. If he had been lucky enough to keep to the line, they soon would find the honey and again would make the bee-line back to the hive.

"And they talk about relegion," he chuckled. "How can a man settle on a belief and stick to formulas like musk to a trap when he can't even understand the devices of yon wee bit bee?"

And again, as he spoke, that long droning whine fell upon their ears, and immediately several small brown objects alighted on the honey.

"Wheesht!"

One by one they took their fill and flew into the bush, dark spots against the darker background during the moment in which they shrank in size and then receded beyond human sight. Charlie watched them through narrowing eyelids and with twitching lips.

"We're not skunked yet," he said, picking up the honey, mounting the fence with one leap, and plunging after them.

From no angle could Charlie present a noble figure. Seen from behind by the small boy who followed, he appeared to be mostly legs, long scrawny legs that were mostly boots. For he wore top boots turned over at heel, with one pant leg inside and the other outside, showing one broken lug and the other stretched into a loop. The trousers were of faded gray cottonade held up by a single suspender fastened by a nail, and they were assisted as a covering by a shirt of striped cotton. Above all there was a felt hat that had been black and that now had nothing to show of band or braid or former design.

Charlie, therefore, did not present a noble figure.

And yet to the boy he was more than merely picturesque, for he inspired a romantic interest in himself as well as in his adventure. This was especially the case as he sprang from log to log or crossed with one bound spots that looked like mire or fen. And after he had followed the line as best he could a distance into the bush, he stopped, looked carefully all round, and then once more deposited the honey on a stump. Satisfied as to the location, he found a seat on the end of a log near by, and the boy sat down beside him.

*Charlie and
the Boy*

It was not long before they heard again that long, droning whine, and presently a bee, coming apparently by a direct route, settled down upon the edge of the tin and began to devour the honey.

"Now, then," observed Charlie, "we're getting near the den, for they can't take a bee-line very far in the bush without running up against something. Any hollow tree or any tree with a hole in its trunk is a likely spot. Just keep your eye peeled. And in the meantime remember one of the wisest things written in the Bible is that God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

The observation led the boy to ask, perhaps a bit timorously, whether Charlie believed in God.

"Why do you ask?" Charlie countered.

The boy, feeling himself cornered, shuffled in his seat before answering. Then he spoke up.

"Because," he said, "they say you say there is no God."

"They're a lot o' blitherin' idiots," said Charlie. "I don't believe in *their* God. I believe in the god of the bee-line. We can see evidences of a god all round us out here, but they'll find pesky few in all their churches and chapels. I recognize a superior being, but I'm not above lifting a mink from a trap on the Sabbath."

"Or robbing a bees' nest on Monday?"

Although this question was in the boy's mind, he did not utter it, preferring to see man as here represented pursue his predatory instincts and await the result.

More bees had come, and by this time some of them were leaving. All went in the same direction. Charlie got up and followed them. Presently he stopped, and looking up toward the top of an old dead tree he pointed to a spot, a hole perhaps an inch in diameter, about which small dark objects moved ceaselessly and in apparent confusion.

"That's it," said Charlie, with a look of triumph; "we'll have honey for breakfast to-morrow."

"Won't we rob the nest to-day?" asked the boy, with a tone of disappointment.

"They'd eat us alive," said Charlie. "To-night we'll lift the honey. You see, at night a bee is as helpless as a baby."

The boy concluded that the delay was in reason, and he was on hand that night when the cross-cut saw swished into the decayed trunk of the tree, as Charlie and one of his sons, standing opposite each other, drew the glimmering sheet of steel back and forth between them.

*Another Bee
in the Honey*

*The
Glimmering
Sheet of
Steel*

*Sweetest,
Wildest
Tame Honey*

There was just enough light to work by, and it was in all its aspects an uncanny performance. For an owl hooted in a nearby tree, and Mrs. Charlie stood hard by, with a tin boiler uncovered, ready to receive the honey. And after the tree had fallen with a crash that must have shaken the dust of all who lay yonder upon the hill, she received until the boiler was almost half full of what was to the taste as if it were the rarest, sweetest, wildest *tame* honey ever produced.

"No," said Charlie, as he took hold of one handle of the boiler and his wife the other, "they didn't skunk us."

Then they all trudged along for a while in silence, the son and small boy following with the saw, and the owl keeping close to them, flitting from tree to tree. They were to return by the old road, and in order to do so, it was necessary to cross the creek, stepping from log to log just as we used to do when on the way to the berry patch. Twice Charlie slipped into water that went over his boot-tops, but the good woman clung like a leech to the slippery logs.

Presently they came out into the open, where the boiler with its precious freight was set on the ground while its bearers rested.

And it was in truth a restful scene. The old road, all grown over with grass, curved between the two clumps of bush like a natural corridor, and across Wilson's field could be discerned the several lights of the neighbouring village. A buggy rattled on the new road, and they could hear the doctor hurrying to some sickbed, saying, "Come, come, now! Get along, get along!" A weird cloud of mist hung over Hammond's lime kiln, and Charlie, with his head bared, stood looking at it.

"So they say I say there's no God," he said.

The moonlight fell full upon his face, a benign, even if gnarled old face, as we stood looking silently at him regarding the mist.

"I know nothing," he said gravely, "and I own up to it, except that God, *my* God, moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

*Charlie's
Philosophy*





ADMIRATION

From the Painting by
Paul Peel



THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 6

CANADA'S ESTATE

BY N. R. I.



THE Dominion of Canada may be regarded as a property owned by nine partners on an equal footing and by two minors. From a business point of view the nominal head of the firm exercises a cohesive and indirect influence, but has little real executive power. Being in the status neither of an owner nor a manager his importance and value to the estate lie in occupying a position above the dust of politics and rival jealousies and thus securing to the partners the comforting feeling that his signature, though by tradition automatic, could, if need arose, save the firm from dismemberment and from decisions fatal to its interests or could at least delay the fatal day.

Each of the nine partners manages the section of the estate that it owns as seems right in its own eyes, but entrusts all its intersectional interests and those which relate to the world beyond its private domain to a committee of management elected and removable at short notice, and to an advisory board holding semi-control.

This Canadian estate cannot go into liquidation nor do its owners die.

The important points for us shareholders to know are what the estate must produce in order to carry on its federal, provincial and municipal governments, to pay for what it imports, and to provide a highly civilized standard of comfort and living for all.

To meet present requirements the average production of each shareholder, man, woman or child, lunatic or prisoner must be at least \$1,175, the equivalent of which must be derived from land, water or air.

Fortunately the owners of the Canadian estate have not been marooned in destitution on a barren island, nor are they men of the palæolithic age with no tools but flint and bone; they are in a land already known for its riches and are established in business with \$2,000 a head in capital, with generally lusty physique, inventive brains and the power that comes from inherited and accumulated knowledge.

To analyze thoroughly the ledgers of the Canadian estate it would be necessary to examine not only the

positive natural resources, the preservative influences and transportation facilities, but to call equal attention to the destructive forces, the neglect of by-products and economic waste and leakage. This negative aspect is disturbing to our complacency and embraces too large a variety of subjects for present detail. The shareholders as a body should however be reminded how much they lose by their carelessness in forest fires, by their insatiable demand for commodities which are neither useful nor beautiful, by the levelling of individual production and the combinations in restriction of competition, by the multiplication of retail stores and the neglect of co-operation in buying and selling, by the waste in advertising, commissions or graft, and all other needless "spreads" between producer and consumer, by the loss of by-products of coal, lumber, wood, or fish and by the exports of raw material for refinement and manufacture.

It is more soothing to devote space for the present to stock-taking and the care of what is perishable.

Canada has an area of 3,750,000 square miles, of which 3.37 is water. To develop this estate there is need of men, women and capital.

Deducting the 1,500,000 square miles of the Yukon and the Northwest Territory, which, though they can never be populous, have resources known or credible of gold, silver, copper, coal, oil, fur and fish, and are feeding grounds for vast herds of caribou, smaller herds of musk ox and buffalo, and in time for Siberian reindeer, the remaining 2,225,000 square miles have fewer than four persons to the square mile. The total population of Canada in 1911 was not quite as much as the present population of London.

Natural increase would take centuries to even sparsely populate the land. Immigrants of the right sort therefore are needed.

The managers of the Canadian estate are now wisely discarding the

dragnet efforts of a certain period in favour of careful selection of new blood. The attractions of Canada as a field for emigration have been brought home to the British Isles as never before; Canadian men and women have during the war unconsciously but most effectively increased the pace of the movement across the narrows of the Atlantic. Such influences added to the normal pressure of population in Britain and Scandinavia and to the inevitable decrease in fertile land in the border States of the U.S.A. must fill the needs of Canada for settlers quite as fast as they can be properly absorbed despite the very heavy migration from Canada to the south. It is as much as enlightened labour bureaus, settlement boards, and productive works can do to steer clear of the hard time of unemployment, and to-day the social organism rejects the idea of encouraging immigrants from Eastern and Southern Europe or anywhere else for the purpose of keeping ready to hand a floating supply of labour to be used in times of great demand and flung aside at will. Imported live stock are not left by the wayside and human beings are now claiming a certain amount of care.

The growing wish of the most progressive countries is to have all its members healthy, happy and loyal. To attain this end Canada passes rigid alien immigration statutes and protects her patrimony from lunatics, degenerates, criminals, fanatical agitators and paupers. Nor is it only the state or the municipality that is caring for the physical and mental well-being of its units; several large corporations steel, pulp, coal and textile, are working on such ideal layouts as Ojibway, Kipawa, Cassidy and the Canadian-Connecticut garden city of Sherbrooke.

The policy adopted for the benefit of the returned soldier and through him for Canada as a whole is on similar lines. That policy is to settle the soldier on whatever available land

he chooses provided that it gives promise of yielding a fair living for himself and family. Such land cannot be sold or alienated in the way that old-time soldier grants could be. It cannot, at any rate for years to come, be staked on the green cloth or drowned in the saloon, and many a prosperous home is now in growth in the fifteen-mile-from-railway limits of districts in Northern Alberta, the Peace River District, the valleys of the Bulkley and Nechako in British Columbia, the clay belt of Northern Ontario, and elsewhere.

With a male population of less than one for each section in nine provinces lack of employment can only be a disease of the towns, recurrent when manufacturing industries outstrip the demand for their products. Too much work can never be done on the land or in forest and mine till everybody is well fed, clothed and housed and has well lined pockets.

With the proviso that no natural resource is of any continued use without applied labour, and feeling that brains and capital are the more useful as cultivation becomes less simple, we may itemize the material on which the work must be done.

When the first French settlers came to Canada the land was covered by a practically unbroken forest from Cape Breton island to a point between Lake of the Woods and Winnipeg and again from a hundred miles west of Calgary to the extreme western limits of Queen Charlotte and Vancouver islands. In fact, apart from this prairie belt varying in breadth from 200 to 400 miles, a forest covered all Canada diminishing in density to the northern limit of tree growth. East of the present Manitoba the interesting and perhaps the only exception was the salt marsh land of the Bay of Fundy, which would recall to the immigrant from the region of the lower Loire the lands he had left. Even now the cleared area of this vast

forest looks small upon the map, the only large strip marked as such being that which comprises the St. Lawrence valley west of Quebec, the Eastern townships, the Ottawa Valley and the peninsula of Ontario.

Commercial timber in spite of the inroads of axe and fire, still covers 200 million acres, and the balance of growth is suitable for pulpwood. British Columbia, the native land of Douglas fir, Western cedar and Sitka spruce by recent and wise legislation and co-operation with the Dominion Government, which controls a diagonal railway belt forty miles in width, is ensuring that the natural growth shall keep pace with the annual cut and be a permanent source of revenue to the province. The example of the thoroughly scientific forestry system of France is in several provinces leading to tree planting and reforestation. The demonstration plantations in forty counties of Ontario, the Quebec government forest nursery at Berthierville, and other nurseries kept up by the great pulp and paper companies are encouraging signs that the science of forestry has taken root. But whether such steps are on a scale large enough to meet a daily cut of 6,000 acres for pulpwood alone, is another question. Every schoolboy knows that it is the destruction of forests just as much as the rule of the Turk that has made of Asia Minor a desert from a park, and all should know that if the United States as now cuts forty million board measure feet and wastes seventy million in so doing, a drain on Canadian timber is in sight, and that fifteen years of such a drain would denude our forests as they now stand.

The Dominion spends $1\frac{3}{4}$ cents an acre on her forests as compared with the three cents an acre of the United States, the $14\frac{1}{2}$ cents of Sweden, and the \$1.04 of France. Canada's permanent forestry staff in 1919 was 271.

The mineral supplies in any country being indestructible by fire or pestilence are an asset depending solely on immutable geological facts plus the application of labour and capital.

The mineral yielding areas of Canada may be broadly classified as three, the Northern Appalachian, the Laurentian and Cordilleran.

Coal is confined to the far foothill region of the Appalachians in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and to the Cordilleran system, including the lignites extending east, but forming part of the Rocky Mountains slope.

At the present time the Laurentian system produces most of the gold and silver, and all of the nickel and cobalt; the Cordilleran produces most of the copper, lead and zinc; the Appalachian yields eighty-five per cent. of the world's asbestos. The balance of output may and does shift, however, from one geological system to another, as the prospected area widens, now one province and now another comes to the fore.

Looking to world economics, it is wise for Canada to produce as much gold and silver as she can, these metals being the only definite medium of exchange by which balances of foreign exchange of commodities can be settled regardless of currency inflation. It is also the best business to develop the "key" metals of Canada, nickel, asbestos and coal, the possession of which whether in large quantities or as practical monopolies has great effect in the negotiation of commercial treaties with foreign nations.

It may seem strange that with a bituminous supply estimated in Alberta alone at a double-figure fraction of the world's supply of coal, to say nothing of the long-time prosperous coal mines of Nova Scotia and Vancouver Island and in the other partially developed districts of British Columbia, Canada imports more than seventeen million tons and pro-

duces only thirteen millions; but economic laws of freights and distances always speak loud when tariffs are low.

The lignite utilization Board has now demonstrated its ability to properly carbonize the prairie lignites and produce a satisfactory binder; the briquetting plant now in course of erection at Bienfait, Saskatchewan, will have a yearly capacity of 30,000 tons of a fuel equal to anthracite. This pioneer work of a great industry has been done by the Council for Industrial Research, and the time is nearly ripe for private enterprise, as was intended, to come upon the scene, and avail itself of the knowledge acquired.

Peat fuel also from the very large and widely separate bogs of Canada will be on the market as a result of continued experiment by the department of mines. Already the 50,000 tons produced scientifically at the Alfred (Ontario) plant finds a ready sale at \$4.00 a ton f.o.b. Alfred.

Beyond experiments showing that the billion ton oil shale deposits of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia would yield from twenty to 110 gallons of crude oil to the ton and thirty to ninety pounds of sulphate of ammonia, nothing has yet been done to utilize them nor the less known deposits at Gaspé. The probable life of existing oil fields, the commercial demand for the by-products, and the trend in the cost of refining plants are some of the factors on which hangs the development of this reserve of fuel and fertilizer. On the interpretation of a tariff clause on "sundry articles of metal, when for use exclusively in mining or metallurgical operations" and on similar clauses referring to "machinery not made in Canada" the future of a great industry may depend. A duty of fifteen per cent. to twenty-seven per cent. ad valorem would probably add a million dollars to the cost of a five-million-dollar plant.

From the mysteries of the Mackenzie basin rich resources may in time emerge. What legitimate inference may be drawn from these notes? Here, a gas well struck twenty-six years ago and only under control finally on March 18th, 1920; there bubbles of inflammable gas floating on the river, and a shore where you scratch a hole, cook your meal, cover the fire with sand and move on; or outcrops of "coal" burning since seen by Alexander Mackenzie in 1769. Consider again the asphaltic or bituminous sand in the area lying along the Athabasca river, 150 to 200 feet thick for seventy-three miles and cropping up here and there from latitude 57 degrees to beyond the Arctic circle. Oil in 1920 is already flowing at Fort Norman and the steamers on the Mackenzie River may be converted to oil while many ocean steamers are still "unregenerate".

There is all the difference between the value of a tree on the stump and its ultimate price as paper or furniture. The same difference applies to non-precious metals, notably to the Canadian specialties, nickel and asbestos. The raw material of the extensive United States exports of chrysolite asbestos products are drawn entirely from Quebec mines and all United States nickel manufactures originate in Ontario. Recently, however, asbestos manufacture has taken hold in Canada and the nickel refining plants of Sudbury, Deschenes and Port Colborne curtail the shipments of raw material for refinement in New Jersey and South Wales. The manufacture of graphite is another object lesson. In Quebec there is now an up-to-date plant turning out full lines of perfected products from graphite mines, comparable in quality to those of Ceylon. In spite of this, however, the Canadian buyer often prefers this identical graphite after shipment to and reshipment from the United States, on the principle no doubt that

graphite, like Madeira, is better for travel!

The position of Canada giving her the leading interest in the North Atlantic and North Pacific fishing areas supplies her not only with native seamen, without whom no country can long maintain a dominant merchant marine, but with food for home consumption and export growing in importance. Four hundred years of fishing by many nations have not depleted of cod the great shallow banks where the gulf stream still, as in Tudor times, generates the organisms on which fish feed, and the fleets from the indented harbours of the Maritime Provinces can still reap the harvest of the sea within twelve miles of the shore.

Though we do not see ships "stayed" on their course by masses of fish as the early explorers relate, the fish should have a better chance of surviving here than in the North Sea, which still yields plentifully in spite of the systematic fishing of centuries and the last four years of exploding mines. Yet the "no man's sea" beyond the three-mile limit in the North Atlantic is threatened by increasing squadrons of steam trawlers, just as the coastal seas of the Pacific are being swept clean of the halibut by Japanese. The deep sea banks, however, are beyond the purview of the managers of the Canadian estate.

The protection of salmon, lobster, oyster and other coast fish and of those in all fresh water rivers and lakes is a domestic matter. Exclusive of the expenditure of British Columbia, Ontario and Quebec which maintain provincial fisheries' departments, the Dominion spends annually about \$900,000 on conservation, storage, transportation, inspection, breeding, biology and patrols. In spite, however, of hatcheries and regulations, the fate of the lobster causes anxiety especially since the shad has almost disappeared from the Bay of Fundy and the sockeye salmon no longer

crams the inland creeks and reaches of the Fraser.

If the shad has been lost in eastern Canadian waters, it has been successfully transferred to the Pacific, and anglefish, lumpfish and others are ready to take its place in the east. Though the Bay of Fundy "sardines" (young herrings) meet with a good market, the still greater shoals of true sardines on the British Columbia coast are so far disregarded by all but the inspector of fisheries. Pacific cod too, red, black and gray, are on the market, and up-to-date freezing methods put the Pacific flounder on the eastern breakfast table. In the 200,000 square miles of inland fresh water an immense supply of cheap white fish, pickerel, perch and many others are abiding the time when shallow purses will create a heavy demand and untrammelled methods of distribution satisfy it. Canada's fisheries, whether in ocean, river, lake, estuary, or per-Arctic bays and seas are carefully watched by Dominion and provincial powers, and will not diminish.

In 1759 the running water of Canada was used only to turn the feudal mill of the seigneur; in 1919 a single development delivers power to 194 municipalities in a range of 250 miles. The horse-power available in practicable areas is estimated at 18,803,000 and of this 1,813,210 have been harnessed. The power of 17,000,000 wild horses has yet to be tamed. Two-thirds of the development is the work of the last twenty years, the ratio increasing with the conquest of problems of transmission, dynamos and turbines. In the location of her energy Canada is singularly fortunate. Practically every commercial centre from coast to coast has abundance available not only for the present but the future. Though this is less true of the prairie provinces, in spite of their combined power exceeding the 3,000,000 of British Columbia, yet the distances from the sources is offset by the fact that

these provinces, as above pointed out, have far more coal than can ever be used, to say nothing of the barely prospected oil fields and the gas already in use. Within the range of present markets 8,000,000 h.p. are now available, and at the current rate of progress in bringing it into use, this may all be productive within fifteen years.

Whatever hindrance man may put in the way of utilizing Canada's share of the power of the St. Lawrence, which runs into two million horse power between Lake St. Francis and Lake Ontario, Canada knows that it is not nature that says "No", and that the titles to water generally are almost wholly the property of the nation. For a long time to come the need of this power may not be pressing, and if developed might for the most part lie idle or be rented for transmission across the border. It is therefore well worth consideration whether this alternative plan of an all-Canadian canal from Cardinal, Ont. to the Ottawa river would not secure the great advantage of a deep-water way from the great lakes without the necessity of harmonizing international interests and expending a much vaster sum for the benefit of our neighbours.

The Dominion Government controls all navigable streams in Canada and the water-powers of the prairie provinces, Yukon and the North West Territories. In the other six the water-powers are under provincial control, and it needs no more than an allusion to La Loutre dam in Quebec with its storage capacity of 160 billion cubic feet and to the various plans on foot in Ontario and British Columbia to prove that this control is effective. The nation has not yet given away this heirloom of water-power. What it means is this, that Canada has at her service 376 millions of "steel-muscled man-power units" or forty-four mechanical slaves to every head of her present population.

In Canada, with 300 million acres of land fit for farming, agriculture must always be the chief factor of wealth. In 1918 the products of the farm left for export after feeding the whole population were valued at \$715,618,518 or forty-seven per cent. of the total combined exports, manufactures coming second with forty-one per cent. And yet of the 300 million acres only one-sixth is being cultivated. Further, the yield of the crop of crops, wheat, varies from as low as ten bushels an acre in a poor year to twenty at the best, as compared with an average of about thirty-two in the United Kingdom or Germany. As has been often pointed out, the lower yield in Canada is no slur on the farming methods; it simply means that with any amount of fertile land available, it pays better to raise fewer bushels from a large than more from a small acreage. The use of the figures is to show that when more intensive cultivation becomes necessary as population grows, Canada's yield on the same acreage can be doubled at will.

Horses, cattle and hogs make a good showing on the books of the national farm. The success of Canadian horses at shows, the demand for export of pure bred beef and dairy stock, and the amount of bacon Canada supplied to Europe in wartime are evidence. The sheep industry is less assured; in all Canada there were fewer sheep than in Ireland alone. The co-operative marketing and careful grading of wool, however, in which several provinces are now interested, and the distribution as in 1919 of 1,700 pure bred rams to farmers' associations bid fair to pull the sheep out of the pit. Beyond the Selkirks at any rate the climate is not to blame, and as clearings wax and cougars wane the moist climate of Vancouver island so suitable for high-grade wool will claim attention.

The growing of flax for linseed has long been a flourishing industry of the prairie provinces where more than a

million acres give their annual yield, but the production of spinning flax for fibre and seed is an outcome of the war. Experiment has shown that the fibre flax grown in S. W. Ontario, the St. Lawrence valley, the Maritime Provinces and Western British Columbia is equal to the best Irish and that Ontario flax seed is equal to the best Dutch and Russian. Canada's present offering of 6,000 tons of fibre flax may prove an instalment of an important industry. It may be noted here that the seed industry in general is another thriving war baby, the demand for red clover and alsike being especially pressing.

It is now proved that hemp can be properly grown and retted in the prairie climate and last spring 5,000 acres were secured for the commercial venture. The plant derives eighty-five per cent. of its nourishment from the air and it yields up to 2,000 pounds an acre of fibre which can be "broken" by a newly-invented machine. As Canada imports twelve million pounds of binder twine yearly, the hemp to make it could be grown, even if the promise of utilizing the straw of linseed flax is not fulfilled.

That dried fruit should be mostly imported and most vegetables in a winter market should be beyond a slender purse points to an economic weakness whether in conservation or transportation or in methods of marketing. Germany used to save at least a quarter of her vegetables by drying, and nobody should have, as in 1920, to pay \$3.00 to \$6.00 a bag for potatoes when the crop is equal to eight bushels a head. The nigger in the fence of the fruit farm is that only the very cream of the crop can be sold and that only in a limited time. When the new dehydration plants are in general use, so that the fruit farmers of a district can use their "surplus fruit" and gain access to the illimitable world market, there will be fewer disappointments and many more happy and self-sustaining five-acre irrigated holdings.

Closely related to the economics of agriculture is the good roads problem. With motor traffic, proving that there are other fish in the sea besides railroads, the market is nearer the gates of the farmer. Apart from the carriage of produce, a complete system of good roads would save, it is estimated, seventy million dollars a year to the 300,000 automobile population of Canada.

The development of irrigation districts, whether for alfalfa, fruit or general farming, tends steadily to the relief of congestion in towns, to compact agricultural areas, and to the certain production of food. In the 50,000,000 acres of the semi-arid district extending east of the Rocky Mountains into Saskatchewan there are now more than a million acres irrigable from constructed canals and one and a half million irrigable from those projected. The water supply of South Alberta and Saskatchewan would be enough to just double these figures and scientific boring discovers from time to time artesian water in areas of little previous value. In the irrigated districts a cycle of wet years between 1896 and 1909 threw a damper on irrigation, and led to repudiation of the term "semi-arid" and a neglect to keep the works in repair. A city that lets its hydrants remain frost-bound is caught by an unexpected fire, and the like happened to certain irrigation districts in the dry years 1917-18-19. The dry belt of British Columbia has no such doubts. Irrigation there means a garden instead of a desert, and even in the fruit growing parts of the peninsula of Ontario irrigation would be cheap insurance against dry spells.

No acts of the Dominion or provincial legislatures have brought more satisfaction to the owners of the Canadian estate or promises such returns in unalloyed pleasure, pride of possession and hard cash as the appropriation "to the benefit and enjoyment of the people" of parks and reserves.

But for the 140 acres of the St. Lawrence Parks in the "Thousand Islands", there would be no spot in that playground where a Canadian would have the right to fish, camp or land. If the tiny New Forest or Fontainebleau are most precious relics of the hunting Kings of England and France, neither Dominion nor provinces were blind in nationalizing the four million acres of the eight Cordilleran parks and about 200,000 square miles of forest reserve, scattered here and there from the bird sanctuary of Percé, Quebec, to Strathcona Park, Vancouver Island.

These wonderlands of forest, mountain, lakes, hot springs and glaciers, and wild life are also of great commercial value to Canada. Not to speak of the immense stores of timber made safe for democracy and the conservation of water resources, one figure is suggestive: in 1915 the visitors to the Rocky Mountains Park left \$16,000,000 in Canadian pockets—a good return on an appropriation of \$300,000 to Dominion Parks in general. As motor-roads are farther extended in and out of the Rocky and Selkirk ranges, and form links in a highway connecting the scenic roads across the boundary with Vancouver, the stream of cash-spending tourists will swell.

The Canadian Government merchant marine is a natural outcome of the wartime effort to fill the gaps made in the allied freighters by submarines. The armistice found many ships in the yards and others under contract. These are now used to supplement the carrying trade of Canadian bottoms and thus not only save freight cost to the nation but to open or revive such markets as those of Havana, Buenos Aires and India. The linking of the government marine with the National railroads, the working agreement with two strong British steamship companies, and the absence of the harassing legislation Canadian ocean services promise well

for the venture. The essentials of a national merchant marine are products for export, a demand for imports not readily found at home, a seafaring population, shipbuilding capacity, harbours and connecting railroads, and more than all the absence of the harassing legislation which ultimately makes a gift of the carrying trade to a freer and wiser nation. Canada is blessed with all these conditions.

Such then are in the main the material resources of the Canadian estate, but when once the barest necessities are provided, the true value of all national wealth depends on the kind of dividend that comes to the shareholding body.

The first duty of a nation is to establish conditions under which every

unit in the organism has freedom and opportunity to live a healthy and happy life. Civilization means something when all have a chance to enjoy it, and when no blame can attach to the community if they do not. One essential is free access for all to a fair education, and a toll-free way for talent to the higher level. As the general standard of living rises, the sense of what befits a self-respecting nation rises also. Discontent at unsightly streets and hideous slums takes the place of "good enough". As community wealth increases, the layout of the towns and villages, the beauty of small homes, the equipment of its factories and the architecture of its public buildings should be plain evidence of the general well-being of a nation.

LILACS

By ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

THERE is a window in a house I know
 Through which I watched the wind so softly blow
 The dew-wet lilacs that they swayed as though
 By spirit moved; to me, at break of day
 There stole a haunting breath, a roundelay
 Charming the lattice with the lure of May.

And one there was who loved the lilacs too.
 And so I picked them wet with morning dew
 And gave them for their beauty's thrilling hue.
 The lilacs now are dreams of long ago;
 Yet still is seen their dew-impassioned glow,
 Watched from a window in a house I know.

INDIANS AND INDIAN AFFAIRS IN CANADA

BY R. E. GOSNELL

II.—THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF THREE ARTICLES



DEALT in a former article more fully with the claims of the Six Nations Indians than I had intended at the outset, but the subject grows on one with interest and the temptation to expand on it grows with the writing, especially as one feels that the general public is not very familiar with the details of the question that Parliament was called upon to review. As no others of the nations of Canada are making claims to the kind of sovereignty which the Six Nations wish to have recognized, we may turn to British Columbia. The grievances there, so far as they exist, are of a different character. They are those in connection with what is known generically as Indian title, a subject which has had much consideration in America, and whose principles have been defined, in so far as such elusive principles can be, by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and settled in the only practical way possible without upsetting the entire arrangement of present-day land titles. I desire to go over as little as may be of the ground covered in the very able article of the late Dr. McKenna in the April issue of *The Canadian Magazine*. but it is necessary for a better understanding of the subject to traverse some portions of it. As he tells us,

when British Columbia was organized as a Colony, the Governor, Sir James Douglas, was enjoined to "consider the best and most humane means of dealing with the native Indians", reference being made to the recommendations of the Aborigines' Protective Society alluded to in my first article about a treaty being made with them and stringent laws enacted and enforced as to its provisions being maintained, etc. This estimable and well-meaning society knew little or nothing about the extent and distribution of the Indian population. There is no exact data as to the number of Indians in the two colonies then, but basing conclusions on an old Hudson's Bay census, there might have been any number between fifty and sixty thousand. The members of that society had no conception of the wide area of British Columbia and the financial obligations which would have been involved in extinguishing title, especially as the money resources of the Colony were extremely limited and treasury demands always pressing. When Douglas took that phase of the matter up with the Colonial Office, he was informed that "the acquisition of the title is a purely colonial interest". In fact, when the Governor, pressed as he always was for funds, made application to the Home Government for grants or loans of money for any

purpose, he was invariably met with the reply that British Columbia must stand on its own bottom. The impression in England at the time, so exaggerated were the reports about the riches of the new Colony, almost was that gold grew on trees. So, for lack of means alone, no policy looking to the extinguishment of Indian title, or Indian policy of any kind, in fact, was ever developed up until the time British Columbia entered Confederation. The Indians did not suffer as a consequence. There were no injustices perpetrated upon them of any kind and their means of subsistence in fish, forest, game and fur-hunting was ample. One of the terms of Union stipulated that the Dominion of Canada should assume charge of the Indians and the trusteeship and management of the lands reserved for their use and benefit, and, the federal authorities might have smiled over the further responsibility involved, that "a policy as liberal as that hitherto pursued by the British Columbia Government shall be continued by the Dominion Government after the Union" in respect of the Indians of the Southern end of Vancouver Island. In 1851 Sir James Douglas, who had just been appointed Governor of the Colony in succession to Richard Blanshard, effected a treaty with some of the tribes, whereby their interest in the land was purchased at a rate which figured out at about \$10 a square mile, and reservations were set apart for the Indians. The celebrated Songhees reserve in Victoria West just across from the business centre of Victoria was one of these. The difficulty of effecting its removal to a less urban situation was one of the knottiest problems the province and the city ever had to deal with, and it was finally achieved by the payment of a very large sum of money and rehabilitation in the neighbourhood of Esquimalt.

Undoubtedly, one of the things that should have been provided for at the time of Union was the formal extinguishment of the Indian title, as has

been done elsewhere in Canada and in the United States, but even at that time the great majority of the Indians of British Columbia were far removed from the few sparse settlements. The entire white population of the province at that time according to a census taken by the old colonial government was less than 10,000, and that was largely centred in Victoria, New Westminster and the Cariboo mining camps. Nobody thought about it apparently, and certainly not the Indians, very few of whom were conscious of the change that had been made in their relations from colonial to federal. It was not until several years later that the Indian question was taken up seriously. In 1876 a convention was agreed upon between the two governments to the effect that British Columbia should set apart land as reservations from time to time as selected by the Indian Commission, sufficient for the needs of the Indians, it being further understood and provided that the lands so selected should be increased by the province as the Indian population increased and be decreased and revert to the province as the Indian population decreased. In other words, the province retained a reversionary interest in all lands set apart. From 1876 for some years afterwards reservations were selected, surveyed and allotted under the terms of the convention, until approximately about 700,000 acres of the best lands of the province were alienated for Indian reservations, this out of less than 10,000,000 acres of agricultural areas. At the time of Confederation the Indian population was roughly estimated to have been about 35,000. Some years later, it was reduced to a little more than 24,000, and it now stands in the latest report on Indian affairs at 25,694. It would appear that the Indians in British Columbia are on the increase again, and I have reason to believe that is the case. There are six or seven racial stocks and about the same number of nations, and when it is understood that there are about 225 tribes in all distributed fairly uni-

formly over an area of 381,000 square miles the task of dealing with the Indian problem in the Pacific province was no light one. Taking the male population of sixteen years old or more at 7,000, it meant about 100 acres each, not more than two per cent. of which has been put under cultivation. That would certainly seem to comply with the law of nations as laid down by Vattel about the right of other nations settling in new countries, "providing they left the natives a sufficiency of land". When I say that the Indian reservations comprise the best lands of the province, that refers to the districts to which tribes belong. There are long stretches on the coast and in the northern interior where there is scarcely any good land at all, and in such cases it is not available for any purpose.

The fact, however, that there was no treaty with the Indians of British Columbia as a whole by which their rights were extinguished has given rise to claims that the Indians are still entitled to their native *habitat* until settled with. These have been formulated by an organization known as "friends of the Indians", who may or may not be interested in the results. I lived a good many years in British Columbia, and I never heard of any dissatisfaction or unrest among the tribes about the land allotted to them or any claims in connection with unextinguished titles until ten or twelve years ago when these friends got busy. With the exception of a few tribes in the northern interior, they all accepted the reservations set apart for them without protest. Both the Governments of the Dominion and the Province refused to recognize any such title as existent after lands had been set apart for them, or to be parties to a reference of the question to the Imperial Privy Council, holding that in setting apart lands for reservations for the use of the Indians which have been accepted and settled upon there has been a virtual equivalent made to them for any title they may have pos-

sessed, which title was not a specific one but one of use and occupation of sufficient lands for their purpose. As Dr. McKenna very tersely put it in his article already referred to, "Aboriginal title is not a claim enforceable at law. The natural law of nations out of which it arises has no court or enforcement". As he further explains, it is not in the nature of a fee, and is too shadowy and indefinite to be expressed in terms upon which a court could make a ruling. "No unearned increment," he states, "accrues to the land it covers. Neither the passing of years nor work of development adds to it. The value of its removal is to-day what it was at the creation of the colony." Having that excellent and judicial statement of the case in view, I want to show how much better off the Indians of British Columbia are than if their title had been extinguished, say, in Sir James Douglas's time.

In 1913 a joint Royal Indian Commission was appointed to investigate the Indian land question in British Columbia, and as a preliminary an agreement was made with British Columbia known as the McBride-McKenna agreement, whereby the province consented to give up its reversionary rights in the Indian reservations. The Commission after several years of exhaustive investigation submitted a report in which it confirmed 666,640 acres to the Indians, valued at \$17,000,000; the Commission recommended as cut-offs 47,000 acres valued at \$1,200,000. It also recommended increases of 87,000 acres valued at \$444,500. Under the agreement referred to, the Indians get fifty per cent. of the proceeds from the sale of the cut-off lands. Sir James Douglas in 1851 settled with the Indians in the vicinity of Victoria at the rate of \$10 a square mile. If we took the 261,000 square miles not negotiated for, the amount coming to the Indians at that time would have been only \$2,610,000, and it must be remembered that the present value of the Indian lands was not given to

them by anything the Indians have done, but by the incoming and work of the whites. The Dominion Government expends in British Columbia annually on Indian account, about \$400,000, which capitalized at 4 per cent., would be a considerable sum. The Indians have one-fourteenth of the best agricultural lands of the province and constitute one-fifteenth of the population. The good lands of the province by virtue of their limited area alone carry value of from three to ten times that of average land in the Middle West. In view of all these circumstances, it does not appear that the Indians of British Columbia have fared worse—they are, in fact, very much worse off—than the treaty Indians of other parts of Canada.

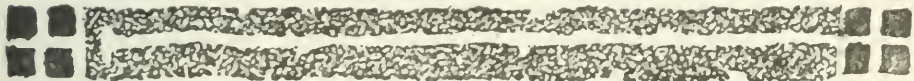
The Indians of British Columbia, or really the “friends of the Indians” on their behalf, complain also that the act passed last session bringing into effect the recommendations of the Indian Commission, does not make provision for negotiations with the Indians in connection with the surrender of lands. That would be supererogatory. The right of negotiation with the Indians is one the Dominion already possesses and has always possessed. Naturally the Indians will be asked to surrender lands which they do not require, and to which surrender they do not object, but in case of refusal on sentimental or factious grounds, there must be authority to cause such surrender. In writing to a local paper on the subject, I remarked on this phase of the question: “What, for instance, would be the situation in the case of right of way for a railway or public highway, if the Indians made refusal on the grounds of eminent domain of unextinguished sovereignty? Indians are British subjects and must obey all

British laws, from obeying which they are not specifically exempted”. So much for the grievances of the Indians of British Columbia which were heard before the special Indian Committee of last session.

I cannot conclude this article without reference to the part taken by the Indians in the war. They subscribed liberally to patriotic and other war funds. More than 4,000 Indians enlisted for active service, or approximately 35 per cent. of the male population of military age. At the front they won many honours in the way of military decorations and they were highly commended by their officers for their courage, intelligence, efficiency, stamina and discipline. But I had better let the latest report of the Department of Indian Affairs speak in its own language. It says, summing up in a general way:

“In daring and intrepidity they were second to none and their performance is a ringing rebuttal to the familiar assertion that the red man has deteriorated. The fine record of the Indians in the great war, appears in a peculiarly favourable light when it is remembered that their services were absolutely voluntary, as they were specially exempted from the operation of the Military Service Act, and that they were prepared to give their lives for their country without compulsion or even the fear of compulsion. It must also be borne in mind that a large part of the Indian population is located in remote and inaccessible locations, is unacquainted with the English language and was, therefore, not in a position to understand the character of the war, its cause or effect. It is, therefore, a remarkable fact that the percentage of enlistments among the Indians is fully equal to that among other sections of the community and indeed far above the average in a number of instances. As an inevitable result of the large enlistment among them and of their share in the thick of the fighting, the casualties among them were very heavy, and the Indians in common with their fellow countrymen of the white race must mourn the loss of many of their most promising young men.”

(To be Continued)



THE HUSH OF THE CORN

BY GEORGE MATHER



BEING in the corn-field is rarely, if ever, conducive to the creation of sentimentality. It is usually so engrossing in the desire to kill the foreign element, that such a thing as falling into a "pensive mood" seems to the farmer akin to the unpardonable sin. He thinks upon it rather in the past tense and would prefer to call it an "Expensive Mood".

However, in these days when the call of the farm has gone forth with no uncertain sound, telling out the truth that the world must produce or the world must starve, it has resulted in all sorts and conditions of mankind taking up the hoe. Hence the diversity of moods which the ex-city clerk is liable to enjoy when he comes close to nature, for although "his brow is wet with honest sweat", nature is kind and recompenses her children with sweet visions and keen insight into the wonders she is ever unfolding. It was, therefore, in one of these sudden silences when the sea of green leaves seems to cease its troubled sound that Charles Kingsley's message most opportunely seemed to be "wireless" to me. He says, "Many a sight and sound, and scent, even, of which we have never thought at all, sinks into our memory and helps to shape our characters. Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's hand-writing—a way-side sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower and thank for it Him, the

fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly with all your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing."

So, in the work-a-day life on the farm, when one is so often alone with one's thoughts, memory is the kindest friend a man has; and to-day whilst the sky was lit up with a perfect blending of soft colours from an ideal rainbow, the corn leaves never looked so beautifully green, just as the vegetation in the tropics after the parched growth is refreshed by a torrential shower, so my mind went back to Sunny Ceylon and one gloriously happy year of my life out there.

In the early growth of the plant the marked regularity of distances between the "hills" recalls to me John Masefield's beautiful lines:

"The corn is sown, again, it grows; ,
The stars burn out, the darkness goes.
The rhythms change—they do not close,
They change, and we, who pass like foam,
Like dust blown through the streets of

Rome,

Change ever, too; we have no home."

In some places the rag-weed grows apace and in such wild profusion that the delicacy of its frond-like tendrils in the very early stages is apt to cause the man with the hoe to hesitate and consider whether it be a noxious weed or not; but here, as in the passing of a right judgment in human nature, he who hesitates is lost; down comes the hoe and its place in the cornfield gives better chance for the more healthy growth of fodder that is very often good either for man or beast. Then again the power

of discernment is brought into play when the minor weeds, etc. (such as summer grass, spear and quack grasses, although not really of the noxious family) do not help but rather do they hinder, and greater care with a sharp-edged hoe is essential so that the root of the plant is not injured thereby, but rather that more earth is drawn around it, so causing the protection necessary for its survival in its natural element. Once more one reflects that in this stage of its growth, it affords a simile to the training of the youth of the human family in the mad rush to cram a child's mind with the highest scientific educational methods ere it has scarcely had time even to observe the rudiments of nature—out here in the cornfield one realizes all the significance of the poet Whittier's words,

No knotted scourge, nor sacrificial knife,
But the calm beauty of an ordered life.

And to that end the brain of a child should not be forced too much until it has had its chance to learn to love the trees and birds and flowers and all such things that sink almost unconsciously into its brain in the first seven years of life.

Surely that man who in passing, said to me, "Why do you seem so satisfied when you are at work in the corn? I always found it so deathly monotonous, in fact I hate to work among the corn in any form!" Surely his vision was impaired, his love of nature demoralized, he could never have enjoyed the pleasure of reaping the harvest. Such a man would be tired to death of seeing a repetition of miracles, and he forgets the lesson of the cornfield, "That a man is not only what he is, but what he *has been*."

On the old rail fence that skirts the winding creek, I noticed to-day a grape vine with several bunches of fruit hanging over reminding me

again of the wayside sacrament, which Kingsley suggests; but I made a mental note of the geography of that particular spot, and probably I shall find myself wandering along that way some evening, if that man who "hated to work in the corn" has not previously made the same pilgrimage. The skirl of the sandpiper when the hoe has disturbed its little brood, is apt to startle one into alacrity—which reminds me of a personal friend of mine whose duties in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons made him almost a recluse and dwarfed his ideas of conventionality. His way was not to worship in any building made by man's hands—"Shew me the stars," said he.

I think if he had been privileged to see those little sandpipers he would also understand that there are many chances for building up character in human life by listening to the call of more familiar forms of God's handiwork, than the brilliancy of some other world than ours.

In a wonderfully short time the tassels on the corn seem to burst and the silk shows out in all its beauty of colour, and then the joyous call of the harvesters as they pick off the milk-laden ears and place the bundles of ripened cornstalks together awaiting the time of the husking bee. "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the corn is in the shock," is, undoubtedly, a consummation of the farmer's doubts and fears, a fulfilment of "the substance of things hoped for", and last year especially was he indeed thankful for the abundant crop that was his to be reaped and garnered into his erstwhile treasure house; surely then as one of the muses tells us,

There is a place where each man keeps his
heart,
Where weariness is bathed in sweet content—
His own peculiar shrine, serene, apart,
A sanctuary where dreams with life are
blent.

There is nothing happens in the time of corn harvest more worth while to the young folks especially as an invitation to a good old-fashioned "corn roast", and year by year a neighbour of our makes it part of his religion to practically express his "Te Deum" in this manner.

Surely there are many happy hearts, sweethearts, I was going to write, down in the dingle, some dancing around the blazing faggots, others

toasting their corn-cobs, yet the glare of the fire in the evening's fading light makes the scene somewhat weird; but the hearty spontaneous laughter, after some smart sparring in repartee, dispels all the mysticism, and as I meander homewards I hear the echoes of harmonious voices ringing out the melody of that good old-time chant of the Moravian nuns—and then comes in that great hush—"that almost seems a sigh, and breathed by earth to a listening sky".

THE PRAIRIE

By JACK DAMUSEY

I HAVE place for men,
 With windy spaces for their square-walled homes;
 My lonesomeness awaits the laugh of those who are young.
 Young men I want:
 Young men,
 Stripped,
 Ploughing,
 Building,
 Scheming,
 In sweaty jeans,
 Young men with blood and muscles taut and backs of steel
 To tame my winds of winter bleak,
 To bear my summer's heat.
 My breast is rich for them.
 But let them be cruel,
 Eager like wolves for gain.
 I have no valleys for the old;
 No sacred woods for ancient gods,
 Only the dry, windswept waste
 That must be quelled.



MANCHU PRINCESS IN STATE ROBES

An ancestral Chinese portrait of the Kien Lung period, painted on silk.
In the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto.

THE MAN WITHOUT AN IDEA

A SATIRE

BY H. W. GENDREAU



SI sat comfortably in my corner of the "smoker", I commanded a full view of the occupants, and I found a certain enjoyment in classifying these men according to profession or business, and speculating as to personal character. Being of a rather critical and analytical trend of mind, I often give way to this tendency, and although my delineations sometimes may be wide of the mark, still I find it always amusing and often profitable to tabulate the men with whom I come in contact and keep them well indexed. After a few moments of keen observation and close attention to the general conversation, I put down my classifications as follows—a country lawyer, a stockbroker, an insurance agent, a hotelkeeper, a retired farmer, two country merchants, three travelling salesmen and a clergyman. Concerning their respective characters, discretion compels me to remain silent, for a too close delineation might be reflective of certain professions represented there.

My classification seemed perfect, as far as it went, but there was still one man unlabelled, and he baffled my art. He sat in the corner seat opposite me, quietly smoking and reading a "monthly review" which I feel sure neither the hotelkeeper nor the clergyman had ever read. Occasionally he looked up from his reading and

listened to the conversation, but took no part in it. He was a man of about forty, of medium height and athletic figure, with clean-cut features and eyes that masqueraders would try to evade. He radiated a personality too complex for analysis, but a personality that one could not help but feel. Like his gaze, however, certain members of society would have found it objectionable. Apparently he was not unknown to the majority of his fellow travellers, for several had given him a cold nod as they entered, which greeting he had returned with polite indifference, but he was evidently not of their immediate circle. One of the travelling salesmen, who was his nearest neighbour, offered him his copy of *The Evening News*, but the man in the corner politely declined the proffered paper saying,

"I thank you, sir, I take mine distilled," and resumed his reading.

This remark brought a look of contempt into the otherwise placid face of the preacher and a quizzical expression into the bloated face of the hotelkeeper. The hotelkeeper had heard the expression before, but not in connection with "newspaper dope", and he did not quite understand its present application. The problematic question did not vex him long, however, for the process of thinking is so difficult to one who is inexperienced in it, and he was soon expounding the merits of a new gambling device he had seen and tried in Chicago—

this very much to the edification of the stockbroker and to the mortification of the preacher.

As is usually the case when men are brought together by incident or accident, they run to the most unprofitable employment of their time by talking idly, without thought or purpose, about great issues or about the most trivial things. Following this practice, these men discussed, from different angles, the questions of the day, with a prodigality of words and an economy of thought that was amazing.

The discussion ultimately drifted to the question of reconstruction, but as these eleven men held eleven divergent opinions on this most important subject, and the necessity for immediate and united action seemed urgent, they appealed to me, each hoping that I might agree with him and thus prove by a plurality that his solution was the right one.

"You have said nothing yet," said the lawyer, addressing me. "Let us hear what you think of the matter."

Trying to make amends for my sins of omission, I began by asking what was really meant by reconstruction.

"Why, my dear man!" replied the preacher amazed at my ignorance, "the reconstruction after the war! The rebuilding of the countries and the nations! After each war there has been a reconstruction period. Have you not heard of the reconstruction after the American Civil War?"

"I have heard the expression used many times," I replied meekly, ignoring his direct question, "but it has always appeared to me to be as meaningless as it is misapplied, for is there not a general and continual constructive force at work, whether we are at war or at peace? Why, then, speak of this process as a thing of a day or of a definite and limited duration? I believe that there is a universal and perpetual process that you and I can neither help or hinder, and the outcome of which we can only speculate

upon. Besides, why should we speak of *reconstruction*? I am sure we would not wish to reconstruct some of the old standards the war has destroyed. I believe that new ideals, new opportunities, new necessities will ever outline the course we must follow."

The man in the opposite corner had now focused his attention on me, and seizing the opportunity I said to him, "What do you think of it?"

"I believe as you do," he said deliberately, but said no more. A moment later he left the compartment, and I felt sorry our conversation had not been prolonged, for he interested me intensely. I was soon to learn more about him, however, for as soon as the door closed behind him, a local tribunal was automatically created and began to sit.

"That man," said the preacher, addressing me and the salesman, "hasn't an idea of his own. He said he believed as you did," addressing me particularly, "because he had no idea of his own to express. As for believing,—he believes nothing! He is a rank atheist—a dangerous man in our community."

"An atheist!" I exclaimed, "this is interesting, for I have never met one," I confessed.

"You may have a chance yet, 'cause you're still young," said one of the merchants patronizingly, "and there's many of that ilk in the world to-day. Anyway that feller's going as far as Toronto, and you'll see him in here again 'fore he gets there. You won't get much out of 'im though, 'cause as Mister Doolittle says, he's a man without an idea."

"That's right," said the insurance agent, "and it's the verdict of everybody in Brierwood. Don't you agree with us, lawyer?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I have never heard him express an opinion worth while yet, but the fact of the matter is that I don't go to people for their opinion. They come to me."

"And they pay damn dear fer it too," said the farmer, sotto voce.

"Here's a splendid opportunity for business," said one of the salesmen, "demand on the part of that man, supply on the part of our friend here. This is the whole secret of trade—demand and supply. If you were as commercially inclined as I am, sir," he continued, addressing the lawyer, "you would open up a new line of trade."

"Professional etiquette forbids me to offer my *goods* though," replied the lawyer, "and furthermore, I doubt whether there really is a demand or not. There may be a shortage and yet no demand."

"That's right," said the merchant, who had not spoken before, "and if that feller was given ideas he wouldn't know what to do with 'em."

"Who is he, anyway?" asked the salesman.

"Tell 'em about their comin' to Briewood, Josiah," said the merchant to the retired farmer, "you had more to do with 'em than any of us."

"Wal'," drawled the farmer in nasal tones, "he fust come here 'bout twelve year back. Sed his name wuz Blaisdell an' they wuz jest married. The woman wuz there alright, but if they wuz married or not, nobody knows. He wanted to buy a little place I hed on the aidge of the village. He'd seen it on a fishin' trip down the river, summer b'fore, an' he wanted it bad. He bein' willin' to pay a fair price fer it, I sold it to 'im on the spot, thinkin' as he wuz a decent sort of man."

"You got twice what it was worth too," said the lawyer tauntingly.

"Wal', why not? He wanted it bad 'nuff ter give what I ast, an' he aint squealed 'bout it sence naither. When we wuz makin' the writin's my wife she ast 'im lots of questions 'bout w'ere he come from, what he does fer a livin', an' other things like that—wimmen have the knack of doin' that sort of thing, you know—but she could get nothin' from 'im. He ans-

wered everythin' polite like, but when he got through he'd sed nothin' she wanted ter find out. He paid me cash down fer the place an' settled there right off, buyin' a few things ter start with from Deacon Brown here," nodding towards one of the merchants, "an' the Deacon, he soaked 'im wuss than I did."

"The furniture had to be in keeping with the house," laughed the lawyer.

"Wal', after buyin' the place in the spring," continued the farmer, "he fixed up the house, made a gardin, planted some trees an' flowers an' made the place look like as if decent folks stayed there. But Maria an' me, we wuz always 'spicious of them, sence the day of the writin's, fer folks that don't answer straight questions when put ter them, aint our sort, an' we told the neighbours what we 'spieioned. The fust Sunday mornin' they wuz there, all the wimmen in church kept turnin' roun' in their seats ter see 'em come in, 'cause it had been noised about that they wuz rather queer folks, but never a foot did they set in church that day, nor sence. Folks all talked 'bout it a lot, 'cause when people don't go ter church Sundays, an' don't take no least interest in r'ligion they can't be much good in 'em. Nex' day wuz Ladies' Aid at the Church Hall an' all the wimmen talked 'bout it, an' they all 'greed that they wouldn't 'sociate with no unchristian woman, who's likely 's not wuzn't married ter 'er husband; so nobody wo'd call on 'er, as wimmen do 'mongst theirselves. Some wuz for makin' this into a reg'lar res'lution, but the minister's wife wuz dead set 'gainst it, 'cause it would 'ave ter be writ in the minutes of the meetin' an' it didn't make good readin' she sed. Our minister then wuz the Riverint Mister Fairweather, an' a good man he wuz—with all respec' ter our present pastor," bowing to the minister, who smiled in return, "so durin' that week, Mister Fairweather, he went over one after-

noon, an' he stayed fer a long time talkin' ter Blaisdell an' the woman he called his wife, but he never sed much 'bout it when he come back; he only looked sad like an' sed nothin' 'cept that they wuz not Methodist folks. Anyway, they never come ter services in them twelve year. S'posin' they'd been Baptists, couldn't they of come ter church jest the same? So long's they didn't ast us ter baptize 'em their way. But they never come. One day he hed me come over ter plow his gardin fer 'im—I oftern done odd jobs like that fer 'im, so long's there wuz money in it—an' while we wuz workin' I says ter 'im, says I, 'Mister Blaisdell, whar do you an' the Missus go ter church?' He pointed ter the little grove back of the gardin, an' he says, says he—'That's my church, Perkins. It's bigger'n yours, aint it?' 'But whar's your preacher?' says I. 'He's thar too,' says he. 'I can't see him,' I says. 'No,' says he, 'he can only be seen by the few, but he's thar jest the same.' 'By golly, thinks I, the man's gone plum crazy, but the nex' minit he wuz talkin' 'bout plants an' weeds as 'telligently as you an' me. Queer jest the same, how the Devil helps some folks—his place is got ter be the purtiest in the whole village, an' I'll be da—!!! I, I, could never make it look like anythin' when I hed it."

"What does he do for a living?" asked the salesman.

"We don't quite know," answered the lawyer. "Jim Sawyer, the Town Clerk, has him down on his Valuation Roll as a *Gentleman*, but Sawyer makes a gentleman out of almost anything. He has even Josiah Perkins down as a *Gentleman*, since he quit farming and lives on us doing odd jobs."

"Well," said the Deacon, cutting off the farmer, who was about to retaliate, "he's no good to our town anyway. Takes no interest in any public reform, such as Sunday observance or prohibition." The hotelkeeper winced

but said nothing. "We went to him twice with petitions for reforms of that kind—not because we cared a straw for his opinion, but because every signature counted, as the women said, but he turned us down both times and he was most insulting. Said he did not believe in our methods, and could not see much difference between our vices and our virtues, they were so mixed up. In fact he does not believe in anything, and what can a man who never goes to church know about vices and virtues. Soon after he came to Brierwood he spoke to me, one day, about a Public Reading Room and Library. He said no village was too small to have such an institution, and the cost would be so little that no one should mind paying his share, and so forth. He was great on what he called a liberal education. I let him talk on for a while, and then I told him that we had a good Sunday School Library, containing fifty books, as good as any on the market to-day—well bound and good print—that I had selected them myself, when we opened the Library twenty-five years ago—and that these books were loaned to any child who was a regular attendant of our Sunday School, and that these books were good enough for anybody. I gave him to understand that we didn't need any advice or interference from any outsider when it came to the education of our children. I shut him up so that he hasn't mentioned library to me since. Later he went to the Town Council and suggested that they build sidewalks and lay sewer pipes in the village, just as if we people who have lived there all our lives did not know how to run our town. The Councilors soon showed him where he got off at, and he hasn't bothered them since either. He built a sidewalk himself in front of his own place, where the boys and girls go walking now evenings, and I hear that he also laid a private sewer which empties into the river; but he paid for them himself, as any man should who wants those

useless things. Our taxes are high enough as it is, without increasing them to pay for such things."

"He's only been in my place once sence he come to Brierwood," said the hotelkeeper, "and that wuz to leave a feller's hat he found on the street one mornin'."

"Whose hat was it?" interrupted the lawyer, but Kelly continued undisturbed:

"You know how 'tis! All of you fellers drop in evenin's fer a chat or a little game of cards, and 'easionally a few social glasses—'ceptin' Your Riverince, here, of course, who's in a line of business that won't 'llow him ter—but what's the harm fer us others? There aint none, as I can see! But that Blaisdell, he's never taken a glass of anythin' in my place yet—the only man in the village who haint, 'cept His Riverince, as I remarked before."

There were uneasy shuffles, and covert glances at the preacher, who seemed to have turned a new page of the Book of Revelation, but no one spoke, so the innocent Kelly continued:

"Taint that my house aint alright, nor my liquors aint the best, 'cause you fellers know what I hand out over the bar. The very best! That's what!" After a moment of silence, he continued: "Yet, the feller aint 'gainst my trade naither, 'cause when that wimmen's society—the W. C. P. U., aint it? got busy, and you men to keep peace in the family circulated that 'ere petition to close me up—he was the only man who didn't sign it. Of course 'tween ourselves, we know the whole damn thing was a farce—but his refusin' to sign it showed plainly how he stood on the liquor question, jest the same."

"Perhaps his wife didn't belong to the W. P. C. U., Kelly," said the lawyer laughingly.

"P'raps," returned Kelly, "for it appears she don't belong to anythin',—not even to her husband, 'cordin' to Perkins."

"Have they any family?" asked one of the salesmen, apparently much interested in the gossip.

"Yes, four children," said the lawyer, "two boys and two girls—as smart as crickets and as pretty as their mother."

"All born without Christian baptism," lamented the preacher, "and being brought up in a Godless way."

"An' mos' likely as not, illegitimate too," added Perkins, who felt very keenly on that point.

"When their first child was born," said the stockbroker, "some very funny things happened. The next day, Blaisdell went to Jim Sawyer, the Town Clerk, and he said, 'Mr. Sawyer, I have a baby-girl I wish to register.' 'That's easy,' says Jim, 'far easier to register their births than their marriages.' Jim had brought up ten girls on a salary of five hundred dollars a year, and seven were still unwed. 'Are you a Protestant or a Catholic, Mr. Blaisdell?' 'Neither,' says Blaisdell, 'but I am the father of a fine girl and I am too happy to enter into a religious controversy to-day.'"

"But the point tis this," says Sawyer, with the ease of a man who has had ten experiences, "the child will of course, be baptized, and whoever baptizes it will register it as well. So it's up to you, Mr. Blaisdell, to take the child to the Catholic Priest, in the Lower Town, or to the Methodist Minister, in the Upper Town, and either will administser the Sacrament of Baptism — one with water and oil, and the other with water only but both forms are good and according to Scripture, and the registration will be legal.' 'No, the point is this, Mr. Sawyer,' says Blaisdell, 'whoever registers the child will do so without either baptism of Holy Water or Sacred Oil, but with Profane Ink, and that registration will be both legal and impartial, and it's up to you to do it.' 'But I am neither a priest nor a minister,' argued Sawyer, 'how can you expect me to regis-

ter your child?" "By virtue of your office as a Town Clerk. It is part of your official duties." "But I have no register for that purpose." "Then you are in default, and liable to a fine," laughed Blaisdell, "however, you may prepare the necessary forms and I will come in again later." With this he went home and Sawyer went to Nicholson for legal advice. Nicholson did not think it a legal obligation of a Town Clerk, because he could find no precedents, and precedents are everything in law, you know, but the matter ended in Jim Sawyer getting from the proper sources a register, in which appear, to-day, the names of the four little Blaisdells, and it is called "the Blaisdell Birthday Book".

"This would demonstrate that this man has some very strong ideas of his own," I remarked.

"Not at all," answered the preacher with fine finality, "somebody else's idea converted into a prejudice."

As this judgment was pronounced the man without an idea re-entered, and as his seat had remained vacant he returned to it, and prepared to light another cigar.

"Mr. Blaisdell," I said, "you do not know me, and we have never met before to-day, but I have heard a great deal about you, and I am going to bribe you into further acquaintance," proffering him a cigar. He hesitated a moment, but detecting the sincerity of my advances he accepted the cigar. "My name is Fairfield, of *The Winnipeg Emancipator*," I added.

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Fairfield," he replied, "but I am surprised at your statement that my fame has reached you in that far Western Metropolis. I am on my way to that city now, and I was congratulating myself on the score that I would be received there at face value—without having to live up or down to a reputation."

"Your fame has come to me in the East, Mr. Blaisdell. In some instances

a man's fame travels before him, in other instances it follows him, but in this instance your fame is travelling with you," I said pointedly. Our companions gave signs of uneasiness, but the man without an idea laughed in genuine amusement.

"You have staked your cigar on a very doubtful issue then," he said laughingly. "What reckless gamblers some men are."

"I am not of that number, Mr. Blaisdell. I usually win by going contrary to the opinion of the book-makers."

"Then you are a free and unprejudiced judge of the race-course?"

"Yes."

"And what of precedents and past records, do you consider them?"

"Precedents are no criterions and records often false or untenable—they both count for little."

"What hoss is your fav'rite?" inquired the hotelkeeper, recognizing in this a congenial topic of conversation.

"The one that runs the best race," I replied, "Whatever may be his name, colour or pedigree, and I never shout till the final heat. But now, Mr. Blaisdell, being as I said to you before—a newspaper-man—I much prefer the role of interviewer to that of interviewed, and that cigar which you are now smoking with polite endurance entitles me to some consideration from you in my demand for enlightenment on certain questions pertaining to the East, which I cannot view with the vision of an Easterner. The vision of Canadians, from the days of Champlain to our own day, has been westward, and those of us who have staked our claims beyond the Great Lakes find it easier to speculate on the West than to realize the East. To us the distance from Winnipeg to Montreal is far greater than is to you the distance from Montreal to Winnipeg. Therefore, you find it less difficult to understand our problems than we to understand yours. In the first place, what is, in

your opinion, the main cause of the trouble between the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec?"

"Ignorance," he replied, and after a pause he continued, "and ignorance fosters prejudice, prejudice fosters hate, and hate finds vent in riots, wars, and murders. Fortunately, only the transition stage between prejudice and hate has been reached, if we size up the situation generally. Still a few are, even now, advocating revolutionary acts."

"You say that it is a question of ignorance, while I had always understood that it was a question of education," I replied.

"Then, I shall compromise with you," he said smiling, "and call it *educated ignorance*, or *ignorant education*—whichever you prefer. One term is as good as the other, and both might be applied — the former to Quebec, the latter to Ontario. Let it be said to Ontario's credit, however, that she does not impose her standard of *education* beyond her own confines — except perhaps, through the medium of her Press, which, after all, is not compulsory. Quebec, on the other hand, wishes to impose her standard of *ignorance* on certain sections of Ontario willy-nilly, and to establish there schools where she can teach the sophist drill and create mental cripples in her own image. Now, Mr. Fairfield, I am generalizing, and you must allow for many exceptions in both Provinces."

"I understand that perfectly, but the point that I do not understand is this: What right has Quebec to interfere in Ontario's internal affairs, and why is it tolerated?"

"It may be that westward tendency of which you spoke a moment ago. She has looked upon Ontario so long that she believes she has discovered certain interests there, and she is now looking closely after those interests."

"Continue!" I said, as he paused.

"She is looking after the interests of what she calls the *minority* — a

factor that she has sadly neglected at home."

"But, what interests?"

"Ah, my friend, you must step lightly! We are approaching sacred grounds. They are religious interests."

"And what about the French language? I thought that was the main issue," said the lawyer, relieved at the turn the conversation had taken.

"The French language," replied Blaisdell, "was only the camouflage,—the religion was concealed within."

"But, Mr. Blaisdell," I said, "you stated a moment ago that ignorance was the cause of the trouble — how do you reconcile that with your present statement that it is religion?"

"By starting my deductions one step lower in the scale and saying that organized religion fosters ignorance."

"You are referring to the Roman Catholic Religion, of course?" said the preacher.

"Yes," replied the man without an idea, "the Roman Catholic Religion in Quebec, the Protestant Religion in Ontario, and all *organized religions* wherever they operate."

"But, sir, how can you say that the Protestant Religion fosters ignorance, when the Church stands behind all educational institutions and reforms?" argued the preacher.

"The Church," replied Blaisdell, "does not stand behind these things. It stands over them, with a lash, and it is only when reforms are adopted in spite of her opposition that she embraces them as her own. Even today, she is opposed to the very Laws of Nature, and she denounces as a heretic and an atheist any man who dares to live according to the Universal Plan. A little study and some sound and serious thinking will soon disclose to a man with an unprejudiced mind that organized religion closes the avenues to the highest spheres of education. It will also disclose to him that there is a re-

ligion that is peculiar to the individual, but which relates and unites him to the Universal. And it is only when a man realizes the Universal that he becomes truly educated. But, Mr. Doolittle, we are drifting from the main issue, and I cannot explain to you in a few moments what it has taken me years of study to realize. If you are genuinely interested in my conception of religion, I will be pleased to send you a complimentary copy of my book on the subject." Besides, it was Mr. Fairfield who gave me the cigar, and I am bound to him while the incense from this choice weed ascends to his Cuban gods. You do not smoke, sir?"

"No," replied the preacher freezingly, "it does not become a Minister of the Gospel to smoke. I am sitting here to be with my friends," nodding towards the lawyer and other fellow citizens.

The man without an idea again turned his attention to me inquiringly.

"Mr. Blaisdell," I said, "you have diagnosed the case very well, I think; now what do you think is the remedy?"

"To prescribe is simple when the right diagnosis has been made, but to administer the remedy to an unwilling patient, or to one who does not realize that he is ill, is a different task. In this case, the disease is chronic, and of long standing, and it will take time to eradicate the trouble, even with the best possible treatment. The treatment that I should recommend, however, is the most simple. It is to let Nature take her course. Her Law of Universal Evolution will eventually effect the cure."

"Then, you believe in Universal Evolution?"

"Even as you, for did you not express the same belief in connection with reconstruction?"

I was about to answer in the affirmative when a well-groomed man of about sixty-five entered the compartment, and seeing Blaisdell came

to him with extended hand. After a hearty greeting, the new-comer sat in the seat just vacated by one of the travelling salesmen who had left the train.

"Now," said he, "tell me about Mary and the children."

"Mary," replied Blaisdell, "is at the present moment in the adjoining compartment buried in your latest philosophical work and the children are busy interrogating the porter. Before we go to them though, I would like you to meet Mr. Fairfield of *The Emancipator*. Mr. Fairfield, this gentleman is Professor Gordon, President of Harwood University. You gentlemen should know each other."

"We have known each other for years," said the professor, as we shook hands, for we had carried on an extensive correspondence, although we had never met.

"But, John," he continued, "you never told me that *you* knew Mr. Fairfield."

"No," replied Blaisdell, "our acquaintance has only been the length of a cigar," taking a last whiff and throwing away the butt.

"Then, Mr. Fairfield, you do not know to what extent your reputation may suffer from your association with this man."

"Mr. Fairfield has heard a great deal about me already," said Blaisdell.

"A discerning man can never hear too much, but he may not yet have heard enough to arrive at a true estimate of your character. I feel it my duty, therefore, to acquaint him with your past, and prove to him that the relationship existing between us was not of my own choosing."

"Nor was it of mine, for I was equally powerless in the choice of my father and of my father-in-law. Providence was kind, however."

"You disarm me, John, but I must nevertheless make certain disclosures to Mr. Fairfield. This man, sir," he continued, addressing me again, "is the product of our University. Do

not, however, judge that great institution by what you may have seen in him, for he is, I assure you, quite different from the average product. When we sent him forth from our Halls of Learning, he carried away with him all the medals in sight, and not satisfied with that booty, he even carried away the President's daughter. This innocent child he has since held captive in the midst of a savage tribe in the wilds of Quebec."

Blaisdell protested warningly, but the professor did not heed.

"Does he belong to the tribe?" I inquired.

"No, he is an outcast. He has desecrated their totem poles and will not smear himself with their war paint."

"Did he carry the poor girl away against her will?"

"No, but being the son of a Medicine Man, he threw a spell upon her which made her submissive to his will."

"And did he take her as his *squaw* according to the rites of the ancestral tribe?"

"No, not exactly, for he had conceived an idea from his contact with *white men*, that a man can be born, married, and buried, without those ancient rites, and he is proving it as occasions offer. It was done according to the code, however, and the official who pocketed the fee and gave her the written guarantee, said it was as good as any, and would last just as long."

"Were you present?"

"Why, yes! I was kidnapped to the place."

"Where was it?"

"Some Gretna Green of their own choosing. I was too much dazed to remember much about it."

"It must have been near some Fire Water Springs," said Blaisdell, suggestively.

The professor laughed heartily at this, but I could not tell whether the other occupants of the compartment were enjoying themselves as well, for

they were each enveloped in a cloud of dense smoke—except the preacher, of course, whose mask was one of righteousness.

"John has made amends since though," continued the professor, in a more serious vein. "He is giving to the world, to-day, some of his best thoughts and ideals, and if the world of to-day does not want these, the world of to-morrow will. Now, Mr. Fairfield, if you will excuse us, I am anxious to see my daughter and grandchildren. Let us go to them now, John."

The man without an idea rose and as he walked away he said to me—"Mr. Fairfield, I should like you to meet my wife."

"I thank you," I answered, delighted, "I shall join you in a few moments," and the two went out, leaving me very much alone.

My remaining companions were all stoically silent and the mental atmosphere was oppressive.

"Where is the Methodist Conference this year?" I asked the lawyer, in order to relieve the situation a little.

"At Gananoque," he replied tersely.

"You are a delegate?"

"No, some of us are only going to watch the proceedings, and at the same time to enjoy the trip."

This had the effect of starting the conversation again.

"What d'you think they'll spring on us first, Mister Doolittle?" asked the farmer.

"Oh, I don't quite know. Likely the resolutions of protest against those things which are not in accordance with the true doctrines of the Church," answered the preacher. "That being of first importance usually comes first."

"We want ter watch 'em when it comes ter the 'pointments, Deacon, 'cause they'll pawn any kind of a minister on us sure, if we don't watch out."

"'Fwe can't keep Mister Doolittle

fer another year we don't want no wuss minister than 'im."

"It's in the slatin' and in the com-mittee meetin's that the dirty work is done," said the other merchant.

"Wal, I say, we simply got ter watch 'em, that's all."

I did not remain to hear more, but walked into the other compartment to join *the man without an idea*.

IS IT WELL WITH YOU ?

BY BEATRICE REDPATH

AND is it very well with you
 Who suddenly are grown so wise?
 Does laughter shine still in your eyes,
 And have you found there deep content,
 And no undue astonishment?
 What of the things you loved and knew:
 The sea's white drift, the closing view
 Of evening, wind along the hill.
 Oh, have you these? Oh, have you still
 The intimate red warmth of fires,
 Moons and their reluctant light,
 The awful spaciousness of night,
 Green alleys where the shadows run
 To hide from the too constant sun?
 And what of all your old desires?
 Oh, dear, is it so well with you
 That you no longer want for these—
 Old sights, old sounds, old memories?

QUILLIGAN AND THE MAGIC COIN

BY HARRY STEPHEN KEELER



UPHEMISTICALLY speaking, Quilligan was suffering from the toxic effects of a common grain derivative. Mechanically speaking, his condition was such that it required the expenditure of more than the usual number of ergs to maintain his centre of gravity directly above his point of support. Geometrically speaking, he was travelling along the path composed of a series of horizontal curves, each of which was half-way between a catenary and hypocycloid.

For the ninety-ninth time, Quilligan was drunk!

Possibly Arabian Nights adventures happen only to those who are drunk. Perhaps not. Very likely there was nothing mysterious about Quilligan's peculiar adventure with the magic coin, considering its prosaic outcome. And, on the other hand—

But, we reiterate, Quilligan was drunk.

It was eight o'clock in the evening. Since five that afternoon he had been wandering aimlessly back and forth through the mazes of the Loop, vainly searching for one person. He had inquired in all-night drug stores and fly-by-night auction houses; in ten cent stores and Salvation Army soup kitchens; in pawnshops and penny arcades; in photo-postal studios and chop-suey restaurants; from traffic cops and blind beggars; from shoot-

ing galleries and home-scurrying shop girls; from chauffeurs and newsboys; from nickel show cashiers and street-corner shoestring merchants; from—

But the only result so far achieved had been the taking on of a cargo of the aforesaid grain derivative, each increment of which had drowned its inciting rebuff.

With such a rigorous search as this going on before our very eyes, it behoves us to investigate it a little more closely. Perhaps we can be of assistance—and thus stem the flowing tide of bitterness and booze that threatens to engulf Quilligan.

The object of Quilligan's search, it seems, was one August Heinze Shutenthaler, a friend of his boyhood days. Exactly forty-eight hours before, Quilligan received over the general delivery of the postoffice at Kokomo, Indiana, a postcard which proved to be from Augustus Heinze Shutenthaler himself. In it the latter announced that in two days he was opening up his new and glittering palace of free lunch and fiery liquor, bowing bartenders and bottled beer, in Chicago's downtown district, and that he hoped to see his boyhood friend, Quilligan, there on the opening night. In view of the fact that the postal had eluded the argus-eyed Mrs. Quilligan, Quilligan was in Chicago ready to greet his old friend, Augustus Heinze Shutenthaler. But in view of the fact that he had forgotten to bring the postal

carrying the address of the new and glittering palace of music boxes and matchless brew, brass railings and bottled rum, there was no Shutenthaler to greet—no Shutenthaler to find.

Earlier in the evening a sympathetic druggist had looked up the name of Shutenthaler in the city and telephone directories for Quilligan—and had found no entry whatever. So that trail, therefore, was nipped in the clue. Hence Quilligan was becoming discouraged. He longed to see Augustus Heinze Shutenthaler, with whom he used to paddle in the old swimming hole. He longed to see Augustus Heinze Shutenthaler's new and glittering establishment, and to imbibe a convivial glass with him. To return to Kokomo without seeing Shutenthaler would be no less than a—hic—crime.

For the ninety-ninth time, Quilligan perked up and approached a blue-coated traffic cop that loomed up in front of him from an alcoholic fog.

"S this way, ossifer," he murmured, "'S m' fren' Shutenthaler. Shutenthaler — bran new s'loon—roun' here somew'ere." With a majestic sweep of his hand he indicated the whole 156 square miles of Chicago. "Here—somew'ere. Where'll I fin' Shutenthaler?"

"Now f'r th' third and last time," said the cop testily, "I'm tellin' ye it'll be roonin' ye in I will, do ye be troublin' me wid annymore quistions about y'r friend Shoohootenthaler. As I told ye wanst before, I know nahthing about anny Tootenshaler. If th' name's not in ather a 'phone directory 'r a city directory, thin I do be advisin' ye to consult a fortintiller—'r somethin' like that. Now be aff wid ye."

Sadly Quilligan turned away and resumed his wanderings along South State street. Always the same. No one knew anything about Shutenthaler and the new saloon. What a—hic—fool he had been for forgetting to bring that postal with Shutenthaler's location on it. What a

shame to have to return to Kokomo without seeing the old friend of his boyhood days. The cop had advised him to consult a fortune teller. If he didn't get any better results than he had so far, he might consider the idea and—

He brought himself gradually to a position of oscillating quiescence. He stared. In front of him was the entrance of a rusty looking building, placarded all over with dentists' signs advertising gold fillings for fifty cents—and up. And, crowning all the tooth scenery, was a sign that held great potentialities for Quilligan. It announced that:

MADAME ASTRO

Revealer of the Hidden, Discloser
of the Future, Crystal Gazer,
Trance Medium,
Is to be found in Room
202—Walk up.

Special for to-day:
Crystal reading with trance: 50c.

Swaying back and forth like an inverted pendulum, Quilligan read the sign from beginning to end. Then he dipped his hand into his trousers pocket and brought up all that he found there: two ten-dollar bills, a silver fifty-cent piece, and a return ticket to Kokomo. So far, so good. With punctiliousness he returned the two tens and the ticket to Kokomo. And with the fifty-cent piece clasped in his fist, he ascended a long flight of creaky, wooden stairs to a land of false teeth and gold fillings.

May heaven guard Quilligan and those two ten-dollar bills in his mad journey through the jungles infested by the tooth vultures. If he ever knocks at the wrong door he'll come out minus the two tens and plus a diagnosis of nothing less than pyorrhæa alveolaris. Ah—even heaven must be on the job, for he stops in front of Room 202. He knocks. Once more we draw a long breath, and pause while the story slides ahead out of the present tense.

A long delay followed Quilligan's knock. If he had been able to see through a wooden door panel he might have observed a huge, florid woman hastily hiding an ice-cold bottle of beer beneath a stand which carried a long black cloth and a great crystal ball. At the same time he would have seen her scrambling into a sombre robe covered here and there with white crescent moons. But finally the door opened.

"Lookin' f'r a Madame Astro," said Quilligan, bowing through a small and safe angle.

She bowed in return.

"I am Madame Astro," she replied in clear, grave tones.

"S m' fren' Shutenthaler," he explained concisely. "Can't locate Shutenthaler. Augustus Heinze Shutenthaler. Been ever'wher'. Thought I'd—hic—try fortune teller. Last resort, you know."

"Be seated," she commanded, beckoning him to a chair which stood in front of the crystal sphere. He dropped into it. Whereupon she closed the door and seated herself opposite him.

"Already I perceive that you wish the hidden revealed. I, Madame Astro, seer into the far, student of occultism, unveiler of the mysteries of the Orient, stand ready to help you. Speak, layman, speak—and—er—cross my palm with the sum of fifty cents. What wouldst know?"

Quilligan dropped the half-dollar at the side of the crystal ball. Madame promptly performed the vanishing trick with it.

"S m' fren' Augustus Heinze Shutenthaler," he elucidated. "Star Shutenthaler," he elucidated. "Started new s'loon downtown. Jus' wan' fin' Shutenthaler. Thaz all. Thaz all."

Madame nodded understandingly and sympathetically. Madame realized that there was a victim, who, properly handled, was good for a double or even a triple fee. She commenced staring fixedly at the crystal ball. After a full minute had passed she began to sway gently from

side to side. The swaying became more violent and then subsided, leaving her sitting stiff and rigid, her eyes glued mechanically to the transparent object in front of her.

Quilligan, rapt, watched her every movement.

Suddenly she leaned forward a trifle and commenced speaking in a dull monotone.

"I see—I see—I see—a—a—man. He is tall—and thin. He is clad in a checked suit. He is seeking vainly for— for— for—something. Ah!— what that is—I cannot see. He asks everyone. They shake their heads. He stops. He appears discouraged. He stoops. He picks—picks up— picks up—as, nothing less than the magic coin—the all-powerful coin of the four wishes. Ah, fortunate, fortunate mortal, to hold in his possession the magic coin itself. Does he know that four wishes shall that coin give to its owner before it loses its potency? Four wishes! Wishes for health, for fame, for riches, for love, for knowledge, for what not else. Does he realize that he holds in his hand a coin that a king's ransom could not buy? (Either that bottle of beer has gone to Madame's head—or else she's spreading herself.) Four wishes! Wishes to be used wisely. Wishes to be used foolishly. Ah, fortunate, fortunate mortal. But will he remember—will he remember the number 4? The magic number 4? Will he remember? Will he?"—

Quilligan reached over and gently tapped Madame on the shoulder.

"All ver' nize—majick coin—four wizzes," he said thickly. "But how 'bout m' fren' Shutenthaler?"

Like a flash she relaxed. Her eyes opened wide. She stared stupidly about her.

"Idiot," she exclaimed, "you broke my trance. You snapped the most wonderful uninterrupted chain of vision I've had for a week. I could have told you everything you desired to know. As it is, it'll cost you another fifty cents."

Quilligan rose and pushed back his chair to the wall.

In Madame's second demand for cash he detected the faint creakings of a follow-up system. She was like all the rest. No one could tell him the answer to his problem: Where was Shutenhaler located? Without a word he walked to the door, opened it, and made his way down the squeaky stairs to the street. As for Madame Astro, however, she merely doffed her black robe, deposited her fifty cents in the Woman's National Lisle Bank, and resumed her bottle of cold beer.

Quilligan proceeded gloomily down the street. The clock on the corner of Van Buren and State showed the time to be 8.30 in the evening. Undecidedly, he paused, figuring whom to ask next. As he swayed to and fro in the breeze from the lake, the glint of something shiny met his eye. With infinite patience he stooped and picked it up. The light from the show-window of a nearby clothing store fell full upon it. A brief inspection showed him that his unsteady fingers held a bright metal disk on which the words were stamped:

"Remember the number, '4'."

"Odd that," Quilligan ruminated. The crystal gazer; her vision of a tall, thin man in a checked suit picking up a magic coin, her warning—"Remember the number 4"; her statement that the coin held exactly four wishes for its owner and then became valueless!

He scratched his head.

After which he clutched the metal disk in his hand and continued along the street, still picturing Madame Astro staring into the crystal sphere. All bunk, of course, he reflected. No such thing as a magic coin. No such thing as four wishes coming to a man in the twentieth century. And yet—well, he'd take a try at it.

"Lez see—lez see," he mumbled gravely to himself. "I wizz zat—zat—someone would—hie—walk up t' me and thrust a nize fat purse in my hand. Nize fat one. Nize fat one. Greenbacks — sparklers."

Scarcely had he covered thirty feet than a tall, thin young man with sandy complexion and a pair of steely blue eyes, stepped up behind him and apologetically tapped him on the shoulder.

"Beg pardon," he observed smoothly, "but—er—you must have dropped your purse. I came near holding on to it because of the hard times, but I've always—er—tried to be honest—so I want to hand it back."

Quilligan wheeled sharply. With amazement he looked down at the slim young man. His eyes travelled to the latter's out-stretched hand. Then they bulged out, for the hand was tendering him a fat leather purse, open just barely enough to disclose a bulky roll and a string of sparkling brilliants.

Only for a second did Quilligan hesitate. Then his own hand shot down into his trousers pocket and immediately reappeared, the fingers holding one of the two ten-dollar bills. With the other he reached out for the purse.

"You're the—hie—honestest man in the city," he affirmed genially. "don't see how I ever losht it. Ver' honest man, m' fren'!" He pressed the crisp ten into the slim young man's palm. The latter clinched it eagerly. "There's reward—small, triflin' reward—f' ver' honest young man." He jammed the bulging purse into his coat pocket and hurried around the corner.

As soon as he reached an alley he turned and made his way down it for a space of ten or twelve feet to a point directly beneath a hissing arc-lamp. Then he withdrew the purse and prepared to count the contents. But, to his dumfounding, he found only a tight roll of narrow slips of green crepe paper—and a string of cut-glass beads.

"Beau'fully, beau'fully stung," he murmured, after the explanation had gradually sifted in on him. "Stung beau'fully. Ol' game—and caught Quilligan from Kokomō al' ri'. Well, got my wizz anyway—nize fat purse

—but cosht me \$10. That a majick coin, all ri', all ri'. Jus' goin' t' watch that coin."

He threw the purse and its contents in a dark corner of the alley; then he returned to the street.

He covered another block. By degrees he began to forget about the magic coin and to ponder once more about the question that had engrossed him all the evening: How and where was he going to find Shutenthaler?

Finally he stopped. The fact had dawned on him that it was high time to buy another drink—for there was still \$10 left in the bank roll. But as he reached a decision in the matter, he caught sight of a big black negro, leaning nonchalantly against a doorway close by. Since the latter appealed to him as a possible source of information, he stepped over to him.

"'S m' fren' Shutenthaler," he explained. "Fren' Shutenthaler—"

"Shoot a dollah, sah?" interrupted the negro. "Yessuh." He peered carefully up and down South State street. Then he leaned over and whispered in Quilligan's ear: "Go straight to the fo'th flo' an' rap fo' times on the fo'th do'. Jes' remembah the numbah fo', sah."

Quilligan began the long, wearisome climb. Evidently he was on the trail of Shutenthaler at last. In turn he came to the second, the third, and finally the fourth and top floor. There he paused and counted the doors from the top of the stairway: one, two, three, four. He went down the hallway and rapped exactly four times on the fourth door. Instantly it swung open as if operated by an invisible genie. And as he walked in, it closed noiselessly behind him.

He peered around, discovered that he was in an immense room. At the rear of it was a long, green baize table, presided over by a black moustached man. Around the edges twenty or thirty men were crowded, some sitting and some standing, but all watching intently the spinning of a roulette wheel. With a sinking

heart Quilligan realized that the wires of fate had crossed once more—and that he was as far as ever from the trail which led to Augustus Heinze Shutenthaler.

As he stood there irresolutely, his attention was riveted by one of the spectators at the green baize table raking in a handful of silver and paper money. That was interesting. So he stepped over, wedged himself in the spellbound audience, and began to watch the ceaseless play on the black and the red, the odd and the even, the high and the low. Soon he caught sight of the great square which was painted on the green cloth and divided into thirty-six smaller squares, each of which was numbered with one of the numbers on the roulette wheel. He turned to a man at his side.

"Whaz nummers for?" he asked.

"Sh-h-h," whispered his companion. "Go easy, pal, on th' gab. They're runnin' under cover here. It's this way, friend. You lay your mazuma on any number. If that number comes up on the next spin of the wheel, you get thirty-six times your stake."

With an effort Quilligan steadied himself, for he suddenly remembered the magic coin in his pocket—the coin with three more unused wishes. And he recollected at the same time that his total wealth was reduced to a lone \$10 bill and a return ticket to Kokomo. Since his mission to Chicago had failed, here was a heaven-sent opportunity to go back to Kokomo with a roll big enough to choke the postmaster's mare. So he turned to the man at his side once more and said,

"'F I—hic—put \$10 on the number—any number—" He paused. More and more he began to see that he had nothing less than a half-Nelson on the Blind Goddess, for he possessed three A. No. 1 wishes as well as the red-hot hunch: Remember the number four. "'F I put \$10 on th' nummer four—an' th' nummer four comes up—do I get \$360, fren'?"

"Righto, pal," said the man addressed, watching with unconcealed admiration an individual who, drunk or sober, contemplated risking a ten spot on a thirty-six to one chance. "It's thirty-six times your stake on a number bet."

Majestically Quilligan reached down into his pocket. He gave the magic coin an admonitory pat. Then he drew up his last \$10 bill. A number of the players were depositing their stakes on the coloured squares. Quilligan leaned over and placed his piece of paper money on the square marked "4".

"I wizz," he said sternly, to no one in particular, "that the number four comes up."

The black moustached man looked around. All the bets were placed. So he gave the disk an energetic twirl. It spun swiftly, the black and red merging instantly into a hybrid colour, and the ivory ball giving a sharp rattling noise like a machine gun on the banks of the Yser. The wheel ran with undiminished speed for a quarter of a minute. Then it began to slow down. Quilligan looked on fascinated, steadying himself on the shoulder of his companion. Still more slowly it turned. The ivory ball now began to bounce several spaces at a time. Slowly and slowly the wheel revolved. And finally, with a last saucy leap, the marble dropped squarely into the slot marked "4".

"Well, by Hectofer," said the black moustached man, smiling gamely. "Stranger, you win. The first number bet placed to-night. Gentlemen, didja ever see the beat of it for sheer—" Crash!

An axe blade shivered the panels of the door. The shrill sound of police whistles and men cursing began in the outside hallway. Instantly confusion reigned supreme inside the room. The black moustached man sprang to the electric switch and snapped it. In a trice the room was plunged into utter darkness. Blow after blow continued to smash in the door. Amid the sounds of splinter-

ing wood and falling plaster, some excited person tipped over the roulette table. Men shoved, fought, struck out, kicked and tripped over each other in their wild efforts to elude the gambling squad that was breaking in the doors.

Quilligan, entangled in a mass of cursing, stumbling figures, found himself pushed and shoved through a small doorway. At once he felt a cool draught of air on his face. A second later he discovered that he was on a gravelled roof in company with twenty or more fleeing men. He descended hurriedly, swaying dizzily at every rung; but he clung on like a fly until he reached a dark alley. Here he threaded his way through a number of barrels and packing boxes, and finally came out on the brilliantly lighted thoroughfare.

He walked hastily in a northerly direction and soon found himself a block away from the scene of the excitement. Whereupon he leaned up against an arc-lamp post and made an effort to collect his fuddled wits.

At once he remembered that he hadn't had time even to collect his \$360 winnings on his \$10 bet. So he ruefully thrust his hand down into his pocket and drew up the magic coin.

"Y'r some majick coin, all ri', all ri'." he groaned. "Got m' firsh wizz—an' cosh me \$10. Got m' shecond wizz—an' losh \$10 more. Now I'm broke entir'ly." He paused, frowning at the coin. "Y're a big fake. Thought sho all th' time. Jus' a big fake, thaz all. I wizz I had jus' price of a drink—an' wizz I knew where I could fin' m' fren' 'Gustus Heinze Shutenthaler."

He flipped the metal disk idly over on his palm. Its reverse side read:

Remember the Number

"FOUR"

South State Street

Good for one drink at

SHUTENTHALER'S



CHAMPLAIN'S MAP OF CANADA

This rare old map, published in 1632, has been worked into the decorations of the Railway Committee Rooms in the new Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. It shows the discoveries of Samuel de Champlain during his visits to Canada between 1608 and 1632. An amazing amount of territory was covered during the twenty-four years. This included cruises along the Labrador and southern Greenland coast, a journey into Hudson Bay, an exploration of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and a circumnavigation of Newfoundland. The exit of the St. Lawrence River from Lake Ontario is also shown and the products of the sea carefully indicated.



Sweeping view from the Minaki Inn

THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY

BY FRANK YEIGH



ANADA is a land of great rivers, of great lakes, of great mountains. Mighty streams, hundreds of leagues in length, course through every province—life-giving water-ways they are giving the soil to drink and helping it to bring forth its fruits; carrying the ships that men build, and they in turn carrying men and their merchandize; streams that hold within their depths such a harvest of fish as no man can number; streams that make a trail through forest and farm and over tablelands of prairie for the silent canoe; waters that, in leaping to lower levels, in cataract and cascade, not only create pictures of natural beauty for the eye to feast upon, but representing, in leaping floods of foam-crested waves, vast power only awaiting release for man's use.

God be thanked for our Canadian rivers, little and longer; deep-hearted

here, singing a song over the shallows of pebbles there, and making, with their irrigating qualities, wide stretches of country habitable.

One of the relatively great rivers of the Dominion is the Winnipeg. Traced on the map, it runs its sinuous course for hundreds of miles from the Lake-of-the-Woods to Lake Winnipeg, with Mee-Naw-Kee (Minaki), as the Indian word for beautiful country, half way or so between the two big bodies of water. The river thus finds its way through two provinces. No wonder it is both broad and deep for the most part, as the chief outlet for the vast volume contained in the Lake-of-the-Woods watershed that drains an immense area. The river seems to be conscious of its task as it flows eastward and northward: it seems to say, "I am the chosen channel for deep, moving waters, carrying them from their granite basin, in Ontario's far north-western corner, to Manitoba's great inland sea of Lake Winnipeg."

The Winnipeg River is, to use an Hibernianism, a river of lakes. Every few miles it grows tired of a restricted channel and thereupon enlarges into a body of water wide enough to carry a white-capped sea in a blow, and large enough as well to confuse one as to the real and false channels. Islands, of assorted sizes, add their charm to the superb scene, mostly tree-clad to the water's edge, excepting the hog-back rocks, worn smooth by ancient glacial action, where the smallest of Jack pines fails to find a crack of earth for a roothold.

The Dalles are passed on the way from Kenora to Minaki—a half mile of a contracted course between rocky banks where the circumscribed waters fight for the right of way in racing rapids and miniature whirlpools, creating a current that carries one's craft along with exhilarating speed, or thwarting its passage on the up-trip.

The forests on either bank of the river are sanctuaries for the wild and furry folk, the antlered beauties, the portly porcupine and big bruin. A summer cottager near Minaki tells of looking out of his window, arrested by an unusual sound, only to see a Moose peering in with equal curiosity! Indian caches along the way have food supplies swung high and safe from animals that make no moral distinctions of ownership when hunger-driven. Bird life, too, abounds, from a lonely pelican, the one-legged philosopher of the marshes, or a huge hawk being pursued and pecked by a diminutive bird, to swallow or crow, or a stray gull having an immense realm of sky to itself.

Fish, too, real ones for size, and putting up a real fight for life when captured. Think of a thirty-four pound sturgeon (a relatively small one) choosing the outside of the



Where the Winnipeg River widens into a lake



The Minaki Inn

Minaki wharf for a rendezvous, where a keen-eyed boatman saw him enjoying a summer afternoon sleep, like some of the guests in the big hotel.

It is not necessary to tell the number of visitors who were snap-shotted beside the late Mr. Sturgeon! 'Lunge also. They have a meeting-place below the beautiful White Dog Falls, but it is a death place for many a monster, for Indians and expert white fisherfolk there patiently lie in wait for them.

The White Dog Falls are splendid Niagaras, rushing down in four great leaps. The unharnessed power is but a sample of the white coal wealth of the Winnipeg River, which is already serving the Portal City with both light and power. Winnipeg has wisely constructed its own Hydro-Electric Power Plant as a municipal enterprise, 175 miles from the city. It is now developing 47,000 horse power, with a capacity for an additional 60,000 horse power on the present plant, but with room for extensions that will supply 100,000 horse power. This is an addition to the 34,000 horse power now developed by the Winnipeg Electric Railway Company. No wonder Manitoba's capital claims to supply the cheapest power in the world.

The red men are everywhere, members of the once powerful Ojibway tribe. They make a significant contrast in cabin and teepee, to the white-

folks in their bungalows and cottages. It is a contrast, too, between a weather-beaten old canoe, holding a numerous Indian family, and an up-to-date motor launch swiftly shooting over the waters. There is something pathetic about these original Canadians, who once thought the entire land was theirs in perpetuity, and who now find themselves corralled into reservations, as wards of the nation, though it is satisfactory to know that they have been and are being well treated by the Government.

Their summer camping sites are seen all along the river, on ideal locations. Wherever there is a summer colony of cottages or campers, groups of Indians suddenly appear. Perched on a knoll of rock, or on the outskirts of a station platform, they watch the palefaces come and go, while one wonders what lies behind their own impassive faces. Judging by the frown on the time-creased countenance of a most ancient dame, she manifestly disapproved of the goings-on of a coterie of youths, singing lightsome songs intermingled with unmusical college yells. But her sister in brown smiled on the pleasure seekers as if she realized that the young must have their fling, but the gayety of the white-featured company emphasized anew the sadness that characterizes the Indian, young or old. Even the solemn little papooses seem to smile but rarely, while one

wonders if the children find any adequate play-life expression.

The annual regatta at Minaki, on Gun Lake, was of special interest because, at the last moment, three pairs of Indians entered the contest for the tandem single paddle race, putting themselves against eight canoes of whites. Keen was the interest and intense the excitement as the little craft were driven through the quiet waters, but though the first two winning boats were members of the Winnipeg Canoe Club, the third and fourth canoes were close on their heels. Where there are Indians there are also Hudson's Bay posts, or rather, the post attracts the red men. Centres of this great business, the oldest Joint Stock Company on the continent, are found in unexpected corners of our far-flung wilds, and the explorer of the Winnipeg River for the first time is not surprised therefore to discover them along its shores, sometimes as a miniature departmental store, or as a fur storehouse in the woods, open for business when the hunting season is on. Pelts have

again become the most valuable of currency, and the successful hunter or trapper, of the white or red race, can easily defeat the high cost of living enemy. Several Indians on a Northern Ontario Reserve cleared \$2,000 each last winter from the results of their trapping.

Pursuing one's journey from White Dog Falls to Lake Winnipeg, nearly thirty portages have to be overcome on account of the succession of falls, each having its beauty and setting. It is all part of "The Beautiful Country" of Minaki.

In addition to the infinite variety of scenery along a great river like the Winnipeg, for each of its hundred or more miles forms a new picture, there is much also to hold the interest. What stories the very stones tell! What revelations of inconceivable power are made by the upheaved rocks, when the world of this continent was fashioned in fire and when the Laurentian formations resulted; what traveller's tales the gigantic boulders would tell of being carried half way down a continent by the irresistible



Beach, Bathing and Boats



Presbyterian Camp, Big Sand Lake, Minaki

momentum of an ice-age and movement, and how these stray masses, fashioned in roundness as if they were marbles, playthings of a God, mock our circumscribed conceptions of time, making the span of a human lifetime a mere breath of existence. They are often balanced on sloping rocks that are worn smooth by ice pressure, or lodged in a forest whose roots and trunks are as of yesterday, gauged by the calendar of the Creator.

A river like the Winnipeg is more-over a medium through which nature expresses her many moods. Sit with me at eventide, on a promontory of rock, thrust into one of the lake enlargements of the noble stream. We are facing the west and the pathway of the sun, which ends its diurnal journey in a blaze of golden glow that sets the world of its range on fire, making puny the red glow from a nearby forest fire, or the point of light from a camp on the opposite shore.

Watch with me this daily sundown display, and wait for the after glow. All the shades in the colour box of the great Maker of Suns and Sunsets, are revealed during the succeeding hour until the last glimmer of colour, more of a suggestion than a reality, melts into the night shades and the sleeping waters.

A sleeping world as well as sleeping waters. Tree tops asleep with never a stir of twig or branch; all nature asleep, in birds and beasts and all creeping and flying things. One remembers the line in Browning's sonnet, on Westminster Bridge, at the zero hour of the night, "Dear God, the very houses seem asleep".

So here, in a realm far removed from London town, quiet is in possession of a world, broken only by the echo of the "National" train as it whistles its way into little Minaki station, or the refrain of a song from a camp-fire group, silhouetted against the red and leaping flames, as if they were fire worshippers at their chanting devotions.

All the silence, so impressive and so soothing to nerves jaugled out of tune by the discordant noise of the city, makes more startling the contrast when a storm is born among the distant hills and, in all its black menace, covers the face of the sun, blots out its golden pathway, and makes the star to retreat. Soon the crash of thunders rolls among the dark-treed islands; the waters of the combined lake and river become uneasy, and a distant bird sounds its alarm.

From the brooding silence of the night to a thunderous bombardment, from a world of darkness below and

an unclouded sky above, to windrent clouds riven with savage lightnings is surely a contrast of contrasts. Then the deluge of rain, a crash of sound that seems to fill all the earth, a shaft of electricity that dazzles, revealing for the instant the clustered isles and the farther shore—this too, is an experience and memory of the Winnipeg, and when there is added thereto a rare exhibition of the Aurora, when the dancing skyghosts of the Northern skies have their frolic in the heavens, some of them clad in diaphanous white and some in ethereal colour-tinted garb. The revelations of God's glory are overpowering in their mystic beauty and grandeur; on-looking man realizes his unit smallness and instructively worships him who has made such a wondrous world; such a Beautiful Country.

Finally, there is the rich historic background of the Winnipeg. One's imagination revels in the picturesque procession of canoes that made its way over the silent waters by La

Verendrye. How long ago 1743 seems, and how much history has been made in Canada since the great French-Canadian explorer faced the unknown west and north of the Continent.

The mind also pictures a later scene when an army used the big river as a part of its route to the scene of battles, when Lord Wolseley led a force from Toronto to Fort Garry to quell the first Riel Rebellion. Even half a century ago, the Northwest was literally a great lone land. Winnipeg was scarce a village, and the prairies were unpeopled.

Thus the River that makes a "Beautiful Country" by itself, not only links two great lakes, but links the past with the present; the East with the West. And as the last glimpse of its inviting waters are caught from the receding train, one wonders if there is another corner of Canada so beautiful, so health-giving, so rich in history, romance and natural scenery as in and around and about Minaki.



A shelving rock head on
Big Sand Lake



Photograph by Samuel Foote Morey

I SAW THE SPRING

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

I SAW the Spring to-day,
 Not as a flower wreathed maiden in green gown,
 But an old man,
 Who, in a cloud of soft blue smoke, bent down
 Over a smouldering fire of long-dead leaves,
 And dry, dead branches:
 Patient, hopeful, calm,
 Steadfast as pine-trees through the winter snows;
 Yet with an eager fire in his deep eyes,
 He burns the winter's refuse.
 He *is* Spring—
 Old, gentle, wise,
 Expectant as the rich, brown, waiting sod,
 While incense of his Spring fire mounts
 To God.



BRITISH COURTESY

AN ACCOUNT OF THE RETURN OF THE ROYAL AMERICAN REGIMENTAL
COLOUR TO GOVERNOR'S ISLAND

BY L. A. M. LOVEKIN



VISITORS to New York have doubtless noted the fortified island near the entrance to the great river named after the English explorer Henry Hudson, who sailed into its waters in 1609. Named, officially, Governor's Island in 1784 in recognition of the fact that for a century and a half it had been held in fee by the Dutch and English governors, it has witnessed many changes. In 1698 it was set aside by the Assembly as "part of the Denizen of His Majesty's Fort for His Majesty's Governors" and among those during the period 1674-1783 were Sir Edmund Andros, Knt., the Earl of Bellamont, Col. Abraham de Peyster, Sir Denvers Osborne Bart., the Earl of Dummore and William Tryon, the last of the Governors. Since the island has passed into the hands of the United States it has become a very important military position and is now the Headquarters of the Eastern Division of the U. S. Army, Lt.-Gen. R. L. Bullard being at the present in command. Not the least prominent and attractive feature on the island is the Chapel of St. Cornelius the Centurion, beautiful in architecture, rich in offerings of gold, silver, marble and silken embroidery. It seems to banish thoughts of strife and to suggest naught but those of peace on earth and goodwill to men of goodwill. But the great array of battle flags upon the walls, and a

"devilish cannon" as a trophy of war near the chancel screen, remind the visitor that wars have not yet ceased to afflict the earth.

Many imposing scenes have doubtless been witnessed in its vicinity but probably none more imposing and solemn than the recent deposition in the chapel of the regimental colour of the famous Royal American Regiment. "Only a bit of Silk", and old at that, but its silence spoke volumes and its faded folds awakened many stirring and sad memories. Those who witnessed its consignment to what is probably its final resting-place may have been reminded of Tennyson's lines, put into the mouth of Nelson, as the body of Wellington approached the place of his repose in death:

Who is he that cometh like an honoured
guest,
With banner and with music, with
soldier and with priest?

For with like "great pomp" was the more than a century and a half old banner brought back to the continent which witnessed its birth.

The Governor-General was represented by Capt. Balfour, Military Secretary. Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador and General Bethel, Military Attache, were also present. Lt.-Gen. Bullard, Admiral Glennon, the Marquis of Carisbrook, the British Consul General, Bishop-elect Manning, Rector of the historic Trinity Church, and a great array of



Rev. E. Banks Smith, D.D.,
Chaplain, Governor's Island, N. Y.

societies, National Guards and others made a brilliant assembly on the occasion.

The Royal Americans of 1755 were the military ancestors of the 60th King's Royal Rifles of the Imperial Army of the present. From the outset the regiment has been closely associated with Canada, and the first names in its list of honours recall Ticonderoga, Louisburg, Quebec, Sillery, Canada 1758 to 1760. But the regiment antedates these years and carries us back to the disastrous July day in 1755 when General Edward Braddock, an able soldier of the European pattern of the period, advancing with a column of some two thousand men against the French and their Indian allies met a disastrous defeat on the banks of the Monongahela river.

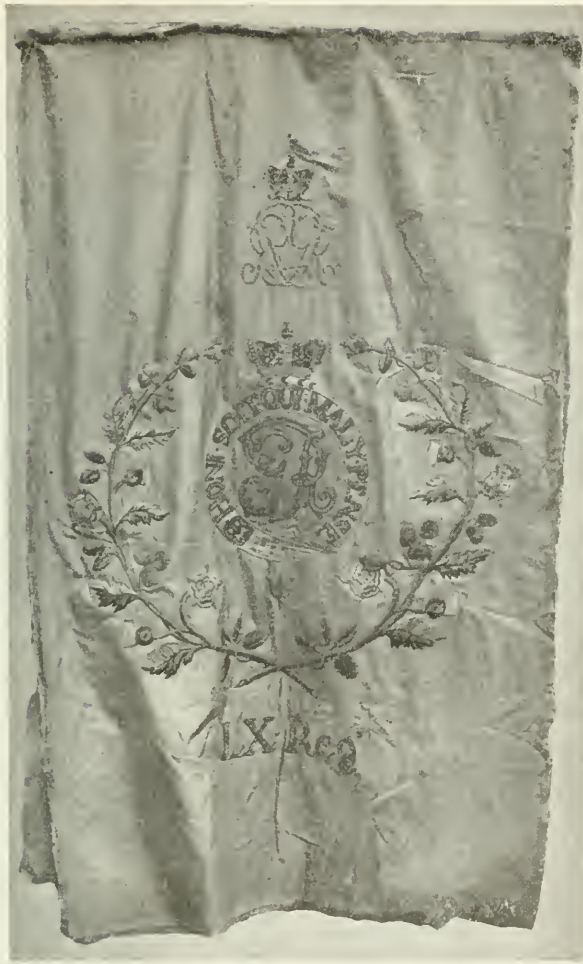
Failing to grasp the fact that the tactics which were possibly effective on the battle grounds of Europe were not adapted to the necessities of a country still in a rough and raw condition, Braddock advanced his force with such fatal results, it has been said, "no pen could describe". He was a good and able soldier of his school, and had the rare merit of being selected for his position on that account. But his merits were swamped by adverse conditions and a hard lesson taught him. Similar rude awakenings have been experienced by British commanders in later years, in New Zealand, Afghanistan, South Africa and elsewhere. Braddock seems to have had some gloomy forebodings, for it has been recorded that, on making his will on the eve of battle, he spoke

somewhat bitterly of being called on to "conquer worlds with a handful of men and to do so must cut his way through unknown woods". Undoubtedly he faced great difficulties, not the least of which may be counted a want of sincere and honest local support, amounting in certain cases to actual opposition, and a lack of cordial understanding and co-operation between "regulars" and the local forces, a common weakness not of particular place, time or circumstance.

It is needless to repeat the variously told story of "Braddock's defeat". His column which included two veteran British regiments the 44th (The little fighting Fours) and 48th, 1,350 strong, with 500 men from Virginia, New York, Maryland and the Carolinas, and eighty artificers went to destruction. Braddock saw, as Butler tells, his force "disorganized under the fire of an invisible foe and his men, fine trained soldiers, reduced to the state of helpless mob". A certain stage of the action changed it from a battle to a massacre and those who massacred were Indians. More need not be said. Of Braddock's staff only one lived to tell the tale and that was Col. George Washington, who conducted what has to be termed the "retreat". Mortally wounded himself the defeated General was carried away and in his dying moments he is reported to have said, "We shall learn better how to do it next time". And part of the primary lesson was the formation of the Royal Americans.

The blood of Braddock's force was the seed of the famous corps referred to in the beginning of the present sketch. First it was the 62nd Loyal American Provincials, 1755-1757, then, owing to a regiment being disbanded, the 60th Royal Americans 1757-1816; the Royal American Light Infantry 1816-1820; the Royal Americans 1820-1824; the Duke of York's Own Rifle Corps 1824-1830 and from the latter date the 60th King's Royal Rifle Corps.

The Duke of Cumberland, Commander in Chief, learned of the disaster and grasped the situation. He saw that the tactics of Frederick, useful at Mollwitz, Dettingen, Laffeldt and other great fields, were useless under such circumstances as Braddock had to face. The Duke was no mere carpet knight, though unlucky in the field, and had himself had an unpleasant personal experience during the "Forty-five", and had then devised some tactical movements designed to meet the peculiar methods of fighting brought into play by the Highlanders. He gladly accepted the scheme presented to him by a Mr. von Harden, a Swiss gentleman, which outlined the embodiment of a special force of Germans and others in America of the hunter, settler and woodsman type, the officers to be chiefly selected from the ranks of professionals in Europe. The organization was fortunately committed to Col. John Prevost, a Genevan, at the time an officer of the Prince of Orange's Swiss Guards. As it was contrary to law for aliens to be British soldiers a special Act was passed by Parliament authorizing the formation of the proposed regiment of four battalions. The first of them was given to Lt.-Col. Henri Bouquet, a most happy selection as it proved. Although an officer of the Prussian Guards and doubtless of the most rigid military school of his day, he very quickly showed that he could cast formality to the winds and adapt himself to local requirements. He has left behind him the outline of a perfect regimental organization of the kind needed to meet such conditions as confronted General Braddock. He advocated the Chasseur or Yager model, the men to be lightly and loosely clothed and armed with a rifle. This weapon had already been made more familiar in America than it was in Europe by its introduction by the Tyrolese settlers. A short sword was also to be carried and a small axe. The use of this had been demonstrated in a terrible manner by the Indians.



The Regimental Colour of the Royal American Regiment,
returned to this Continent

Bouquet, also looking somewhat ahead of his time, saw the value of mounted riflemen and advocated the establishment of two troops to each regiment. And his progressive tendencies were further demonstrated by his proposition that dogs be employed as scouts.

The four battalions gradually came into being, Lord Loudon being Colonel in Chief, Sir Jeffrey Amherst succeeding. The 1st battalion had for its Colonel, John Stanwix; Lt.-Col., H. Bouquet; 2nd, Col. Joseph Dusseaux; Lt.-Col., Frederick Haldimand; 3rd,

Col. Chas. Jeffrey; Lt.-Col., R. Chapman; 4th, Col. James Prevost; Lt.-Col., Sir J. St. Clair. These are names which bear more or less conspicuous places on the pages of American, and especially, Canadian history, notably that of the gallant, able and wise Governor, Sir Frederick Haldimand. Col. Prevost's older and younger brothers, Augustin and Jean Marc, also held commissions. The name of one of a later generation, Sir George Prevost, is probably better known through his connection with the War of 1812.

Space does not permit any lengthened recapitulation of the services of the corps after its formation. They range from the early stages of its career to the last phases of the recent strife "in Flanders fields". Its shield of honour, Rifles now bear no colours, is emblazoned with the names of nearly half a hundred battles, all prior to the late war. Its early fights were, of course, on the continent where it was chiefly raised. It, to quote an address by General Sir Edward Hutton, once Commandant of the Regiment, delivered to the American Society (London), on the 4th July, 1910, "was recruited for the most part from settlers and backwoodsmen of the North American colonies . . . four battalions, each a thousand strong, for the special purpose of destroying the combined power of the French and the Redskins. It contributed two battalions to Wolfe's army and to the remaining two was assigned, with other British and colonial troops the task of fighting the French power on the Great Lakes and of destroying the Red Indian menace in the regions west of the Alleghany range. Under Bouquet, Haldimand and Bradstreet (the latter a New Englander) the Royal Americans, inured to backwoods life and Indian methods of fighting, took a leading part and it is largely to this regiment of the British Army, born as it were in the States of Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland and Massachusetts, that the United States to-day owes the vast regions beyond the western slopes of the Alleghanies and the verdant valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers".

It is therefore not surprising that the interest of Americans in the regiment should have been aroused of late and a very interesting event witnessed in New York in connection with the return to this continent of the Regimental Colour of the Royal Americans in its early days, and its deposition with "all holy rites" in the military Chapel of St.

Cornelius the Centurion on Governor's Island.

The story of the colour is interesting and is told, very carefully, as follows in a letter written by Col. Butler of the King's Royal Rifles, to Rev. Edmund Banks Smith, the military chaplain on Governor's Island:

So far as is known the old 1st Battalion received during its existence only two pairs of colours, one in 1756, the other in 1788. Lord Grenfell therefore infers that the colour in question is that presented in 1788. It ought, however, perhaps to be mentioned, in the interests of strict accuracy, that in the year 1808 the colours were reported on as in bad condition and it is possible that others were presented to the Battalion later. If such a thing happened there is no record of it. The Battalion was disbanded in 1819 In regard to the history of this particular colour in the year 1882 my brother officer, Major Holbeck, who had property in Canada in some remote part, had occasion to visit it and stayed at the home of a man who gave him the colours, stating that he had received them from the family of Col. Alexander Andrews, the commanding officer of the 1st Battalion at the time of its disbandment. Col. Alexander died in 1823 and it may well be that he left them as heirlooms to his family. Major Holbeck died some years ago and his widow gave me the pair of colours. That which I send you is the regimental Colour. The King's Colour I retain myself. Regimental colours bear the Union Jack in the left top corner. This colour has no Union Jack, and Mrs. Holbeck tells me she has no recollection of ever noticing that it had one. The presumption therefore is that it wore away and disappeared before the date that it came into the possession of the Holbecks.

It has not escaped notice that the small "union", customary on regimental colours in the upper corner, is absent and the suggestion that what is now the upper part of the flag has been shortened is not unreasonable. The pieces of silk sent to the United States have been carefully photographed. As suggested by the Rev. E. Banks Smith they were placed between plates of glass. The colour was originally blue and though faded is not torn. It is embroidered with the Royal cipher and motto, with a wreath of the national floral emblems and



Chapel of St. Cornelius the Centurion, Governor's Island, N. Y., in which the Colour now reposes

the regimental number. The Corporation of Trinity Church, N.Y., is responsible for the religious ministrations on Governor's Island and so the relic was committed to that body by F. M. Lord Grenfell, the following being the deed of gift:

"The Officers and Men of The King's Royal Rifle Corps have the honour to request that the accompanying Regimental Colour which was presented to the 1st Battalion in 1788, under its original name of The Royal American Regiment, may be taken in charge by the Rector, Churchwardens and Vestrymen of Trinity Church, New York, and be deposited in the Chapel of St. Cornelius the Centurion, Governors Island, in memory of the fact that Governors Island was the Depot of the Regiment from 1756 to 1783, and Trinity Church that in which the Officers and Men habitually worshipped.

"It is hoped also that this Colour may serve as a memento of the fact that The Royal American Regiment and the Regiments of New York fought shoulder to shoulder not only during the many years of warfare which ended in the conquest of New France and the subjection of the Indian Tribes bordering on the Great Lakes; but also, after the lapse of a century and

a half, against a common enemy in a more terrible European contest.

"GRENFELL, *Field Marshal*,
"Colonel Commandant, King's Royal Rifles.

"May 29, 1920.

The ceremony of reception and deposition was very imposing. A detachment of the 22nd U.S.A. Infantry with band received the old colour from the chaplain and flanked by the American Standard and regimental flag marched to the Chapel, the route being lined with a large assembly of military, naval and civilian representatives of the republic and many British and other visitors. An interesting feature of the proceedings was the playing by the 22nd Regiment Band of the old march of the Royal Americans, composed in 1789, and copied from the British Museum. The ceremony in the Chapel was grand and solemn. A short service was sung by Dr. Banks Smith, the "bidding prayer" recited, and after a commemoration of the faithful departed, Dr.

W. T. Manning, Rector of Trinity, formally received the colour from the hands of Mr. E. A. Hart, a great-grandson of Mr. Aaron Hart, Commissary General to Lord Amherst. The name of Hart is one well known in Canada and our parliamentary records tell how it figured in a noted constitutional dispute, in the old days of our political development. Mr. Hart, in depositing the colour in what will probably be its last resting-place, said:

Sole Witness that we have to the surrenders of Louisburg, Quebec and Montreal, all three won partly by the prowess and bravery of the Royal Americans, May Thou rest in Peace in this Sacred House of God, until thou art no more.

The colour was then hung over the high altar of a church which is already the depository of a very large number of battle flags, paintings, memorials and pious offerings. An interesting feature of the proceedings was the reception, during the service, of a cable message signed by Lord Grenfell addressed to Dr. Banks Smith as follows:

"The King highly appreciates invitation and hopes that ceremony may further strengthen ties of friendship between British and American armies. Rifles, all ranks with you in spirit."

And to the King's expression of hope all well-wishers of Empire and Republic will add a hearty Amen.

FIRE

By CLARE SHIPMAN

FIRE is a vampire, with no life beside
 The feeding on the hurt of other things;
 Its strength arises on destruction's wings;
 Its beauty is the ghost of that which died;
 Its joy leaves only ashes for its pride.
 Where fire doth walk, there gray death flings
 A shower of vain and silenced sufferings,
 And mercy lies forgotten and belied.
 Fire's flame is fury uncontrolled: it knows
 No instinct save to ever seek its prey,
 And feed desire with longing unashamed.
 Yet here my hearth-fire does my will, and glows
 * Domestically, for joy by night or day:
 I wonder could you too, O Love, be tamed?

BLISS CARMAN: AN APPRECIATION

BY R. H. HATHAWAY

IT has been said on authority which cannot be disputed that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country, and the same thing might well be said of the poet, for it happens almost as frequently in the case of the poet as in that of the prophet, perhaps, that he obtains recognition and reward in other countries long before the people of his own awake to his significance and importance. Instances many and conclusive might be mentioned, but I forbear; nor shall I attempt to discuss the reasons for the truth indicated. I have another and, to me, more immediately important purpose in view. That purpose is to point out that this Canada of ours has produced a poet who carries on the great succession of English poets, and whose name, in fact, is not unworthy to be linked with the great names—to mention only those of the century but recently passed—of Coleridge and Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats, Browning and Tennyson, Matthew Arnold and George Meredith, and that we as a people have been utterly blind and deaf to the fact.

The poet to whom I refer is Bliss Carman, or, as his full name is, William Bliss Carman. I do not wish to be understood as asserting or even suggesting that Mr. Carman's work is not and has not long been known

and admired in Canada, for to say or to suggest such a thing would be absurd. What I mean, and what I wish to emphasize, however, is that practically no one among us has realized that Mr. Carman is more than simply a "singer of gypsies and vagabondage," as he was described recently in an address by a man who, himself a Canadian poet of consequence, has a wide acquaintance with Canadian poetry; that he is more than merely one of the "New Brunswick school of poets", as another recent speaker called him; that he is more even than "one of our Canadian poets," as he is ordinarily termed. Mr. Carman in reality not only stands clear above all other Canadian poets, fine and estimable though some of them indubitably are, but his place is among those men whose poetry is the glory of our common English literature.

Nor do I wish to be understood as saying that Mr. Carman has been generally and freely recognized in other lands to be the poet he is. Those, however, across the border and over in England, who early perceived that there was something both in what he had to say and in his manner of saying it that marked out his work from among the great mass of verse being produced in our time have never ceased quietly to do what they could to make others know and share with them the satisfaction and the delight which they had found in him; and as a

result, all over the length and breadth of the United States and also in England are staunch and fervent admirers of our Canadian poet. And among them, I may add, are many whose pleasure it is to occupy themselves with gathering the original editions of the books and other publications of Mr. Carman, and who treasure these as if they were gold or silver. This is not difficult of understanding, however, for all who once come fully under the spell of Mr. Carman's poetry are held by it ever after.

It may be admitted at once that if full recognition and appreciation of Mr. Carman's work have not yet been forthcoming from his fellow-Canadians there are plausible, if not good, reasons therefor. First of all, Mr. Carman, as thousands more of our young men of ambition and confidence have done, early took up his residence in the United States and until recently, except for rare and brief visits to his old home down by the sea, has never returned to Canada—though for all that, I am able to state, on his own authority, he remains a Canadian citizen. Then all his books have had their original publication in the United States, and while a few of them have subsequently carried the imprints of Canadian publishers, none of these can be said ever to have made any special efforts to push their sale. Another reason for the fact above mentioned is that Mr. Carman has never advertised himself, while his work has never been the subject of the log-rolling and booming which the work of many another poet has had—to his ultimate loss. A further reason—and it is perhaps the most important reason so far named—is that Mr. Carman follows a rule of his own in preparing his books for publication. Most poets publish a volume of their work as soon as, through their industry and perseverance, they have material enough on hand to make publication desirable in their eyes.

And everything goes into the pot, whether it has a proper place there or otherwise. Not so Mr. Carman, however. His rule has been never to publish until he has sufficient work of a certain general character or key to make a volume. As a result, his books have each and all a harmony, a unity, of their own; so that you cannot fully know or estimate Mr. Carman's work by one book, or two books, or even half a dozen of them; you must possess or be familiar with every one of the score or more volumes which contain his output of poetry before you can wholly appreciate the many-sidedness of his genius.

But beside and beyond all these reasons why Mr. Carman is not known among us as he ought to be is the indisputable fact that we in this country are more concerned—and who shall say not unnaturally so?—with material things than with the things of the mind and the spirit; we are so much occupied with the grim business of making a living for ourselves and those dependent on us that we have little time—or at least so we tell ourselves—to devote to the finer things of life. All the same, however, I venture to assert that it will be a reproach to us in the years to come that "our eyes were holden and we did not see" what a gift, not only to Canada, but also to the world, was the genius of Bliss Carman.

It is a common remark on the part of those who respond readily to the vigorous work of Kipling or Mascefield, or our own Service, that Mr. Carman's poetry has no relation to or concern with ordinary, everyday life; that it is, in fact, an "escape from life". One would suppose that most persons who cared for poetry at all turned to it as a relief from or counter to the burdens and vexations of the daily round; but in any event, the remark referred to seems to me to indicate either the most casual acquaintance with Mr. Carman's work, or a complete misunderstanding and misappre-



Photograph by M. O. Hammond.

BLISS CARMAN

Canadian poet, whose recent first visit to Toronto resulted in an unanticipated and unusually successful series of readings, in Ontario towns and cities, from his own poems.

hension of the meaning of it. I grant that you will find little or nothing in it all to remind you of the grim realities and vexing social problems of this modern existence of ours; but to say or to suggest that these things do not exist for Mr. Carman is to say or to suggest something which is the reverse of true. The truth is, Mr. Carman is aware of them as only the sensitive organism of a poet can be; but he does not feel that he has a mission or call to remedy them, and still less to sing of them—for he is, more truly—I venture to assert—than any other poet of our day, a singer. He therefore leaves the immediate problems of the day to those who choose, or are led, to occupy themselves therewith, and turns resolutely away to dwell upon those things which for him possess infinitely greater importance.

"What are they?" one who knows Mr. Carman only as, say, a lyrist of spring or as a singer of the delights of vagabondia probably will ask in some wonder. Well, the things which appeal to Mr. Carman above all, I would answer, are first, and naturally, the beauty and wonder of this world of ours, and next the meaning and mystery of the earthly pilgrimage of the human soul out of eternity and back into it again. He turns and returns to this greatest of all the problems of man almost constantly, probing, with consummate and almost unrivalled use of the art of expression, for the secret which surely, he clearly feels, lies hidden somewhere, to be discovered if one could but pierce deeply enough. Pick up "Behind the Arras"—described, and truly, by a recent writer as the most remarkable book of English verse issued during the past quarter of a century—and as you turn over page after page you cannot but observe how incessantly Mr. Carman's mind—like the minds of his two great masters, Browning and Whitman—works at this problem. In "Behind the Arras",

the title poem; "In the Wings", "The Crimson House", "The Lodger", "Beyond the Gamut", "The Juggler"—yes, in every poem in the book—he takes up and handles the strange thing we know as life, turning it now this way, now that, in an effort to find out its purpose and meaning. He comes but little nearer success in this than do most of the rest of men, of course, but the magical and ever-fresh beauty of his expression, the haunting melody of his lines, the depth and range of his thought, and the variety of his images and figures put the results of his searchings and ponderings in a class by themselves. Quotation from the poems named above is almost impossible, so interwrought are they, but I must make the attempt in the hope of convincing the doubting and converting the unbelieving. Here, then, are the concluding verses of "Behind the Arras":

O hand of mine and brain of mine, be
yours,
While time endures,
To acquiesce and learn!
For what we best may dare and drudge and
yearn,
Let soul discern.

So, fellows, we shall reach the gusty gate.
Early or late,
And part without remorse,
A cadence dying down unto its source
In music's course;

You to the perfect rhythms of flowers and
birds,
Colours and words,
The heart-beats of the earth,
To be remoulded always of one worth
From birth to birth;

I to the broken rhythm of thought and
man,
The sweep and span
Of memory and hope
About the orbit where they still must
grope
For wider scope,

To be through thousand springs restored,
renewed,
With love imbrued,
With increments of will
Made strong, perceiving unattainment still
From each new skill.

Always the flawless beauty, always the
chord
Of the Overword,
Dominant, pleading, sure,
No truth too small, to save and make
endure,
No good too poor!

And since no mortal can at last disdain
That sweet refrain,
But lets go strife and care,
Borne like a strain of bird notes on the air,
The wind knows where;

Some quiet April evening soft and strange,
When comes the change
No spirit can deplore,
I shall be one with all I was before,
In death once more.

And now follow some verses from
"Beyond the Gamut", to my mind Mr.
Carman's greatest single achievement.
No one else, I am convinced, living or
dead, could have written it, so indi-
vidual is it:

As all sight is but a finer hearing,
And all colour but a finer sound,
Beauty, but the reach of lyric freedom,
Caught and quivering past all music's
bound;

Life, that faint sigh whispered from
oblivion,
Harks and wonders if we may not be
Five small wits to carry one great rhyth-
mus,
The vast theme of God's new symphony.

As fine sand spread on a disc of silver,
At some chord which bids the motes
combine,
Heeding the hidden and reverberant im-
pulse,
Shifts and dances into curve and line,

The round earth, too, haply, like a dust-
mote,
Was set whirling her assigned sure way,
Round this little orb of her elliptic
To some harmony she must obey.

Did the Master try the taut string merely,
Give a touch, and she must throb to time?
Think you how his bow must rouse the
echoes,
Quailing, triumphing on, secure, sublime!

And here are a few more verses
from the same poem:

While the streams go down among the
mountains,
Gathering rills and leaving sand behind,

Till at last the ocean sea receives them,
And they lose themselves among their
kind,

Man, the joy-born and the sorrow-nurtured
(One with nothingness though all things
be,—

Great lord Sirius and the moving planets
Fleet as fire-germs in the torn-up sea,—),

Linked to all his half-accomplished fellows,
Through unfettered provinces to range—
Man is but the morning dream of nature,
Roused to some wild cadence weird and
strange.

Poems of a similar and almost
equally arresting character are to be
found in nearly every one of Mr. Car-
man's books, even in those in which
he gaily sings of the delights of vaga-
bondage. Here, for example, is a
little poem which is to be found on
the endpapers of one of his "Songs
from Vagabondia" volumes. Those
who know their "Rubaiyat" will be
reminded thereof by it:

With the orient in her eyes
Life my mistress lured me on;
"Knowledge," said that look of hers,
"Shall be yours when all is done."

Like a pomegranate in halves
"Drink me," said that mouth of hers.
And I drank, who now am here,
Where my dust with dust confers.

Another poem, in which Mr. Car-
man strikes a more sombre, but none
the less characteric, note, is called
"In the Great House":

I hear a sound of weeping,
A dirge of bitter tears,
Like the long sea rains keeping
The tally of the years.

I ask myself what sorrow
Must needs be loosened so,
Whence mortal grief could borrow
Such litanies of woe.

And the strange voice, replying,
Is strange and yet well known:
It is my own soul crying
Through God's great house alone.

Here, now, are some verses from
"Pulvis et Umbra", a poem which is
to be found in Mr. Carman's first
book "Low Tide on Grand Pre", and

in which the poet addresses a moth
which has been blown into his
window:

For man walks the world with mourning
Down to death and leaves no trace,
With the dust upon his forehead,
And the shadow on his face.

Pillared dust and fleeing shadow
As the roadside wind goes by,
And the fourscore years that vanish
In the twinkling of an eye.

That, however, is not the last
word:

Comrade of the dusk, forever
I pursue the endless way
Of the dust and shadow kindred,
Thou art perfect for a day.

Yet from beauty marred and broken,
Joy and memory and tears,
I shall crush the clearer honey
In the harvest of the years.

Thou art faultless as a flower
Wrought of sun and wind and snow,
I survive the fault and failure,
The wise Fates will have it so.

For man walks the world in twilight,
But the morn shall wipe all trace
Of the dust from off his forehead
And the shadow from his face.

Here, from the same volume, is
"The Eavesdropper", sombre and
strong as a Rembrandt etching:

In a still room at hush of dawn,
My love and I lay side by side.
And heard the roaming forest wind
Stir in the paling autumn-tide.

I watched her earth-brown eyes grow glad
Because the round day was so fair;
While memories of reluctant night
Lurked in the blue dusk of her hair.

Outside, a yellow maple tree,
Shifting upon the silvery blue
With small innumerable sound,
Rustled to let the sunlight through.

The live-long day the elvish leaves
Danced with their shadows on the floor;
And the lost children of the wind
Went straying homeward by our door.

And all the swarthy afternoon
We watched the great deliberate sun
Walk through the crimsoned hazy world,
Counting his hilltops one by one.

Then as the purple twilight came
And touched the vines along our eaves,
Another Shadow stood without
And gloomed the dancing of the leaves.

The silence fell on my Love's lips;
Her great brown eyes were veiled and
, sad
With pondering some maze of dream,
Though all the splendid year was glad.

Restless and vague as a gray wind
Her heart had grown, she knew not why.
But hurrying to the open door,
Against the verge of western sky

I saw retreating on the hills,
Looming and sinister and black,
The stealthy figure swift and huge
Of One who strode and looked not back.

I cannot turn to other features of
Mr. Carman's work without going
back to "Behind the Arras", and
quoting in full therefrom "In the
Wings", a poem which careful
students and competent critics con-
sider not unworthy to be placed beside
"The Conquering Worm" of Edgar
Allan Poe:

The play is life; and this round earth,
The narrow stage whereon
We act before an audience
Of actors dead and gone.

There is a figure in the wings
That never goes away,
And though I cannot see his face,
I shudder while I play.

His shadow looms before me here,
Or capers by my side;
And when I mouth my lines in dread,
Those scornful lips deride.

Sometimes a hooting laugh breaks out,
And startles me alone;
While all my fellows, wondering
At my stage-fright, play on.

I fear that when my Exit comes,
I shall encounter there,
Stronger than fate, or time, or love,
And sterner than despair,

The Final Critic of the craft,
As stage tradition tells;
And yet—perhaps 't will only be
The Jester with his bells.

The concluding verse of the poem
just quoted may seem to certain minds
to indicate that, whatever Mr. Car-

man may be as a poet or a thinker, he is not very sound in religious matters. This may be so, or it may not; nevertheless I venture boldly to say that Mr. Carman is profoundly religious. His is indeed a spiritual mind; his whole work is, to all who read with understanding, a protest against materialism and scepticism. In support of this assertion I here present a poem entitled, "Lord of My Heart's Elation":

Lord of my heart's elation,
Spirit of things unseen,
Be thou my aspiration,
Consuming and serene!

Bear up, bear out, bear onward,
This mortal self alone,
To selfhood or oblivion,
Incredibly thine own,—

As the foamheads are loosened
And blown along the sea,
Or sink and merge forever
In that which bids them be,

I, too, must climb in wonder,
Uplift at thy command,—
Be one with my frail fellows
Beneath the wind's strong hand,

A fleet and shadowy column
Of dust and mountain rain,
To walk the earth a moment
And be dissolved again.

Be thou my exaltation
Or fortitude of mien,
Lord of the world's elation,
Thou breath of things unseen!

While Mr. Carman's speculations upon life's meaning and the mystery of the future cannot but appeal to the thoughtful-minded, it is perhaps as an interpreter of nature that he makes his widest appeal. Mr. Carman, I must say here, and emphatically, is no mere landscape-painter; he never, or scarcely ever, paints a picture of nature for its own sake. He goes beyond the outward aspect of things and interprets or translates for us who are blinder or less sensitive as only a poet whose feeling for nature is of the deepest and profoundest, and who has gone to her whole-heartedly

and been taken close to her warm bosom, can do. Is this not evident from these verses from "The Great Return" (originally called "The Pagan's Prayer")?

When I have lifted up my heart to thee,
Thou hast ever harkened and drawn
near,
And bowed thy shining face down close
over me,
Till I could hear thee as the hill-flowers
hear.

When I have cried to thee in lonely need,
Being but a child of thine bereft and
wrung,
Then all the rivers in the hills gave heed;
And the great hill-winds in thy holy
tongue—

That ancient incommunicable speech—
The April stars and autumn sunsets
know—
Soothed me and calmed me with solace
beyond reach
Of human ken, mysterious and low.

Who can read or listen to those beautiful and stately lines without feeling that Mr. Carman is in very truth a poet of nature—nay, Nature's own poet?

As becomes such a poet, and particularly a poet whose birth-month is April, Mr. Carman sings much of the early spring. Again and again he takes up his woodland pipe, and lo! Pan himself and all his train troop joyously before us. And the strange and wonderful thing is that the singer's notes for all his singing never become wearied or strident; his airs are ever new and fresh; his latest songs are as spontaneous and winning as were his first, written how many years ago, while at the same time they have gained in beauty and melody. Whose heart will not thrill to the music of these verses from a fairly recent poem, "The Saraband of Spring"?

Over the hills of April,
With soft winds hand-in-hand,
Impassionate and dreamy-eyed,
Spring leads her Saraband.
Her garments float and gather
And swirl along the plain,

Her headgear is the golden sun,
Her cloak the sliver rain.

The bluebird in the orchard
Is lyrical for her,
The starling with his meadow pipe
Sets all the woods astir,
The hooded white spring-beauties
Are curtsying in the breeze,
The blue hepaticas are out
Under the chestnut trees.

O heart, hear thou the summons,
Put every grief away,
When all the motley masques of earth
Are glad upon a day.
Alack, that any mortal
Should less than gladness bring
Into the choral joy that sounds
The Saraband of Spring.

Now listen to this little lyric, called
"An April Morning":

Once more in misted April
The world is growing green.
Along the winding river
The plume-y willows lean.

Beyond the sweeping meadows
The looming mountains rise,
Like battlements of dreamland
Against the brooding skies.

In every wooded valley
The buds are breaking through,
As though the heart of all things
No langour ever knew.

The golden-wings and bluebirds
Call to their heavenly choirs,
The pines are blue and drifted
With smoke of brushwood fires.

And in my sister's garden
Where little breezes run,
The golden daffodillies
Are blowing in the sun.

Here is another April lyric, but one
with a somewhat deeper note, entitled
"The Soul of April":

Over the wintry threshold
Who comes with joy to-day,
So frail, yet so enduring,
To triumph o'er dismay?

Ah, quick her tears are springing,
And quickly they are dried,
For sorrow walks before her,
But gladness walks beside.

She comes with gusts of laughter,—
The music as of rills;
With tenderness and sweetness—
The wisdom of the hills.

Her hands are strong to comfort,
Her heart is quick to heed,
She knows the signs of sadness,
She knows the voice of need.

There is no living creature,
However poor or small,
But she will know its trouble
And hasten to its call.

Oh well they fare forever,
By mighty dreams possessed,
Whose hearts have lain a moment
On that eternal breast.

Not all Mr. Carman's poems are as
joyous as are those just quoted; many
of them have a touch, or more than a
touch, of wistfulness; the poet knows
well that sorrow underlies all things
human. Note the tender poignancy
of this little "Spring Song", as it is
called:

Oh, well the world is dreaming
Under the April moon,
Her soul in love with beauty,
Her senses all aswoon.

Pure hangs the silver crescent
Above the twilight wood,
And pure the silver music
Wakes from the marshy flood.

O Earth, with all thy transport,
How comes it life should seem
A shadow in the moonlight,
A murmur in a dream?

And now harken to these verses, called.
"At the Portal of Spring":

Along the faint horizon
I watch the first soft green,
And for the first wild warble
Near to the ground I lean.

The flowers come up with colour,
The birds come back with song,
And from the earth are taken
Despondency and wrong.

Yet in the purple shadows,
And in the warm gray rain,
What hints of ancient sorrow
And unremembered pain!

O sob and flush of April,
That still must joy and sing;
What is the sad wild meaning
Under the heart of Spring?

The poems just quoted should be
sufficient to show how Mr. Carman
joys in and dwells on spring, but I

feel that I must quote part at least of one more of his spring poems. It is entitled "Spring Magic", and the magic of spring pervades it through and through. The tendency of the would-be poet to write of spring has long been the subject of jest, but amazed and delighted wonder is the only feeling with which one can read Mr. Carman's rendering in verse of the spirit of that joyous season:

This morning soft and brooding
In the soft April rain,
The doors of sense are opened
To set me free again.

I pass into the colour
And fragrance of the flowers,
And melt with every bird-ery
To haunt the mist-blue showers.

I thrill in crimson quince-buds
To raptures without name;
And in the yellow tulips
Burn with a pure still flame.

I blend with the soft shadows
Of the young maple-leaves,
And mingle in the raindrops
That shine along the eaves.

I lapse among the grasses
That green the river's brink;
And with the shy wood creatures
Go down at need to drink.

I fade in silver music,
Whose fine unnumbered notes
The frogs and rainy fifers
Blow from their reedy throats.

No glory is too splendid
To house this soul of mine,
No tenement too lowly
To serve it for a shrine.

Mr. Carman sings equally finely, though perhaps not so frequently, of summer and the other seasons of the year. From among his poems dealing with summer, I select "The Tent of Noon", which I rank among the very best of all his poems:

Behold, now, where the pageant of high
June
Halts in the glowing noon!
The trailing shadows rest on plain and hill;
The bannered hosts are still,
While over forest crown and mountain
head
The azure tent is spread.

The song is hushed in every woodland
throat;
Moveless the lilies float;
Even the ancient ever-murmuring sea
Sighs only fitfully;
The cattle drowse in the field-corner's
shade
Peace on the world is laid.

It is the hour when Nature's caravan,
That bears the pilgrim Man
Across the desert of uncharted time
To his far hope sublime,
Rests in the green oasis of the year,
As if the end drew near.

Ah, traveller, hast thou naught of thanks
or praise
For these fleet halcyon days?
No courage to uplift thee from despair
Born with the breath of prayer?
Then turn thee to the lilled fields once
more!
God stands in his tent door.

I feel that I must quote here a little lyric, called "The Dancers of the Field", which seems to me not unworthy to rank with Wordsworth's "Daffodils", and I feel sure that I shall find many ready to agree with me:

The wind went combing through the grass,
The tall white daisies rocked and bowed;
Such ecstasy as never was
Possessed the shining multitude.

They turned their faces to the sun,
And danced the radiant morn away;
Of all his brave eye looked upon,
His daughters of delight were they.

And when the round and yellow moon,
Like a pale petal of the dusk,
Blown loose above the sea-rim shone,
They gave me no more need to ask

How immortality is named;
For I remembered, like a dream,
How ages since my spirit flamed
To wear their guise and dance with
them.

Here, now, is an autumn song called "In October", which, it will be noticed, is more immediately a picture than is usual with Mr. Carman:

Now come the rosy dogwoods,
The golden tulip-tree,
And the scarlet yellow maple
To make a day for me.

The ash-trees on the ridges,
The alders in the swamp,
Put on their red and purple
To join the autumn pomp.

The woodbine hangs her crimson
Along the pasture wall,
And all the bannered tamaracks
Have heard the frosty call.

I cannot omit to present one of his poems on winter, but in doing so must remark that practically all such poems treat of winter as a presage or promise of spring. Listen to "Before the Snow":

Now soon, ah, very soon, I know,
The trumpets of the north will blow,
And the great winds will come to bring
The pale wild riders of the snow.

Darkening the sun with level flight,
At arrow speed, they will alight,
Unnumbered as the desert sands,
To bivouac on the edge of night.

Then I, within their sombre ring,
Shall hear a voice that seems to sing,
Deep, deep within my tranquil heart,
The valiant prophecy of spring.

One could go on to quote literally scores of other poems equally magical from Mr. Carman's books expressive of the beauty and majesty of the seasons as they pass in pageant before us, but he has other claims upon our attention. One of these is as a writer of love poetry. Here is a little lyric from the volume, "Songs of the Sea Children", which will find an echo in every lover's heart:

The day is lost without thee,
The night has not a star,
Thy going is an empty room,
Whose door is left ajar.

Depart: it is the footfall
Of twilight on the hills,
Return: and every rood of ground
Breaks into daffodills.

Thy coming is companioned
With presences of bliss;
The river and the little leaves
All know how glad it is.

Here is another equally lovely lyric:

Thou art the sense and semblance
Of things that never were,
The meaning of a sunset,
The tenor of a star.

Thou art the trend of morning,
The burden of June's prime,
The twilight's consolation,
The innocence of time.

Thou art the phrase for gladness
God coined when he was young,
The fare-thee-well for sadness
By stars of morning sung,

The lyric revelation,
The rally and rebuoy,
The darker earth's half-sinking
Temerity of joy.

Out of the hush and hearkening
Of the reverberant sea,
Some happier golden April
Might fashion things like thee.

Or if one heart-beat faltered
In oblivion's drum-roll,
That perfect idle moment
Might be your joyous soul.

And the long waves of sorrow
Will search and find no shore
In all the seas of being,
When thou shalt be no more.

Space must be found for yet another brief one:

The very sails are singing
A song not of the wind;
A fire dance is creaming
Our wake that runs behind.

In all the shining splendid
White moonflower of the sea,
There's not a runnel sleeping
For ecstasy of thee.

A multitude of other lyrics as beautiful and lovely as these clamour for quotation, but I must put them aside in favour of a poem which, it seems to me, whatever the final estimate of Mr. Carman's work, must inevitably rank, with certain other poems of his, among the very finest poems of our time. No one possessing any real feeling for poetry can read it without experiencing that strange thrill of the spirit which only the very highest form of poetry can communicate. It is entitled "At the Great

Release", and is taken from the volume called "From the Book of Valentines":

When the black horses from the house of
Dis

Stop at my door and the dread charioteer
Knocks at my portal, summoning me to go
On the far solitary unknown way

Where all the race of men fare and are
lost,

Fleeting and numerous as the autumnal
leaves

Before the wind in Lesbos of the Isles;

Though a chill draft of fear may quell my
soul

And dim my spirit like a flickering lamp,
In the great gusty hall of some old king,
One one mordant unassuaged regret,
One passionate eternal human grief,
Would wring my heart with bitterness and
tears

And set the mask of sorrow on my face.

Not youth, nor early fame, nor pleasant
days,

Nor flutes, nor roses, nor the taste of wine,
Nor sweet companions of the idle hour
Who brought me tender joys, nor the glad
sound

Of children's voices playing in the dusk:
All these I could forget and bid good-bye
And pass to my oblivion nor repine.

Not to the green woods that I so dearly
love,

Nor summer hills in their serenity,
Nor the great sea mystic and musical,
Nor to the drone of insects, nor the call of
birds,

Nor soft spring flowers, nor the wintry
stars:

To all the lovely earth that was my home
Smiling and valiant I could say farewell.

But not, O not to one strong little hand,
To one droll mouth brimming with witty
words,

Nor ever to the unevasive eyes
Where dwell the light and sweetness of the
world

With all the sapphire sparkle of the sea!
Ah Destiny, against whose knees we kneel
With prayer at evening, spare me this one
woe!

To some minds perhaps the finest of Mr. Carman's work is contained in his elegiac or memorial poems, in which he has commemorated Keats, Shelley, Blake, Lincoln, Robert Louis Stevenson, and other men for whom he has felt a kindred feeling, and also

friends whom he has loved and lost. One of the best of them all, in my estimation, is "Death in April", a lament for Matthew Arnold, which, for some reason, has never been reprinted by Mr. Carman from the magazine in which it first appeared, thirty odd years ago. This poem, it seems to me, will not suffer greatly by being compared with either Tennyson's or Shelley's famous elegiacal poems, but I dare not commence to quote from it here, lest I should not know when to stop. But listen to these moving lines from "Non Omnis Moriar", written in memory of Gleeson White:

There is a part of me that knows,
Beneath incertitude and fear,
I shall not perish when I pass
Beyond mortality's frontier;

But greatly having joyed and grieved,
Greatly content, shall hear the sigh
Of the strange wind across the lone
Bright lands of taciturnity.

In patience therefore I await
My friend's unchanged benign regard,—
Some April when I too shall be
Spilt water from a broken shard.

In "The White Gull", written for the centenary of the birth of Shelley in 1892, Mr. Carman thus apostrophizes that clear and shining spirit:

O captain of the rebel host,
Lead forth and far!
Thy toiling troopers of the night
Press on the unavailing fight;
The sombre field is not yet lost,
With thee for star.

Thy lips have set the hail and haste
Of clarions free
To bugle down the wintry verge
Of time forever, where the surge
Thunders and trembles on a waste
And open sea.

In "A Seamark", a threnody for Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. Carman calls "R. L. S." (of whose tribe he may be said to be more truly one than any other man of his day)

The master of the roving kind,
and goes on:

O all you hearts about the world
 In whom the truant gypsy blood,
 Under the frost of this pale time,
 Sleeps like the daring sap and flood

That dreams of April and reprieve!
 You whom the haunted vision drives,
 Incredulous of home and loss,
 Perfection's lovers all your lives!

You whom the wander-Spirit loves
 To lead by some forgotten clue
 Forever vanishing beyond
 Horizon brinks forever new;

You who can never quite forget
 Your glimpse of Beauty as she passed,
 The well-head where her knee was pressed,
 The dew whereon her foot was cast;

O you who bid the paint and clay
 Be glorious when you are dead,
 And fit the plangent words in rhyme
 Where the dark secret lurks unsaid;

You brethren of the light-heart guild,
 The mystic fellowcraft of joy
 Who tarry for the news of truth,
 And listen for some vast ahoy,—

Blown in from sea, who crowd the wharves
 With eager eyes that wait the ship
 Whose foreign tongue may fill the world
 With wondrous tales from lip to lip;

Our restless loved adventurer,
 On secret orders come to him,
 Has slipped his cable, cleared the reef,
 And melted on the white sea-rim.

"Perfection's lovers all your lives."
 Of such, indeed, it may be said with-
 out qualification, is Mr. Carman him-
 self. Here, now, is a poem from a
 more recent volume, written in mem-
 ory of his friend Edward Nathan
 Gibbs:

Out of doors are budding trees, calling
 birds, and opening flowers,
 Purple rainy distances, fragrant winds,
 and laughing hours.

Only in the loving heart, with its unfor-
 getting mind,
 There is grief for seasons gone and the
 friend it cannot find.

For upon this lovely earth immortal sor-
 row still must bide,
 And remembrance still must lurk like a
 pang in beauty's side.

Ah, one wistful heartache now April with
 her joy must bring,
 And the want of you return always with
 returning spring.

I have dwelt on Mr. Carman's
 love of nature, but he has another love
 —for the sea. Few poets, indeed, have
 pictured the glamour and the mys-
 tery, the beauty and the glory, of the
 sea better than he. Listen to this little
 lyric from "Ballads of Lost Haven",
 a veritable treasure-house for those
 whose spirits find kinship in the wide
 expanse of moving waters. It is call-
 ed "A Son of the Sea":

I was born for deep sea faring,
 I was bred to put to sea;
 Stories of my father's daring
 Filled me at my mother's knee.

I was sired among the surges;
 I was cubbed beside the foam;
 All my heart is in its verges,
 And the sea wind is my home.

All my boyhood from far vernal
 Bournes of being came to me
 Dream-like, plangent and eternal
 Memories of the plunging sea.

Another poem from the same
 volume which surely none but a man
 with a deep, intimate, if not, indeed,
 passionate, feeling for the sea could
 have written is "The Ships of St.
 John". I feel that I must quote it in
 full:

Smile, you inland hills and rivers!
 Flush, you mountains in the dawn!
 But my roving heart is seaward
 With the ships of gray St. John.

Fair the land lies, full of August.
 Meadow island, shingly bar,
 Open barns and breezy twilight,
 Peace and the mild evening star.

Gently now this gentlest country
 The old habitude takes on,
 But my wintry heart is outbound
 With the gray ships of St. John.

Once in your wide arms you held me,
 Till the man-child was a man,
 Canada, great nurse and mother,
 Of the young sea-roving clan.

Always your bright face above me
 Through the dreams of boyhood shone;
 Now far alien countries call me
 With the ships of gray St. John.

Swing, you tides, up out of Fundy!
 Blow, you white fogs, in from sea!
 I was born to be your fellow;
 You were bred to pilot me.

At the touch of your strong fingers,
 Doubt, the derelict, is gone;
 Sane and glad I clear the headland
 With the white ships of St. John.

Loyalists, my fathers, builded
 This gray port of the gray sea,
 When the duty to ideals
 Could not let well-being be.

When the breadth of scarlet bunting
 Puts the wreath of maple on,
 I must cheer, too, slip my moorings
 With the ships of gray St. John.

Peerless-hearted port of heroes,
 Be a word to lift the world,
 Till the many see the signal
 Of the few once more unfurled.

Past the lighthouse, past the nunbuoy,
 Past the crimson rising sun,
 There are dreams go down the harbour
 With the tall ships of St. John.

In the morning I am with them
 As they clear the island bar,—
 Fade, till speck by speck the midday
 Has forgotten where they are.

But I sight a vaster sea-line,
 Wider lee-way, longer run,
 Whose discoverers return not
 With the ships of gray St. John.

And now follow some verses from a poem published in the earlier "Songs from Vagabondia", bearing title, "A Captain of the Press Gang", which I quote not so much because the poem deals with the sea as because the verses exemplify Mr. Carman's daring imagination and boldness of expression. Our poet makes the captain, who may stand for life—it is always life, its mystery and marvel, with him—appeal to the human soul to "leave the ghostly shadows", and put out to sea for the regions

Where the heart is never old,

Where the great winds every morning
 Sweep the sea floor clean and white,
 And upon the steel blue arches
 Burnish the great stars of night.

There the open hand will lose not,
 Nor the loosened tongue betray,
 Signed and with our sailing orders
 We will clear before the day:

On the shining walls of heaven
 See a wider dawn unfurled. . . .
 The eternal slaves of beauty
 Are the masters of the world.

In another poem called "The Cruise of the Galleon", Mr. Carman represents the pilot (life again!) as taking charge of a storm-driven vessel and thus addressing his new shipmates:

We'll crowd sail across the sea line,
 Clear the harbour, reef and buoy,
 Bowling down an open bee-line
 For the latitudes of joy.

Till beyond the zones of sorrow,
 Past grief's haven in the night,
 Some large simpler world shall morrow
 This pale region's northern light,

.
 And the dauntless seaworn spirit
 Shall awake to know there are
 What dominions to inherit,
 Anchored off another star.

No summary of Mr. Carman's work, however cursory, would be worthy of the name if it omitted mention of his ventures in the realm of Greek myth. His volume, "From the Book of Myths", is made up of work of that sort, every poem in it being full of the beauty of phrase and melody of which Mr. Carman alone has the secret; but I must regretfully pass it over for a poem which is to be found in the later "April Airs", and which is called "Daphne":

Through the shadowy aisles I flee
 From the ardour of the sun;
 Straining throat and trembling knee
 Scaree can bear me farther on.

Grat Selene, kind and cold,
 Hide me in thy silver light
 Of enchantment, fold on fold,
 Lest I perish of affright.

Mother of the frail in heart,
 To thy forest I am come,
 Let the tender branches part,
 And their twilight take me home.

Let my wilding bed be made
 By a mossy beech tree bole,
 Deep within its healing shade,
 Soon, come soon, that saving goal!

Speak, oh, speak, the mighty ban,
 And thy spell about me shed,
 Faster reels the darkening span,
 Fiercer burns the nameless dread.

Ah, thy breath begins to cool
 All my beauty with its balm!
 Here beside the darkling pool,
 Like the beam within its calm.

I who Daphne was of yore,
 Changed by thy mysterious might,
 Now am Laurel evermore,
 Gleaming through the tranquil night.

I must not fail to speak of Mr. Carman's "Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics", one of the most successful of the numerous attempts which have been made to recapture the poems by that high priestess of song which remain to us only in fragments. It is a volume of the loveliest lyrics which have come from Mr. Carman's master hand, and so many of them elamour for quotation that I hardly know how to choose. Here, however, is perhaps the best of them, although he would be a rash man who would boldly use the word "best" where all are among the very best of their kind:

I loved thee, Atthis, in the long ago,
 When the great oleanders were in flower
 In the broad herded meadows full of sun.
 And we would often at the close of dusk
 Wander together by the silver stream,
 When the soft grass-heads were all wet
 with dew,
 And purple-misted in the fading light.
 And joy I knew and sorrow at thy voice,
 And the superb magnificence of love—
 The loneliness that saddens solitude,
 And the sweet speech that makes it durable—
 The bitter longing and the keen desire,
 The sweet companionship through quiet
 days,
 In the slow ample beauty of the world,
 And the unutterable glad release
 Within the temple of the holy night.
 O Atthis, how I loved thee long ago
 In that fair perished summer by the sea!

And now follows another poem—a real Sapphic lyric—from the same volume:

Softly the first step of twilight
 Falls on the darkening dial,
 One by one kindle the lights
 In Mitylene.

Noises are hushed in the courtyard,
 The busy day is departing,
 Children are called from their games—
 Herds from their grazing.

And from the deepshadowed angles
 Comes the soft murmur of lovers,
 Then through the quiet of dusk
 Bright sudden laughter.

From the hushed street, through the portal,
 Where soon my lover will enter,
 Comes the pure strain of a flute
 Tender with passion.

I feel that in bringing this discursive and, I fear, lamentably inadequate paper to a close I must do so on a high note, and to that end shall quote a poem of Mr. Carman's which, to me, is a masterpiece—one indeed of the very finest poems written in our time—and which, like many of the poems quoted above, is taken from his last published volume, "April Airs". I do not yield to anybody in admiration for "Low Tide on Grand Pré" and the other volumes of that period, but do not hesitate to say that I regard Mr. Carman's work of the past few years with even greater admiration. It may not possess the force and vigour of his early work, but anything seemingly missing in this respect is more than made up for me in increased beauty and clarity of expression. Although Mr. Carman, following his recent regrettable illness, is in anything but robust health, I hope to see further volumes of verse come from the press to strengthen and make certain his name and fame; but if this is not to be, "April Airs", I am convinced, will stand for all time as the fine flower and crowning achievement of his art. Here then, is "A Mountain Gateway":

I know a vale where I would go one day,
 When June comes back and all the world
 once more
 Is glad with summer. Deep in shade it
 lies
 A mighty cleft between the bosoming hills,
 A cool dim gateway to the mountains'
 heart.

On either side the wooded slopes come
 down,
 Hemlock and beech and chestnut. Here
 and there
 Through the deep forest laurel spreads
 and gleams,
 Pink-white as Daphne in her loveliness.
 Among the sunlit shadows I can see
 That still perfection from the world with-
 drawn,
 As if the wood-gods had arrested there
 Immortal beauty in her restless flight.

The road winds in from the broad river
lands,
Luring the happy traveller turn by turn
Up to the lofty mountains of the sky.
And as he marches with uplifted face,
Far overhead against the over-arching blue
Gray ledges overhang from dizzy heights,
Scarred by a thousand winters and untamed.

And where the road runs in the valley's
foot,
Through the dark woods a mountain
stream comes down,
Singing and dancing all its youth away
Among the boulders and the shallow runs,
Where sunbeams pierce and mossy tree
trunks hang
Drenched all day long with murmuring
sound and spray.

There light of heart and footfree, I would
go

Up to my home among the lasting hills,
Nearing the day's end, I would leave the
road,

Turn to the left and take the steeper trail,
That climbs among the hemlocks, and at
last

In my own cabin doorway sit me down,
Companioned in that leafy solitude
By the wood ghosts of twilight and of
peace,

While evening passes to absolve the day
And leave the tranquil mountains to the
stars.

And in that sweet seclusion I should hear,
Among the cool-leaved beeches in the dusk,
The calm-voiced thrushes at their evening
hymn,

So undistraught, so rapturous, so pure,
They well might be, in wisdom and in joy,
The seraphs singing at the birth of time
The unworn ritual of eternal things.

WHEN SPRING COMES BACK

By GOODRIDGE MacDONALD

WHEN spring comes back you will return
To those dear paths we knew last year;
You'll find the first unfolding fern
Along the Pink's Lake Road; and near
The end of May I know you'll hear,

Some night, when a wet moon hangs low
Over the common, and the hill
Is touched with gold, the broken flow
Of some song from that same whippoorwill
We heard last summer from the hill.

And he'll untangle all his song,
Predestined passion, praise or prayer,
Nor ever wake to note more strong
Or glad, though all the night be rare
With spring, and you be listening there.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

The opponents of Mr. Harding in the United States were convinced, or professed to be convinced, that he was in the hands of "the Bosses" and that their power would be expressed in the constitution of the Cabinet. But Mr. Harding is less pliable than they thought he was or has known better where to go for good advice than they thought he did. Mark Twain said that in the library of the ship in which he crossed from Vancouver to Australia there were none of Jane Austen's books and that this in itself almost constituted a good library. The exclusion of certain Republican politicians from office by Mr. Harding almost constitutes a good Administration. Those who thought that he would be advised by Hearst or Bryan have been deceived. He has not been submissive to Johnson of California nor even to the able and aggressive Borah of Idaho. The "Bosses" may be acquiescent but it is clear that they have not controlled.

Hughes and Hoover alone would give distinction to any Administration. Mr. Hoover has exceptional independence of character and has the practical capacity which is so greatly needed in the industrial crisis through which the country is passing. He is respected in Europe and trusted by the American people, firm but sympathetic in his attitude towards Labour, and with the knowledge and the courage required in dealing with the organized commercial and financial interests. He will not be the tool of "Big Business" nor of the levellers and disruptionists who were too powerful under Wilson. Mr. Hughes has held great administrative and judicial offices with honour to himself and advantage to his country. If he ever seemed to show weakness and flabbiness it was while he was a candidate for the Presidency. Then his utterances often seemed to be evasive and indecisive while his attitude towards the war was in strong contrast with the robust straightforwardness of Root and Roosevelt. He could not forget that Wilson was glorified as the man who kept the United States out of the war and failed to make any convincing appeal to that formidable element of the American people which believed the Country should enter the war with all its resources of men and money. Aside from this incident Mr. Hughes's public career is distinguished for decision and courage, for freedom from extreme partisanship and for a high conception of the duties and responsibilities of the Republic in world affairs.

Less is known in Canada of other members of the Harding Administration, but it is significant that a special correspondent of the *New York Times*, which has not often opened its columns to eulogy of the President, declares that "out of the myth of Harding a real man seems to have emerged". The correspondent adds that "he has chosen a Cabinet of Best Men and as yet he stands firm in his purpose to conduct the affairs of the State courageously in the light of their counsel". It is a fact that few contemptible figures have

ever held the great office of President of the United States. Even those who most distrust government by democracy must be comforted by any impartial and unprejudiced study of the long roll of American presidents. There was an Andrew Johnson but he stands almost alone in dubious distinction in a great line of statesmen and patriots who give lustre to American history and command the world's regard and respect.

II

It seems such a short time ago that Mr. Wilson had the nations at his feet. Upon few men have rested such a weight of glory. Upon few men have so contred the hopes of mankind. Now he passes off the stage in physical weakness, under the shadow of utter defeat, lonely and sad and silent, but still brave enough to smile and strong enough to accept the hard decree of fortune without open repining. But he must feel that posterity will be kinder than his contemporaries and that even in the hour of his humiliation he stands upon a hilltop which his countrymen will yet climb and from which they will see his vision. The correspondent of the *New York Times*, who eulogizes Harding says that "what is needful above everything else is a President humble in counsel and firm in leadership". Wilson was firm in leadership but he was not humble in counsel and there perhaps history will find the secret of his final failure and defeat. The failure, however, was not so great as it now seems to have been, and whether he lives to see it or not one believes that the defeat will turn into triumph. But for the moment the tragedy is pathetic and profound. Seldom have more poignant sentences been written than these in *The Round Table*: "'Government is a simple thing after all,' Harding has said. But on the day when the Senator becomes President, above the tumult and the shouting on Capitol Hill, a small unattended group will leave the White House. In their midst will be carried a man with snow-white hair, bowed back, distorted features and emaciated frame—a man with body broken and heart broken in the service of a great ideal—a man who knows that government is not a simple thing after all."

III

The law is not to punish Rev. J. O. L. Spracklin for the death of Beverley Trumble at the Sandwich roadhouse. Whether or not Trumble was armed and threatened to shoot Mr. Spracklin need not be considered. There is no doubt that Spracklin thought his life was in danger and that he shot in self-defence.

But one wonders if Mr. Spracklin should have taken the position of License Inspector. He was a crusading prohibitionist. He was shamed and outraged by the flagrant failure of public officers to enforce the law, and the organized demoralization of whole communities. He seems to have had more zeal than tact and an energy and confidence unrestrained by adequate discretion. No doubt it was hard for Mr. Spracklin to be judicial. A man aflame with holy wrath should think twice before he "carries a gun". All his outlook and training unfitted him for the task he undertook.

A man who hated the rum-runners as Mr. Spracklin seems to have hated them was certain to inspire like hatred among those he was pursuing. There are probably few people who wanted the jury to give a verdict against Mr. Spracklin. Thousands rejoice in his acquittal who feel that he did a doubtful thing when he abandoned the role of a preacher for that of a policeman. He has demonstrated his courage and one does not withhold admiration for his

bearing under tragic circumstances. But he should not go back to work for which he has not the temperament or the training. If he is wise he will return to his pulpit, humbled but not ashamed. He will be content to proclaim mercy for sinners and inspire men to live cleanly and decently, to respect the laws which the State enacts, and to love their neighbours as themselves. "The Master whom ye serve" carried only the Sword of the Spirit.

IV

A leading journal denounces authors who leave Canada to live in the United States or Great Britain. But if they are to live at all, what else can they do? Literature is the most precarious of all human pursuits. Nowhere is it more difficult to earn a living with one's pen than in Canada. Nor does blame lie upon the newspapers or magazines or even upon the publishers. At least one-third of the population of Canada do not speak the English language. Among these English writers cannot hope to get many readers. There would be even a smaller constituency for French Canadian writers if it were not that the best books produced in Quebec are republished in English. If Canadian writers deal peculiarly with Canadian history or with native conditions and problems they are unlikely to get any considerable market for their work in other countries. There is practically no demand for such books in the United States and only a slightly greater demand in Great Britain.

Unless a writer holds one of the best positions on a newspaper or is taken into the Civil Service a bare living is the best he can expect. Even in the Civil Service there are few good positions for authors while the scale of newspaper salaries is modest. There is a poor demand for special writers because the revenues of Canadian publications leave no margin for very generous payment for contributions. Rev. Dr. Gordon's novels sell as freely in other countries as in Canada and Dr. Leacock has an international reputation. But fiction and humour find a market which more serious books cannot hope to secure. For Canadian history and biography and for political and economic studies of Canada there is not much demand either at home or abroad. Hence a Canadian book, however interesting and valuable, which cannot secure a general circulation in the United States and Great Britain will give the author only a meagre return. Many Canadian authors therefore leave Canada in search of a constituency and not a few find both fame and money. Many of them still retain their Canadian citizenship.

One cannot see that they have any choice nor do they seem to be guilty of any serious treason to Canada. Not many of the critics of writers who leave the Dominion are content to accept poverty as the test of patriotism. Native authors who achieve distinction abroad bring honour to their country and we should rejoice that they have the genius to achieve eminence in the world of letters. It was not thought that Sir William Osler betrayed Canada because he left McGill for Johns Hopkins and Johns Hopkins for Oxford. If the Canadian people will give more generous support to Canadian publications and show a less decided preference for American magazines and periodicals native productions will have greater revenues and literature will be a less hazardous occupation in this country. But we cannot determine what people shall read by legislation nor put any embargo upon the movements of Canadian writers. It is remarkable that Canadian publications are as good as they actually are when we consider the difficulties against which they have to contend and the limited constituency to which they must appeal. If the people will show greater consideration for magazines and periodicals "made in Canada" they

will become even better in quality, and Canadian contributors, as well as subscribers, will share in the greater prosperity which such publications unquestionably deserve.

V

The *Manitoba Free Press*, which we can all agree is among the most powerful newspapers in Canada, is engaged in an energetic crusade against the "Imperialists". Some of us may think that it is fighting ghosts but to *The Free Press* the ghosts are very real and very mischievous. It demands the abolition of appeals to the Imperial Privy Council, approval by the Canadian Cabinet of appointments to the office of Governor General, a Canadian navy as distinguished from a navy under any system of joint control, direct communication between the Government of Canada and that of Great Britain, appointment of Canadian ambassadors to Washington and other foreign capitals, and complete national equality with Great Britain and other independent nations. In short *The Free Press* expresses the teaching of Mr. John S. Ewart K.C., and the Kingdom papers. There would still be the bond of the Crown to bind Canada to the Mother Country but the Throne is remote and when all is said can have no intimate relation to measures of political policy in this country.

It is true, as *The Free Press* contends, that every advance towards responsible government in Canada was denounced as a movement towards separation. There was an age-long attempt to persuade the colonies that resistance to Bureaucrats in London was disloyalty to the Sovereign and the Empire. There was actual denial of the political freedom which is the basic principle of British institutions, but Downing Street in fact has been only a tradition for a generation however the officials of the Colonial Office may have convinced themselves that they were holding the Empire together and directing the destinies of the oversea British communities. There was a conviction, too, that the commercial interests of the colonies should be subordinated to those of the Mother Country and that British treaties with foreign nations entered into without consultation with the oversea governments were binding upon the colonies in all their provisions and implications. We have in Sir Joseph Pope's "Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald" the story of the Canadian Prime Minister's struggle with the British negotiators when the Treaty of Washington was framed and we remember how reluctantly British Governments terminated the old German and Belgian treaties which restricted the fiscal freedom of Canada.

It is possible to find evidence that for long years the colonies were regarded as step-children of the Empire and when to a degree British citizens in the colonies were the subjects of subjects in Great Britain. But conceivably if the seat of government for the Empire had been at Ottawa instead of at London the history of the evolution of the Empire would not have been so different. Once indeed Canada forced modifications of a fisheries treaty between Newfoundland and the United States because the agreement was inimical to Canadian interests. Then surely we have had a security under British sovereignty which we could not have had as a feeble, independent country and for generations British taxpayers bore burdens for our defence. It is not enough to say that we have never involved the Empire in any quarrel with other nations. We cannot know what our fortune would have been if the protecting arm of Great Britain had been removed. There is no profit in any calculation of gains or losses through the Imperial connection and when all is said Great Britain has been the chief architect of free government for mankind.

VI

What we all desire is equal citizenship in the Empire. There cannot be equal citizenship with centralization of authority in London. If there are Imperialists who still dream of centralization they are few and impotent. The old chapter has been written to its close and the book will not be reopened in the future history of the British peoples. What we have now to consider is whether we are moving towards co-operation or separation. It is in the nature of things that we shall go in one direction or the other. If we put all the emphasis upon nationality the fact of Empire must become steadily more remote and the machinery of co-operation become ineffective through disuse.

No one can think that the Empire would be shattered by abolition of appeals to the Privy Council. When we talk of going to the "foot of the Throne" we use language that will not bear examination. What we actually do is to appeal from Canadian judges to British judges. The Privy Council, therefore, must be truly representative of the Empire and must embrace judges from the Dominions or its very composition will suggest colonial inferiority. In Canada questions of a constitutional character arise, and questions affecting relations between religions, races and Provinces, which can be wisely settled by an Imperial judicial tribunal. But at best there is nothing more at issue than political convenience and constituted harmony and whatever value there may be in unity of legal practice and precedent throughout the Empire. Any system which increases the cost of litigation or gives an advantage to wealthy suitors or powerful corporations is open to challenge and unless action is taken by Canada to restrict appeals the Privy Council itself will be well advised to consider only such cases from Canada as can be wisely settled by an outside tribunal and which involve considerations greater than those which enter into disputes between private litigants.

There are still conveniences and advantages in British appointments to the office of Governor General and there are respects in which such appointments emphasize the intimate relation between the Throne and the Dominion. Whether or not it is expressly provided that approval by the Canadian Government shall be obtained it is certain that in practice Ottawa has been and will be consulted and that no Governor General will be appointed without the sanction of those who have the official right to speak for Canada. Moreover if the appointment of a Canadian was desired there is little if any doubt that the Imperial Government would acquiesce. There is no sound reason why there should not be appointments of Canadians to the office of Governor General in Australia, or New Zealand or South Africa or why a resident of any of those Dominions should not be Governor General of Canada except possibly the suspicion that such appointments would be less acceptable to the Dominions than those which are made by the Imperial Government.

VII

There is surely some danger to the unity of the Empire in the appointment of Dominion ambassadors to the capitals of foreign nations. It is certain that we should have a commercial representative at Washington, but it is not evidence of a subservient Imperialism to suggest that difficulties surround the appointment of an ambassador with diplomatic functions equivalent to those possessed by the British minister. If he should have less authority than the ambassador from Great Britain his position would involve personal humiliation and it would not be easy to avoid occasional friction and misunderstanding. There is no doubt that the determination of Australia to send an ambassador

to Washington, consequent upon the decision of Canada to have a diplomatic representative at the American capital, disturbed the understanding effected between the Imperial and Canadian Governments under which the ambassador from Canada was to share in the authority of the Imperial minister and represent the whole Empire if the Imperial minister should be absent from Washington. The situation would be vastly more complex and difficult if New Zealand and South Africa should also desire to send ministers to the United States. If the view of the extreme autonomists could prevail the confusion and conflict at Washington would be duplicated at other foreign capitals and inevitably the British Empire would develop some of the aspects of a comedy to other peoples. It is the habit of all officials to exalt their powers and guard their prerogatives with jealous concern for their own dignity, and one wonders how unity and harmony could be maintained among five British ambassadors at a foreign capital since even the Dominions cannot provide angels for diplomatic positions.

Here and there in Canada one finds a suggestion of rejoicing because differences developed between Canadian and British delegates at the Geneva Conference. This spirit is not manifested in the utterances of any of the Canadian delegates but unquestionably the fact does afford satisfaction to some of the ultra autonomists. But surely there is no reason to rejoice when Canada goes with Washington instead of with Westminster, and surely what is to be desired is machinery of co-operation under which differences will be minimized and common action assured. If the attitude of Canada towards Great Britain is exactly its attitude towards the United States or France or Japan the tendency will be to drift apart and throughout the world the British Empire will lose some of its significance and some of its prestige. There is something beyond the ideal of equal nations within the Empire. There is the necessity for co-operation, for common diplomatic action, for unity in organization and defence. Unless we travel that way we may separate on the journey.

It is perhaps unfortunate that the Dominion Prime Ministers should be required to meet this year in London. In Canada and in Australia political conditions are disturbed and uncertain. In New Zealand regret is expressed that the leader of the Government should have to go to London when urgent domestic problems are pressing for consideration and solution. Only Mr. Smuts, fresh from a contest which has brought comfort and rejoicing to the whole Empire seems to be free from immediate political perplexities. In Canada Mr. Meighen has only begun to establish himself as the leader of the Government and the Cabinet is absorbed in problems of industrial, political and national reconstruction which cannot be neglected. During the war the political leaders of Canada had to make many journeys to London and spend months of every year out of the country. It is doubtful if they can afford to go so often to London in future with the inevitable neglect of domestic interests, political and national, which such long and frequent absences involve. In this attitude there is no indifference to Imperial considerations nor any slackening in devotion to the Empire. For when all is said the Empire is in the hearts of the Canadian people and few even of the anxious autonomists in their extremest proposals have any thought of separation. It does seem, however, that some of their proposals are impracticable and divisive and conceivably would have consequences which they do not foresee and would not desire. No doubt among the extreme wing of the autonomists there are those who aim at independence for Canada and ultimate separation from the Empire but it is significant that their object is not avowed. Whatever differences may prevail

over projects of Imperial organization and whatever concern the uneasy autonomists may profess over the imaginary plotting of jingo Imperialists in London Canada never forgets that "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together".

VIII

MAN

INDOMITABLE man
That will not be denied;
Ruthless since Time began
And truculent in pride.
Defeated oft and oft
And bearing many scars,
But still with eyes aloft,
And mind beyond the stars.
Contending foot by foot
With powers of Fate and Force
Intrepid, resolute
And Godlike in resource.
O'er waters lone and wide,
Through forests deep and vast;
Wrestling with wind and tide
And conquering at last.
Forcing strange things to birth;
Baring to mortal eye
The very bowels of earth
Where infinite mysteries lie.
Meddling with rock and stone—
Their secrets are revealed,
He seizes for his own
What God Himself concealed.
He takes what God begun,—
Even to flowers that spring
From hillsides in the sun
He gives new fashioning.
The pity of the Lord
Is in his healing touch;
The blind have power restored,
The lame forsake their crutch.
Affluent in heart and mind
Compassionate, divine,
Insensate, brutal, blind
And feeding with the swine.
But through the eternal years,
However gross or vile,
Held by a woman's tears
Or by an infant's smile.

THE SECOND CHAMBER

BY SENATOR L. G. POWER



MOST persons who have thought over our constitution in a judicial frame of mind have realized that absolute power should not be placed in the hands of the members of a single chamber. Before attempting to form a judgment as to what the character of the second House should be, it will be well to look at the weak points of a body such as the House of Commons of Canada.

Many bills and resolutions are, owing to haste or other cause, imperfectly drawn and fail to carry out the intentions of those by whom they have been drafted, and consequently need revision and amendment by an authority distinct from, and independent of, what is known as the Popular House.

Measures are often passed in a single chamber under the influence of party spirit and with a view to securing the support of the electorate or a section of it, which would not be approved by any one acting with a single eye to the public good. Such measures call for amendment or rejection.

Measures are often passed under the influence of panic or other temporary feeling; and a second House is necessary to modify or reject them.

Measures are not seldom passed in the interests, real or supposed, of Members of Parliament or their friends, and a second chamber is

needed to protect the interests of the general public.

Generally, and never more than at the present time, a brake is needed on the wheels of the House of Commons, to prevent the adoption of mischievous legislation.

The existing Senate exercises the above functions fairly well but with a certain timidity and lack of independence. There is also this drawback to the present system of appointment to the Upper House, that after a government has been in power for a few years that portion of the Senate which supports the administration becomes much stronger than that which opposes it. The House which should keep things balanced becomes lopsided and is likely to be partisan in its action.

The Dominion should be divided into ninety-six Senatorial Districts, one of which should be assigned to each of the members now occupying seats in that body. As vacancies occurred, they should be filled by elections for the districts in which they took place. The franchise should be the same as that for the House of Commons; and the manner of election should be the same, *mutatis mutandis*, as that for the Lower House. The Senators should be qualified as at present and should be elected for life. The number of Senators should not exceed ninety-six. The United States, with a population of over one hundred and five millions, have only about that number in their Upper

House; and there would be no justification for Canada's having any more.

One great advantage of this system would be that it would involve nothing revolutionary and would operate smoothly and gradually. When once set going, it would do away with, or at least diminish, the weaknesses of the existing system.

Almost from the inauguration of the proposed change, it would tend to lessen the timidity and increase the independence of the Senate in dealing with public affairs.

As each senatorial district would have a population nearly three times as great as that of the average House of Commons constituency, it might be reasonably expected that the members elected would be men of marked ability and high standing.

In old Canada, for some twenty years immediately preceding the union of 1867, the Members of the Legislative Council were elected by Districts, whereof there were twenty-four in Upper Canada and the same number in the Lower Province. The members elected were men of note and of more than ordinary capacity. In my humble opinion, the adoption of the nominative in preference to the elective method of appointment was a mistake.

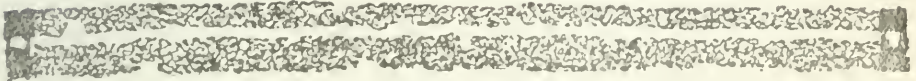
It has been suggested that there should be an age fixed, on his attaining which the place of a Senator should become vacant. The number

of Members whose presence in the Chamber would be ended by such a provision would be small, and even where they took no very active part in the business of the House their membership would not be open to serious objection. The spectacle of a gentleman who had served the country faithfully for a score of years being driven from his sphere of usefulness would not be pleasing, even though the usefulness was not as great as it had been.

A serious objection to the holding of general elections for the Upper House, with the consequent change of its personnel, would be that the House would be liable to be swayed by party feeling or by the popular prejudice or panic of the day and would cease to be the check upon the Lower House that it is now.

Another objection is that it would put an end to the continuity and consistency of the Senate's line of action and would prevent that House exerting the conservative influence that it should.

The proposed reform is not dramatic or radical, and its advocacy would not be effective in an election campaign; but it would excite no hostility, would strengthen the popular element in Parliament, and if it wrought no great immediate change, would harmonize with the spirit of that constitution wherein "Freedom broadens slowly down".



THE LIBRARY TABLE

MARQUERAY'S DUEL

BY ANTHONY PRYDE. Toronto. J. M. Dent and Sons.



In this day of over-production in writing, one finds a novel in which one does not wish to skip a line or a chapter, one pays it a high compliment. This may be said of Anthony Pryde's "Marqueray's Duel". When the last page is finished it is difficult to define the attraction. Marqueray is a self-appointed spy for the British Government, a man of tremendous strength, tremendous passions, cynical about women, not "a marrying man", yet who masters himself gradually through his affection for Aubrey West, a man of the straightest moral character as well as utmost kindness, and through his love for Phyllida, otherwise Lady Marchmont, a much sinned-against young Irish girl. It is not only Phyllida's beauty but her extreme innocence and purity that appeal to Marqueray. Marqueray's theory had been that the only women who do not fall are those who have never been tempted. Phyllida disproves this theory to his ample satisfaction and before the book ends he perceives, too, the fine self-sacrifice and virtue of Val Yarborough, the other chief woman character, who is in love with Aubrey West, private secretary to her father, a Cabinet Minister. Marqueray's Eastern morality is accounted for by three unhappy, hardening years spent in an English private school between the ages of twelve and fifteen, where he

stayed during both term and vacation, and to the fact that his mother was a Russian.

For the villain, too, Lord Marchmont, apologies may be made—a mother who ran away with another man, a father who left him millions but who cared nothing for him, and not least, the morphia habit.

Four of the five principal characters are met in the first chapter, one at a time, through the following simple method: West is returning late from Parliamentary duties to his home in Chelsea; he is buttonholed by Lord Marchmont, who tries to bribe him to give away some Foreign Office secrets; Marqueray, West's cousin, recently returned from the Balkans, sees them from a flying taxicab and joins them. They walk on together and crossing the Chelsea bridge come upon a waif lying in a corner hugging a little bundle. It is Phyllida, whom Marchmont has deserted in Austria with the expectation that she would die. Marchmont betrays his interest by his agitation. He escapes. West and Marqueray take her to West's home. Thus the duel between Marqueray and Marchmont is begun.

The story moves naturally, easily, forcefully, without a shred of padding. The denouncement is not foreseen even till the last sentence in the book, and then the hoped-for happens. What could be more satisfactory? True, at the last there are some melodramatics, which one feels the author rather despises himself, and yet how is one to evolve the death of the villain and rescue a pretty maiden without using pistols, a marble palace

built in a lake into which from any window a human body may be thrown, or without having the hero after being shot and severely wounded in the thigh, by force of will drive a high-powered motor-car fifty miles to place his beloved in safety? But the rest of the book is not of this character.

"Marqueray's Duel" was published anonymously in England where it was one of the most notable and popular novels of the past season. Its author, Anthony Pryde, is a master in the use of words as well as in vividness and humour of characterization and in plot construction. Some of his minor characters are delightful, Mr. and Mrs. Fielder for instance, West's servants, and Joanna Drew, the vicar's wife. Descriptions of scenery are only the necessary ones and briefly done but they are a delight. Take the phrase "all silk and steel" as an example of exactness in description. The sentence runs, "Broad and tranquil, the Thames crept seaward, all silk and steel."

*

WORLD WITHOUT END

BY GRANT OVERTON: Toronto. S. B. Gundy.

THIS book by Grant Overton is as striking in its originality as the title. It is told in a disconnected manner by a quaint old lady—a remnant of the family whose lives are interwoven into it, and also a replica of that time (though only a generation or so since their time to seemingly date back almost centuries) when the perfume of roses and sweetness and maidenly modesty were synonymous with womanhood.

The scene is principally on Long Island in the beginning of the "eighties". There were two sisters, Chastity and Helen, also a young brother. The story opens about the time of their mother's death under peculiar circumstances, not so much in the cause of her death as in the fact

that she seemed to take with her a secret regarding a strange misunderstanding between her and her husband. Her maiden name was Leda and like the Leda of legend her daughter Helen was beautiful beyond description as was Helen of Troy. Lovely in form and movement and above all beautiful in thought. "A divine carelessness of the things of this world seemed to underlie all her moods", so that, to use the author's words in the prologue, "she looks out upon a world in which nothing ever dies—nothing, nothing!" One remembers the words of the Doxology, as it is oftentimes quoted:

As it was in the beginning,
Is now, and ever shall be,
World without end."

After a violent scene between her lover and her father, caused by malicious tongues wagging in the village where she and her sister attended school, her father was found dead. Circumstantial evidence pointed to her lover, Dion Calvert, an orphan who knew nothing of his parents, not even his proper name. Then follows the trial and on Helen's testimony revealing different theories which would lead to the opinion that some shadow of the past darkened her father's life, and also of a "spiritual message" received in the court-room from her departed mother, the lover was acquitted. Then follow the mysteries to be cleared up concerning her father, her grandfather and also the mystery surrounding Dion Calvert's name which seemed to be connected with her problems.

Then follow the unwinding of the tangled skeins and the story of the beautiful brocaded wedding dress of Leda, Helen's mother—which was never worn.

Unlike in most novels, Helen's and Dion's marriage is not reserved for the happy ending, and although the ending for all parties is quite just and satisfactory, one must lay down

the book with a sigh for Debbie Conklin. One feels there is a deeper feeling in her heart which she conceals when she says, "Cadiz prepares a woman perfectly for widowhood. You marry a mariner and find yourself alone most of the time anyway."

*

HUNGER

By KNUT HAMSUM. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE mere fact that the author of this novel, a Norwegian, is a winner of the Nobel prize for literature has aroused an interest in his work, with the result that translations of some of his novels are being made into English by George Egerton. "Hunger" is represented as one of his greatest achievements. Certainly it is a very vivid picture of life as Hamsun has seen it, and it is also an intensely moving record of the struggle, ambitions, deprivations and disappointments of most persons the world over who strive to rise above the common level. Edwin Björkman, who has written an introduction to this edition, says that since the death of Ibsen and Strindberg, Hamsun is undoubtedly the foremost creative writer of the Scandinavian countries. He is well known in Europe, especially in Russia, where several editions of his collected works have appeared and which are regarded by critics as the equal of Tolstoy and Dostoyevski. Björkman classes him as an individualistic romanticist and a highly subjective aristocrat, whose foremost passion in life is violent, defiant deviation from everything average or ordinary.

*

THE ELFIN ARTIST

By ALFRED NOYES. Toronto. The Copp, Clark Company.

MUCH is being written just now about present-day poets who are carrying on worthily the tradition of our great line of singers. Among

others it has been written of Alfred Noyes, who while he is a first-rate minor poet scarcely takes a place with Hardy, Carman, Brooke, or many of the so-called Georgian poets. In this, his latest volume, some of the matter is quite ordinary, but in "Sussex poems" there is much of real interest and merit, such, for instance, as Peter Quance":

Peter Quince was nine year old
When he see'd what never was told.

And also in "The Green Man":

In those days at Brighthelmstone,
When art was half Chinese,
And Venus, dipped by Martha Gunn,
Came rosy from the seas;
When every dandy walked the Steyne
In something strange and new,
The Green Man,
The Green Man
Made quite a how-dy-doo.

But we like best "The Sussex Sailor":

O, once, by Cuckmere Haven,
I heard a sailor sing
Of shores beyond the sunset,
And lands of lasting spring,
Of blue lagoons and palm trees
And isles where all was young;
But this was ever the burden
Of every note he sung.

O, have you seen my true love
A-walking in that land?
Or have you seen her footprints
Upon that shining sand?
Beneath the happy palm trees,
By Eden whispers fanned . .
O, have you seen my true love
A-walking in that land

*

RIGHT ROYAL

By JOHN MASEFIELD. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS book promises to be quite as memorable as "Reynard the Fox", although one has to confess that it does not equal the other in sumptuous colouring, variety of character sketching, and action. But it has an advantage in concentration of interest. As "Reynard the Fox" had to do with a typical English hunt, so "Right Royal" has to do with a

typical English horse-race. And as "Right Royal" is a horse, the hero of the race, we shall quote Mr. Masefield's description of him:

In a race-course box behind the stand
Right Royal shone from a strapper's hand.
A big dark bay with a restless tread,
Fetlock deep in a wheat-straw bed,
A noble horse of a nervy blood,
By O Non Roi out of Rectitude.
Something quick in his eye and ear
Gave a hint that he might be queer.
Some thought him a trifle light behind.
In front, he was all to a horseman's mind,
By two good points might his rank be known

A beautiful head and a Jumping Bone.
He had been the hope of Sir Britton Budd,
Who bred him there at the Fletchings stud,
But the Fletchings jockey had flogged him cold

In a narrow thing as a two-year-old.
After that, with his sulks and swerves,
Dread of the crowd and fit of nerves
Like a wastrel bee that makes no honey
He had hardly earned his entry money.

The poem displays sympathy, insight, and love and appreciation of animals.

*

SHIPS AND FOLKS

By C. Fox SMITH. London: Elkin Matthews.

THIS book pictures in swinging, rhythmic lines the outlook on life of sailors in the British Merchant marine. The English sailor's love of his ship and his ship's home, England, sailors' yarns, words of wisdom from an old sailorman, sailors ashore,—these and similar topics are set to sea-music in thirty-four poems. Most of which were published originally in *Punch*, and others in *The Sphere*, *The Westminster Gazette*, *Spectator* and in several other such famous journals.

Almost all of the poems are in

rhythms similar to this refrain from "The Portsmouth Road":

East—west—home's best—you'll wander
far and lone, lad
But of all the lands you'll find on earth,
there's none just like your own, lad.

But there is one poem called "Missing", descriptive of a boat that never comes home, which beats to more serious periods and in which the following fine lines occur:

Where rests she now! . . . On what
Antarctic shore
Where nothing grows but lichens, grey
and hoar
As the pale lips of death . . . and nothing
moves
On the long beaches, in the deep sea-
coves,
But uncouth sea-beasts in their secret,
strange
Matings and breedings . . . nothing seems
to change
Year by slow year . . . and the fog comes,
and the floe,
And the sea thunders, and the great
winds blow
And on still wings great birds go sailing
by,
Seeking, with slantwise head and watch-
ful eye,
Scraps for their naked nestlings . . . and
the time
Comes and the time goes, and the ocean
slime
Coats her with foulness and the seaweeds
green
Clothe her, whom once men tended like a
queen.

Let be! . . . She is one with all things
that have been—
Embers of longing—ashes of desire—
And hope grown cold—and passion
quenched like fire—
Friendship that death, or years, or the
rough ways
Of chance have sundered . . . all things
meet for praise,
Lost yet remembered that were ours of
yore—
Things lovely and beloved, that are no
more . . .



THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE TWO ALBUMS

*Beside the
Wax Fruit*

THE photograph album lay on the walnut centre table in the parlour, beside the wax fruit, the stuffed owl and the family Bible. It was large, handsomely bound in full Levant, hand tooled, and was fastened with a clasp that shone like gold. It was revered not only because it contained the physiognomical record of the family and its immediate ancestry, but also because whenever visitors came it was an unfailing source of interest and entertainment. After the weather had been discussed, the stereoscopic views exhausted and prognostications exchanged as to whether it would be a hard or soft winter, the album was opened with full appreciation of its importance, and the visitor had the privilege of seeing what father looked like before he married mother.

Father's photograph was the first in the album. It was only a tintype, but mother always told everybody that she liked it best of all because it was like father was when she first knew him. He wore a full beard then, for that was the style, and really he looked older than he looked twenty years later. And what clothes! We used to laugh at them, and I should have been just as well pleased if we hadn't shown that photograph at all, it was so ludicrously out of fashion. You see, at that time it hadn't become old enough to be antique, and the velvet coat, trimmed with wide braid, to us actually seemed to be comical. And the trousers! They were more like sausages than anything else, and they were made of cloth different from the coat—a kind of dove-coloured moleskin that gave, they said, a heavy odour in damp weather. The boots ran up inside the legs of the trousers and were of fine leather, well tallowed, you could see, and making, really, quite an elegant appearance.

*Other
Photographs
of Father*

But, of course, appearances do not count always. If they did we never should have had the courage to show all the photographs. For we had other photographs of father and

all his folks and of mother when she was a little girl in pantalettes and all her folks. There was, for instance, a perfectly hideous photograph of mother's mother-in-law. If it wasn't hideous mother made us think it was. She was sitting knitting, and had a frown on just as if she had dropped a stitch. Her hair was parted in the centre and brought down tight over the ears, where it was knotted with velvet ribbon. She wore a comical little checked cape, and her spectacles were pushed up on to her forehead so that she could see things at a distance. And to top everything, the pupils of her eyes, which no doubt had been dim in the original, had been touched with black ink, so that they fairly jumped out in front of everything else. That gave her a wild, glaring look, which we understood was in harmony with her disposition.

*A Little
Girl in
Pantalettes*

We had more photographs of mother's folks than of father's. One we used to point to with pride was of a cousin of mother's who once played on the piccolo before the Queen at Windsor Castle. And the Queen was so deeply stirred that she presented him with a purse of gold and expressed the hope that he never would have to play for a living. He was the only son of mother's oldest brother, Harry. Of this brother, who of course was our uncle, we had two photographs, one taken just before he was married and the other a year later. You wouldn't have known they were of the same person. Everybody used to remark the difference. Aunt Flora, who always looked through the album every time she came to see us, just to make sure that her own photograph was still there, used to say that as a young man uncle Harry really was very striking. For he had black curly hair, which he kept well oiled, and parted in the middle, back and front. He travelled for a nursery, and in the natural course of events saw much of the country. Mother always was thankful we had the two photographs of him, even if one of them was only a tintype, because, poor man, he never would sit for another.

Then there were the photographs of grandfather and grandmother on mother's side and of grandmother on father's side. Our other grandfather never could be coaxed to have his photograph taken. Mother used to tell us that she remembered him just as if it were yesterday, and then she would whisper that he was a very vain man. He had two hundred acres of land, and his monument when it was erected was the tallest in the graveyard. When the hearse that bore his last mortal remains reached the church door the last rig had not yet left the driveway back on the farm. It was a wonderful

*Tallest in the
Graveyard*

*Photograph
of
Grandmother*

tribute. But father never said very much about it, although mother, whenever she showed the album to anybody, always mentioned it, because, as she said, nobody would ever know what grandfather had to put up with while he was alive. A photograph of his widow, taken in her weeds, was our constant reminder of him.

This grandmother had a marvellous memory. She could repeat the text of every sermon that had been preached in the Methodist church ever since it was, as she said, inaugurated. And she hadn't missed a funeral in those parts during twenty years. Nevertheless time began to tell on her, and naturally enough her memory weakened. But she never forgot the number of rigs that turned out to pay a last tribute of respect to her husband, and it would have helped her greatly to slip away happily in the end if she could have had any assurance that her own funeral would be even half as large. But before she died she gave all her near relatives a copy of her photograph, the one taken in her weeds, and to father she gave also, with tears in her eyes, and because, as she said, she felt it was father's due—she gave, appropriately framed in black plush, the nameplate from grandfather's coffin. We all were greatly moved. And what moved us even more was her last request, that we take the nameplate from her own coffin, have it framed to match her husband's, and then keep the two always hanging side by side on the west wall of our sitting-room, just opposite the photograph of all the flowers that decorated uncle Harry's coffin. *Ars longa, vita brevis!*

Brief in reality is the span of life as one sees it while turning over the leaves of the album. Many whose representations, especially near the front, reveal youth and beauty and virility, long ago returned to their original clay, and faces that were familiar and dear to us are held now only in memory. But towards the back there were likenesses of a younger generation, many of whom still are with us. There were, for instance, photographs of all us youngsters, taken when babies, some of us in mother's arms, and others all by themselves. There are George and Harry and Frank, and Mary and Margaret and Isabel. And then there is my own, taken when I was but three, when, standing on the chair and doing my mightiest, I couldn't see the canary bird that the man said would pop out if I just kept on looking into the glass without moving. How angry I became when the bird didn't appear! How I tossed up the hair that mother, taking great pains, had parted and combed and brushed! These photographs we

*When the
Bird Didn't
Appear*

passed over quickly, because we knew that most of our visitors were not greatly interested in them. And, anyway, we were eager to have the visitors read from another album, the album of autographs, which always reposed on the whatnot in the corner, over a tidy crocheted of Berlin wool.

The autograph album, in its heyday, became with us almost a malady. Everybody had one, and everybody was composing something suitable, even if, perhaps, not original. It was much too cold and formal to write merely one's name; and therefore it became the ambition of the upcoming generation to think out something that would be arresting, appropriate and to one's credit. And consequently it was with obvious impatience that we waited until the visitor had seen all the photographs of father's folks and mother's folks, had heard about uncle Harry and grandfather and grandmother on father's side, and had seen the nameplates hanging on the wall. We always stood right at mother's elbow with the autograph album ready in our hands and a bottle of frostproof ink, with pen, on the centre table. Then when at length the moment did arrive, when the first album was closed and fastened with the clasp that shone like gold, we pressed forward with the most important item in the entertainment, and asked with, I fear, some timidity whether the visitor would deign to write in our album.

It was, quite properly, the duty as well as the privilege of the visitor, before writing, to read what already had been written. And he would read on the first page this fervent tribute:

Ah, all who know our glorious Kate
Admire her form so full and straight.
Tender her glance; from her sweet lip
Enamoured bees might honey sip!

This reveals not only ability to rhyme, but also admiration and an appreciation of what such beauty might bestow.

Then follows something in the form almost of a prayer; at least it was written by a more pious hand:

Smooth be life's pathway before thee,
And bright with the sunshine of love,
May garlands of flowers enwreath thee
Till angels shall crown thee above.

As "Above" meant, we must suppose, Heaven, it plays an important part in the wishes and sentiments recorded in the album. For the visitor would proceed to read:

As our friendship has budded on earth,
So may it blossom in Heaven.

*The Album
of
Autographs*

*Hopes of
Heaven*

*In a Less
Pious Mood*

And then again:

Canada is your native land,
Ontario is your home,
May Heaven be your resting-place,
When on earth you cease to roam.

It seems only natural that there should be some who had not written in a pious mood. For instance:

If scribbling in an album
Friendship secures
With the greatest of pleasure
I'll scribble in yours.

There was something very personal and sometimes very intimate in these autographed sentiments, and in a few instances the meaning seemed to be obscure. For example, when the music teacher wrote,

As brevity is the soul of wit,
Therefore I shall be brief,

we were not sure just what he meant. Jessie Littlejohn used to remark that he meant to say that shortness is everything. Perhaps that was because she herself was short of many things—short of stature, short of breath, short of that elusive substance that makes both ends meet. And although she used to say that she would rather do a day's washing any time than write her autograph, her name could be found in every album from Dublin to the Boundary. Her favourite text, a text indeed favoured by many others, was this:

I wish you health, I wish you wealth,
I wish you friends in store,
I wish you Heaven after death.
What could I wish you more?

Oftentimes in those days a verse of this character written in an album was decorated with a device in the form of coloured flowers, idealized or classic landscape, doves of peace, cornucopias, or gates ajar stuck on with mucilage. And some of these devices bore mottoes of their own:

Of all that is near
Thou art the nearest;
Of all that is dear
Thou art the dearest.

The sea may rise,
The mountains fall,
But my love for thee
Will live through it all.

*The Motto
on the
Device*

Others, again, had only simple and brief inscriptions, such as "Trust in me", "Ever thine", "Think of me" and "Un-

troubled be thy days". Then there were some of more pre-tension :

Loyal friendship, pure and true,
Such is what I feel for you.

Believe me or believe me not,
Thy smiles can never be forgot.

It was the cause of much pride whenever anyone was able to show an original composition written by the school teacher. For the teacher had an enviable local reputation as a poet, a reputation gained by the simple process of never failing to record in appropriate stanzas every death that occurred in the community. But the album, I fear, was a distressing test of versatility. For there the teacher had to depart from the long, solemn cadences of the obituary and set down in quicker, brighter measure lines that, even if coy, were cheerful, felicitous and perhaps urbane. The quality, of course, was determined by the appreciation of the reader; and one might readily imagine the eagerness that attended our first glimpse of what he had written for us:

Here on this pale palimpsest
I do not write for fame,
Because I think it's for the best
That I merely sign my name.

Miss Cherry, our esteemed dressmaker, who had passed a winter in Detroit, said that it revealed the simplicity of the man; and Henry Perkins when he read it just couldn't say a word. He closed the album slowly, got up, bade us all good-bye, went out and untied his horse, and the last we heard of him or his was the sound of the buggy going over Hotham's bridge.

We had hoped that Henry himself would write in the album; but we could see that he was too keenly affected. He told Jessie Littlejohn afterwards that the ordeal was altogether beyond him, that whenever he attempted to write in an album his mind actually became a blank. Then Jessie told him in confidence that in some albums one could find specimen verses. With that information he examined every album he could find, and when at length he found the printed sheet this is what he chose:

Remember me when far away,
And only half awake;
Remember me on your wedding-day,
And send a piece of cake.

Mention of the wedding-day makes one think of the minister. For the minister always responded to a request for his auto-

*The School
Teacher
As Poet*

*Readymade
Sentiments*

*From
Jessie's
Album*

graph, and Jessie Littlejohn used to say that she had read quite a number of his verses and that everyone was different from the others. In her album, for example, according to her own quotation, he wrote:

Trust no lovely form or passion,
Though they look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school or fashion;
Trust in God, and do the right.

Jesse never was sure whether she liked these verses in her album as well as the ones the minister wrote in ours:

Here's the marble, here's the chisel,
Take them, work them to thy will.
Thou alone must shape thy future;
Heaven give thee strength and skill.

And then, after the visitor had read,

May your cheek retain its colour,
And your heart be light and gay,
Till some handsome fellow whispers,
"Norah, darling, name the day",

and

Choose not your friends from outward show,
For feathers float and pearls lie low;

after he, or more likely she, had written,

When you're sailing down the stream of life
In your little bark canoe,
May you have a jolly time
And room enough for two,

the album, with becoming reverence, would be replaced over the tidy upon the whatnot, just under the motto, suitably framed in walnut, with walnut shells decorating the corners—this motto, worked also with Berlin wool:

*Back on the
Whatnot*

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.



CANADIANIZING AN AMERICAN INDUSTRY

BY MILTON BERGEY



CANADA has attained her enviable position industrially through the untiring efforts of her citizens. Natural resources of the forest, farm, mine and sea alone do not make a nation great. Greatness is the result of ideals, and ideals backed up with the energy to bring to material form those visualized ideals. Few nations if any, are so well favored in natural resources as Canada. Nowhere in the world are there more fertile fields for the tiller of the soil than in our own Dominion. No nation can boast of such wonderful resources in timber as the vast sections of our Canadian forests. Many of our fresh water lakes and rivers abound in fish as no other waters. The mineral wealth of certain sections of Canada is still the wonder of the world's most prominent mining engineers. Large areas of valuable ores have not yet been explored. That is saying nothing of the fur industry, hunting, the tourist trade and a host of other features in which Canada excels.

It sometimes seems that as a people Canadians have been delinquent in making the most of their wonderful resources. Other countries, seemingly less favoured have outstripped her in industry and population. Canada has been slow to develop her own resources and has been content to export raw material for the benefit of

foreign manufacturing nations. Someone has said, and rightly so, that while the last century belonged to the United States, the present one belongs to Canada. And it is true therefore, that she has awakened and Canadians have come into a fuller realization of national ideals and are endeavouring to build up Canada as one of the first nations from an industrial standpoint. The annals of Canada's industrial history show records of many vast enterprises which are the offspring of foreign manufacturing institutions. Our legislators have seen the wisdom of careful tariff adjustments making it expedient for foreign firms to establish manufacturing institutions in Canada. This policy has enabled Canadians to get a foothold as an industrial. But even in this case a large portion of the profits find their way to stockholders in other countries and are not invested here.

General Motors of Canada, Limited, is an outstanding example of how a large American industry was Canadianized and not merely the offspring of an American institution. Manned by Canadian executives and financed by Canadian capital, manufacturing motor cars and trucks for use in Canada, this business institution bids fair to establish a new record among Canadian industrial enterprises.

Few phases of industrial activity have seen such rapid strides as the



Mr. Robert McLaughlin

motor car industry. When one realizes that but a decade ago the motor car in Canada was little more than an experiment and now there is in Oshawa alone an annual output of thirty thousand motor cars, it sounds like a fairy tale. Yet this stupendous growth is but an answer to a natural demand for more rapid transportation.

In the evolution of a people from the primitive stage to the highest civi-

lization, nothing has quite so far-reaching an effect as transportation. Provincialism among people is a result of being confined to small sections isolated from influences that tend to uplift. When the early settlers, undaunted by hardships of every description, made their way to Canada's virgin fields, their time was fully occupied in hewing from the forests a small clearing so they might start farming to supply their daily needs.



Mr. Robert McLaughlin as Mayor of Oshawa

As time went on and shipping ports and towns began to spring up, transportation facilities became a necessity. Time became a valuable asset and any device that helped a Canadian save time became invaluable.

Volumes have been written about the nationalizing effect of Canada's transcontinental railroad lines and it is true that without cross-continent communication Canada could never have become a great nation. But

what the railroad did to connect far-off points, the motor car has done in a more thorough way to connect men and women in adjoining localities. The mingling of people in various communities is conducive to the exchange of ideas and makes for a fuller and freer life of freedom and advancement.

To the motor car must ever be attributed the means whereby Canadians are enabled more fully to enjoy

association with their fellows resulting in a wider outlook on life in our fair Dominion.

The story of how Canada's premier automotive industry developed from a small wagon shop in a remote village in Ontario to an annual output of thirty thousand motor cars and trucks, in addition to tractors, is so well told in a recent publication "A Great Canadian Industry and its Founder", we wish to quote from same herewith:

Progress, the acquiring of knowledge and the attainment of wisdom depend greatly on environment. The immediate surroundings weave their magic forces into personality, influencing the trend of character of any people. The sturdy Scot on his rugged moors and scraggy highlands developed a strength of physique and a determination of purpose which has been a deciding factor in the arts of war and peace.

Patriotism, and a keen sense of humour, are characteristics of the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle. The Englishman, hemmed in by the sea, has sailed about and exerted his influence over all the peoples of the world. The Frenchman, Italian, Greek and the Swiss, each bears the stamp of characteristics formed by the country he inhabits.

In America and particularly in Canada, environment has been conducive to the development of the man cosmopolitan in his temperament and character. The influences of vast stretches of prairie, lofty picturesque mountain ranges, lakes, rivers, forests, mines and industrial centres have made the Canadian the all-round man, "four-square to all the winds that blow".

Until comparatively recent years, the national and social life of Canadians has been limited by inadequate transportation facilities. Railroads have done much to improve conditions and radials will do more. And yet there are many men and women who are unable to extend their circle

of experiences, owing to the fact that they live in isolated sections of our vast country.

Canada is a country of vast distances. Large tracts of forest and prairie have been natural barriers to dense population. People have not been able to mingle so freely with their kind on account of large areas of unpopulated territory.

If it is true that travel, new scenes, new faces and new experiences do develop a people to higher standards, the importance of rapid methods of transportation is easily realized.

The automobile has done and is doing much to enable people to associate with neighbours and friends. The motor car has conquered time and space, enabling the people to use to advantage the spare moments that would otherwise be wasted. This fuller life freedom and self culture, the result of closer association, is one of the by-products of the automobile industry in Canada, and with the automobile industry the name of McLaughlin will forever be associated.

McLaughlin motor cars and other motor cars associated with McLaughlin enterprises, are a recognized factor in Canadian industry and Canadian transportation. No historian will ever portray the thousands of homes to which the motor car has been the greatest boon of modern times; how in isolated sections the quick dispatch of the McLaughlin Six has enlarged the horizon, made for a higher scale of living and extended the bonds of friendship. The motor car—symbol of life, power, speed, harmony, grace and easy effort—has revolutionized transportation methods in Canada and to the name McLaughlin must be attributed much of the credit for the extent the industry has progressed.

To-day in Oshawa the air is echoing with the hum of vast factories, all turning out their daily quota of automobiles which are shipped to all parts of the Dominion. A vast host of busy workers intent on service are building for Canadians better cars



Mr. G. W. McLaughlin

for quick, economical transporation.

To Mr. Robert McLaughlin, now enjoying the sunset of life, it must be a source of satisfaction to see a business reared by himself and his two worthy sons spreading its influence and distributing its product from coast to coast. But back of it all were years of effort, of obstacles to be overcome, of competition, the records of which rival in interest the product of the novelists' pen.

Discontent has ever played a prominent part in progress. Men chafed by annoying circumstances rebel and launch out to create a more harmonious environment. So it was with Mr. Robert McLaughlin—the man of Durham County. To such a one as he the forest was something more than a junk heap of wood to be cut down and burned in clearings. Each tree had its message. Hickory, basswood, maple, oak, elm, beech, ironwood,



Home of Mr. Robert McLaughlin, Oshawa

pine, cedar, birch and many others, all had their place in the great plan, and it is not so strange after all that he should grow weary of the mundane duties of the farm.

Even as a young man he spent his spare time in making axe-handles, whiffletrees, doubletrees and other articles of utility. He took as much pride in turning out a neatly-fashioned, well-finished and durable axe-handle as the average farmer takes in his prize stock. The product of his toil was sold to the nearby farmers who were not gifted with the same skill in craftsmanship. His heart was not in his fifty-acre farm, so he built a shop in Emmiskillen in 1869 and started business with a staff of one

journeyman carriage builder, one blacksmith, one apprentice, with himself as manager, designer and painter.

Mr. McLaughlin had hitherto built several cutters and wagons in a little shop on his farm, but his actual start in the business dates from the Fall of 1869. And at this date the initial steps were taken which resulted in the formation of the McLaughlin Carriage Co. Limited.

It is strange how some apparently minor incidents in life turn the tide of succeeding events far reaching in their importance. The whole destiny of a man's life has often been changed by some seemingly unimportant happening. Circumstance is an important factor in determining a man's av-



Mr. R. S. McLaughlin

ocation and so it was in the case of Mr. Robert McLaughlin. Being ambitious and having an active mind he started thinking seriously about his circumstances and his future.

While on his 50-acre farm, realizing that prospects were limited, he took counsel with his father and his friends and determined to purchase an additional 50 acres adjoining, if the owner would accept \$90 per acre. Had the transaction been consummated, Mr.

McLaughlin would doubtless have continued farming and been too fully occupied to start the nucleus of a business destined to become Canada's largest automotive industry.

The manufacture of carriages, buggies, wagons and cutters was an infant industry in 1869. The country's needs were supplied principally by small manufacturers who distributed their product locally. As season after season went on Mr. McLaughlin had

to go farther afield to dispose of his factory's output. In the year 1872 the factory staff consisted of eight men and the demand for his vehicles kept on growing.

Other manufacturers regarded with more or less contempt this man from Enniskillen who had ventured into the manufacturing art and were not loth to express their feelings to prospective purchasers. But in 1877 a decided advance was made in the general recognition of the quality of the McLaughlin products. In this year Mr. McLaughlin decided to exhibit his carriages at a United County Fair held at Bowmanville. Quite a variety of vehicles were shown by Bowmanville manufacturers, by Mr. McLaughlin and by several other smaller exhibitors. The result of the judging was that Mr. McLaughlin's three vehicles all took first prizes and were sold at the fair for good prices.

Mr. McLaughlin persistently held to his idea of building nothing but the best. He would not stint on quality or cheapen his product to meet a lower price. And in addition to quality, he spared no efforts to enhance the beauty of his product. Being quite an adept in the art of landscape painting Mr. McLaughlin devoted much time in the decorative efforts of his vehicles. Thus the McLaughlin product early in the history of the industry attained a reputation for service and artistic beauty.

As time went by, Mr. McLaughlin felt the need of a larger centre for his efforts. The lack of shipping facilities and the shortage of skilled labour were serious handicaps in a village so remote as Enniskillen. A railroad town was necessary, so in 1879 Mr. McLaughlin moved to Oshawa with all his employees and erected the building now known as Brook's Livery. Here the business took on a new impetus and flourished as the products came to be more generally and favourably known.

In the year 1893 Mr. McLaughlin re-organized the business, taking into

partnership his two sons, Mr. George and Mr. R. S. McLaughlin. Having previously received a good training the two boys proved a valuable asset to the business and adapted their abilities to extend in volume an already flourishing industry.

Success is ever the reward of industry and well-directed effort. Mr. McLaughlin started in business with the determination to build quality vehicles. In spite of the hardest competition, he refused to cheapen his product. He believed ultimately that purchasers would realize the advantages of buying goods that would stand up. The wisdom of his judgment soon became evident. So successful did the business become that a small wholesale policy was decided on in 1888.

Another feature that helped to popularize the McLaughlin line of vehicles was the McLaughlin Patent Buggy Gear. Mr. McLaughlin invented a new type of buggy gear and secured patents for same. All vehicles were equipped with this new feature and sent out to different sections of the country, and a great demand for McLaughlin buggies was built up. This one feature possibly more than anything else helped to advertise nationally the McLaughlin Trade Mark. The invention was one that attracted attention wherever it was shown. It very soon became hard to keep up with the nation-wide demand for McLaughlin Patent Buggies. Other designs new to the trade were devised; new styles of tops were featured; brass and rubber washers were introduced and the McLaughlin buggies became known as quiet, easy-running buggies. All this progress was due to the fact that the executives spared no effort in designs and appointment that would please the discriminating purchaser in Canada.

Very soon after the advent of Mr. G. W. and Mr. R. S. McLaughlin to the business, the quarters on Simcoe Street became too cramped for the volume of business done. An ex-



Original Factory, Oshawa

change was made with the town whereby the firm acquired the old Gibbs Furniture factory. The opinion was quite prevalent among Oshawa residents that the new quarters were entirely too spacious for the McLaughlin Carriage Company. Several prominent citizens even went so far as to interview the principals of the

company suggesting that they sublet a good portion of the new premises to several smaller industries. But the McLaughlins had faith in their product and faith in the future of the industry. They occupied the entire floor space and in a very short time found this building inadequate for their flourishing business.

The pathway to success is not always strewn with roses. He who would climb to the highest pinnacle must resolve to overcome many obstacles. Ideals, however high, can be attained only by persistently working toward them in spite of seemingly insurmountable difficulties. So, in 1899 the McLaughlin Carriage Company Limited, was forced to face a severe setback. The entire factory was destroyed by fire and the hopes of the men were temporarily dashed to the ground. Undaunted, however, the principals of the Company decided to forge ahead in spite of serious handicaps. To Mr. R. S. McLaughlin was assigned the task of moving the employees to Gananoque where the factory of the Thousand Island Carriage Co. was available.

For one year Mr. R. S. McLaughlin remained in Gananoque with the staff from Oshawa factory, and by double-decking the factory and running day and night, he was successful in turning out about three thousand vehicles. This enabled the company to hold their trade and keep their goods on the market until the new and larger quarters could be built. There still are a good many McLaughlin employees in Oshawa who frequently talk of their experiences while in the Gananoque factory. After a year's absence Mr. McLaughlin moved back from Gananoque to Oshawa with his employees and the Company occupied the new and larger premises which are still in service and now utilized in the manufacture of McLaughlin automobiles.

After being installed in the new plant, the business grew so fast that in a very short time the demand for McLaughlin vehicles all over the Dominion was greater than the supply.

No history will ever relate all the vicissitudes of failure and success in the steady growth of this mammoth industry. Many a time the difficulties in the way seemed too great to be overcome. Many other manufacturers found it necessary to discontinue

business, and of all the institutions in this line of business, the McLaughlin Carriage Co. was the outstanding success.

Many factors contributed to this success, but the greatest factor of all was the persistence in the minds and hearts of the executives of the McLaughlin Carriage Company. "One Grade Only and that the Best," was the Company's slogan, and it was religiously adhered to. No inferior material was used to manufacture their products. If tests showed second-grade lumber, it was not utilized. The reputation for quality in this way became associated with the McLaughlin trade mark. In the succeeding years, during which the McLaughlin name has become associated with "Canada's Standard Car" the McLaughlin Trade Mark still stands for "One Grade Only and that the Best".

Methods of transportation began to show signs of a change. In the United States the motor car was gradually displacing the horse-drawn vehicle where speed was an essential feature, and so it became evident especially to the junior members of the Company, that motor car transportation was going to be an important rival to the carriage business.

Many discussions were held as to the wisdom of embarking upon a new industry. Finally, the logic of the junior members of the firm prevailed, and it was decided to enter the field of motor car manufacture.

In 1907 a new organization was formed in the name of The McLaughlin Motor Car Company, Limited, with Mr. R. S. McLaughlin as President, Mr. G. W. McLaughlin as Treasurer, and Mr. O. Hazelwood as Vice-President. Mr. Robert McLaughlin although in his seventieth year, was perfectly agreeable to the new venture and joined the new Company as a Director. In the meantime the efforts of the Carriage Company did not slacken, and the business increased.

Everyone conversant with the motor car industry is aware of the



Bird's-eye view of Oshawa Plant

difficulties encountered in the manufacture of motor vehicles in the last fifteen years. Internal combustion engines were at an experimental stage, and no standards of practice or principles had been established which might guide engineers in manufacturing. Much experimenting was done. A great deal of money was lost in arriving at correct fundamental engineering principles which made the foundation of the present success of the McLaughlin motor car.

But through it all the principals of the company maintained their ideals of quality of goods and excellence of service, and looked hopefully to the time when success would crown their efforts.

So time went on and the McLaughlin industry grew in importance. Carriage building had seemingly reached its highest point in production. With the eyes of seers, the principals of the company realized that the possibility for expansion in the carriage business had about reached its limit, while in the motor business, they were just on the eve of development.

It was therefore decided from many conferences to dispose of the McLaughlin Carriage Company's busi-

ness and devote the plant and facilities in Oshawa to the manufacture of motor vehicles exclusively.

In the year of 1915, the carriage department of the business was sold to the Carriage Factories, Limited.

A second organization known as the Chevrolet Motor Company of Canada Limited was formed, with Mr. G. W. McLaughlin President, Mr. G. W. Hazelwood, Secretary, and Mr. R. S. McLaughlin, Treasurer and Director.

The carriage plant was at once rearranged and adapted to the manufacturing of Chevrolet Motor Cars on a large scale. The instantaneous demand for Chevrolet motor cars in all parts of the Dominion will ever stand as a glowing tribute to the public confidence in McLaughlin built vehicles.

In the course of a very few years, the Chevrolet has sprung from obscurity until now it ranges second in Canada in number of cars sold.

In 1919 The McLaughlin Carriage Co. Limited ceased to exist as an active company. But it did not meet the fate of many of its contemporaries. Its end was but a transition to make way for the larger and greater

corporation. While at the zenith of success, with an untarnished name for fair dealing, with an enviable reputation for quality goods, the McLaughlin Carriage Company Limited was merged as a unit of the world's greatest automotive industry known as General Motors of Canada Limited. But while its name has been dropped, the good policies of Mr. Robert McLaughlin which built up the Carriage Company are still adhered to in the motor car industry. The quality has become definitely associated with the McLaughlin Trade Mark. The McLaughlin Carriage Company during its half century of prosperous existence contributed greatly to the comfort, convenience and happiness of many thousands of Canadians. Approximately a quarter million carriages, buggies and sleighs, "One Grade Only and that the Best"—were manufactured and distributed in all parts of the Dominion.

It is a source of satisfaction to the principals of the Company to realize that tens of thousands of these vehicles are still in active service from Halifax to far-off Vancouver.

No author or historian will ever be able to do justice to the big service the McLaughlin Carriage Company rendered Canada and the Canadian people. The part they played in building up the family pride of ownership, in facilitating a freer mingling of people in many communities, in widening the circle of life for the farmer in isolated sections, and in establishing for Canada a reputation for quality, will ever remain an unwritten book.

A new and greater organization has evolved from the foundation so well laid by Mr. Robert McLaughlin and his sons. General Motors of Canada Limited, a \$10,000,000 corporation, has taken the reins of power, with the McLaughlin personnel at the head, and Mr. R. S. McLaughlin, President. Mr. W. C. Durant who has been a lifelong friend and associate of the McLaughlins, is the highest executive

head of the General Motors Corporation, which is the Associated Company in the United States. This institution is capitalized at over a billion, and is to-day not only the greatest automotive industry but the greatest industrial institution in the world.

The successes and failures in life are governed by fixed laws. Working in harmony with correct principles brings success, just as violation of too many natural laws invites failure. Little did Mr. Robert McLaughlin think when he struggled to achieve perfection in his workmanship in the early days that the enterprise he so well founded, would ever be associated with the largest business institution in the world. Nor did Mr. R. S. and Mr. G. W. McLaughlin realize the part they would later be called on to play in big business and in the large financial and industrial problems of the world.

Other branches of manufacture will also form a part of the undertakings of General Motors of Canada. Tractors, for more efficient farming, trucks for more economical hauling, lighting systems for suburban homes, comes under the extensive programme laid out by the Directors. In fact the scope of the field to be covered can hardly be established.

This is the age of specialization. The resources of capital and labour combine to produce economically the things needed to make society happy. and of all industries in Canada, the automotive industry ranks with the very highest in importance, in amount of capital invested, in quality and quantity of labour employed, and in the service it gives to society, and the stability it gives to our country's industries.

To Mr. Robert McLaughlin, comfortably enjoying life's sunset, the vista is one of glory and of pride. In reminiscent mood he sees his early efforts, his hardships, his triumphs. He remembers his ideals and how he battled to adhere strictly to them. Various stages of the growth and develop-



Employees at the original Oshawa Plant

ment of the institution he founded, and which bears his name, enhance the pleasure of old age as memory recalls the picture.

Success has rewarded his efforts, but what is greater, he enjoys the reward of happiness in the consciousness of work well done, a life so lived as to augment the pride every Canadian takes in the industrial achievement of his country.

Although past 83 years, Mr. Robert McLaughlin enjoys life to the full. His daily visit to the office, where he keeps abreast with the institution's progress, serves as an inspiration in punctuality to younger men. He has time to indulge his aesthetic nature, and spends much time in landscape and portrait painting, having produced many sketches that would do justice to any of Canada's leading artists.

Always a man of high ideals, he keeps well posted by reading the best

writers. He takes an active interest in Canadian and international politics, and a half hour's chat with him on current topics is educative, instructive and pleasing.

May he long be spared to enjoy the success of his efforts and serve to inspire Canadians with those high ideals which his life exemplified.

"Build thee more stately mansions
Oh, my soul;
While the swift seasons roll.
Leave thy low vaulted past,
Let each new mansion,
Nobler than the last
Lift thee to heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown self
By life's unresting sea."

The Chambered Nautilus.

General Motors of Canada Limited have assembling plants in Oshawa which cover over twenty acres of floor space and turn out their daily quota of McLaughlin Motor Cars, Olds

Motor Cars and Trucks, and Chevrolet Motor Cars and Trucks. The activities in Oshawa consist principally of the assembling and manufacture of minor parts Motor cars. The manufacture of motors, axles, transmissions and heavier parts is being carried on in Walkerville, where the company owns five hundred acres of land and where four units of a series of buildings have already been constructed.

The plants are most modern in every respect and are engaged in the production of motors, transmissions, rear axles, etc., which are assembled in Oshawa. Canadians purchasing a McLaughlin car, an Olds car or a Chevrolet car secure a product that is almost wholly manufactured in Canada and this condition holds good for very few makes of cars said to be manufactured in Canada. It is the intention of General Motors in the very near future to manufacture in Canada every last article that goes into the production of motor cars, and the establishment of the Walkerville plants has been a big step in this direction.

Another interesting feature of the General Motors of Canada Limited is their policy with respect to housing their employees. Both in Oshawa and

Walkerville housing conditions became acute and the towns found it impossible to absorb all the surplus population which these large plants brought them. To meet this condition and to adopt plans conducive to permanency in the organization General Motors both in Walkerville and Oshawa built modern homes which are offered to employees on easy terms.

Another progressive policy established by General Motors executives is an Employees Investment and Saving Plan. Every employee who has proved his interest and stability by a year's service with the Company has the opportunity to invest his savings in the Company's stock on a plan far more profitable than can be offered by any banking or loan company. Needless to say, all employees eligible for this fund are taking advantage of this plan and are investing their savings. It is policies such as these which make for contentment in industrial institutions. The employee realizes he is given a square deal and an opportunity to share in the profits he is helping to establish. When labour generally comes to realization that Capital is willing to meet them half way, the end of strikes and industrial unrest will be in sight.



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